This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

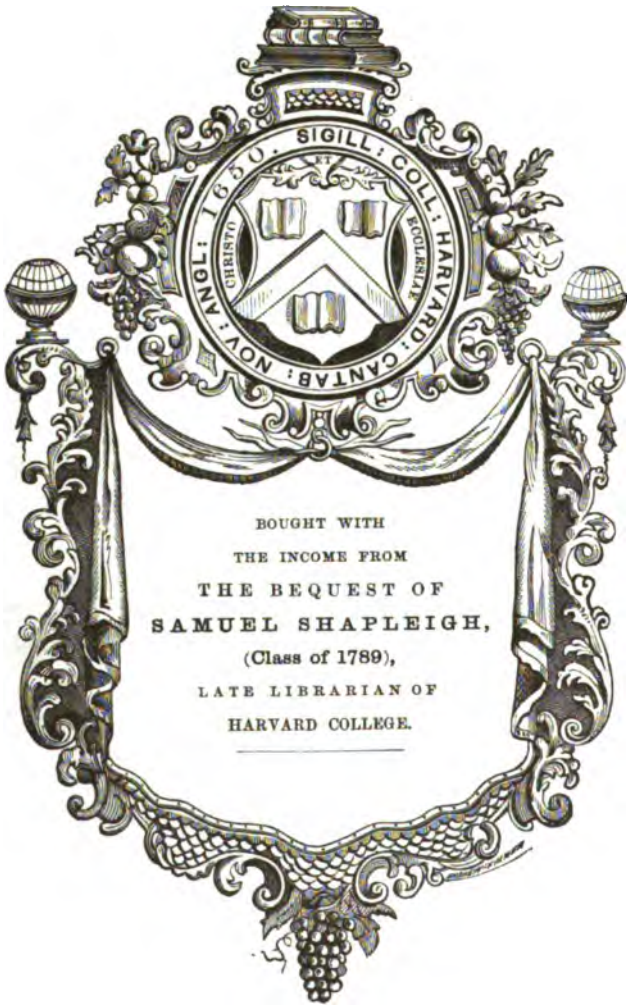
+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`

P321.1



BOUGHT WITH
THE INCOME FROM
THE BEQUEST OF
SAMUEL SHAPLEIGH,
(Class of 1789),
LATE LIBRARIAN OF
HARVARD COLLEGE.

THE PORT FOLIO.

VOL. XI.

FROM JANUARY TO JUNE,

1821.

EDITED BY

JOHN E. HALL, Esq.

VARIOUS, that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change
And pleas'd with novelty, may be indulged.—COWPER.

PHILADELPHIA:

PUBLISHED BY HARRISON HALL,

No. 5 North Eleventh street.

1821.

P.S.L.

Medical Fees
July 1st 5
vols 11–22
$2.00 per vol

index to this volume at end of next one.

CONTENTS OF NO. 235. see next volume

EMBELLISHMENTS.

I. A Cart Horse.
II. The Bank of the United States.

		Page
ART. I.	Letters from Africa,	1
II.	*Reeve's* edition of the Bible	12
III.	On the Style of Dr. Johnson,	32
IV.	The Ayreshire Legatees,	42
V.	Account of the Cherokee schools,	58
VI.	Letters from the West,	66
VII.	*Allen's* History of the Reformation	82
VIII.	Conversations on the Bible,	85
IX.	A Spanish Story,	102
X.	No Fiction; or the Test of Friendship,	121
XI.	The Bogle of Anneslie,	133
XII.	Humboldt's Journey down the Rio Apure,	136
XIII.	*Parry's* Journal of a Voyage of Discovery,	155
XIV.	*Moore's* Irish Melodies,	165
XV.	Legal Lyrics,	172
XVI.	Anecdotes of Schill, the Brandenburgh hussar,	175
XVII.	On the present state of Abyssinia,	184
XVIII.	*Hogg's* Mountain Bard,	191
XIX.	Description of the Bank of the United States,	204
XX.	*Wright's* Views of Society and Manners in America,	207
XXI.	*Lady Morgan's* Italy,	228
XXII.	Memoirs of Anacreon,	232
XXIII.	Poetry,	245

THE PORT FOLIO,

CONDUCTED BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

Various, that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change
And pleased with novelty, may be indulged.—COWPER.

VOL. XI. (36) MARCH, 1821. No. I.

A CHAPTER ON DOGS;

BY

A friend to dogs, for they are honest creatures,
And ne'er betray their masters. OTWAY.

(With a fine engraving.)

"HISTORIES," says Pope, "are more full of examples of the fidelity of dogs than of friends, but I will not insist upon many of them, because it is possible some may be almost as fabulous as those of Pylades and Orestes, &c. I will only say for the honour of dogs, that the two most ancient and esteemed books, sacred and prophane, extant, (viz. the Scripture and Homer) have shown a particular regard to those animals. That of Tobit is the more remarkable, because there seemed no manner of reason to take notice of the dog, besides the great humanity of the author. Homer's account of Ulysses' dog, Argus, is the most pathetic imaginable, all the circumstances considered, and an excellent proof of the old bard's good nature. Ulysses had left him at Ithaca, when he embarked for Troy, and found him at his return, after twenty years. You shall have it in verse:

When wise Ulysses, from his native coast
Long kept by wars, and long by tempests tost,

Arriv'd at last, poor, old, disguis'd, alone,
To all his friends, and e'en his queen unknown:
Chang'd as he was, with age, and toils, and cares,
Furrow'd his rev'rend face, and white his hairs;
In his own palace forc'd to ask his bread,
Scorn'd by those slaves his former bounty fed;
Forgot of all his own domestic crew;
The faithful dog alone his rightful master knew!
Unfed, unhous'd, neglected, on the clay,
Like an old servant, now cashier'd, he lay;
Touch'd with resentment of ungrateful man,
And longing to behold his ancient lord again.
Him when he saw—he rose and crawl'd to meet,
('Twas all he could) and fawn'd and kiss'd his feet;
Seiz'd with dumb joy—then falling by his side!
Own'd his returning lord, look'd up, and died!

"Plutarch, relating how the Athenians were obliged to abandon Athens, in the time of Themistocles, steps back again, out of his history, purely to describe the lamentable cries and howlings of the poor dogs they left behind. He makes mention of one that followed his master (Xantippus) across the sea to Salamis, where he died, and was honoured with a tomb by the Athenians, who gave the name of the Dog's Grave to that part of the island where he was buried. This respect to a dog, in the most polite people of the world, is very observable. A modern instance of gratitude to a dog (though we have but few such) is, that the chief order of Denmark, (now injuriously called the Order of the Elephant) was instituted in memory of the fidelity of a dog, named Wild-brat, to one of their kings, who had been deserted by his subjects: he gave his Order this motto, or to this effect, (which still remains) *Wild-brat was faithful.* Sir William Trumbull has told me a story, which he heard from one that was present: king Charles I, being with some of his court during his troubles, a discourse arose what sort of dogs deserved pre-eminence; and it being on all hands, agreed to belong either to the spaniel or gray-hound, the king gave his opinion on the part of the gray-hound, because (said he) he has all the good nature of the other, without

the fawning. A good piece of satire upon his courtiers, with which I will end my discourse of dogs."

The sensibility of Xantippus's dog is equalled by the sagacity of another, to which Plutarch affirms he was himself an eye-witness. Being once on shipboard, he observed a jar which was about half filled with oil. A dog was very desirous of paying his addresses to the contents; but the oil was too low in the vessel for him to get at it. The seamen were all engaged in different ways, and the dog, willing to make the most of a favourable opportunity, took up, successively, a number of stones which were stowed in that part of the ship, and dropping them, one by one into the jar, the oil at last rose within his reach, and he lapped as much of it as he pleased. "I was astonished," says Plutarch, "by what means the dog could know that the immission of heavier substances would cause the lighter substance to ascend."

The following incidents from Plutarch are equally striking. The dead body of a Roman soldier, who had been killed in a domestic tumult, was carefully watched and guarded by his dog, who would not permit any person to touch the remains of his departed master. Pyrrhus, king of Epirus, happening to pass that way, took notice of so striking a spectacle, and inquired into the circumstances of the case. On being informed that the man had been slain three days before, and that the dog in all that time, had neither stirred from the body, nor eaten any food, the king ordered the corpse to be interred, and the dog to be taken care of, and brought to him. During this ceremony the dog, for some time lay quietly at his feet; until seeing those soldiers march by, who had murdered his late master, he sprang at them with such rage and fierceness, and turned himself to Pyrrhus, with such meaning in his looks and gestures, that the men were sent to prison, on suspicion of having committed the crime with which the dog seemed to charge them. Being strictly examined, they confessed themselves guilty, and were accordingly executed.

The temple of Æsculapius, at Athens, was furnished with many rich ornaments and utensils of gold and silver. A robber who was desirous of obtaining some of this wealth, accomplished his design with such art and secrecy, that he supposed all discovery of the offender to be impossible. A dog, indeed, belonging to some

of those whose office it was to watch the temple, had done his duty, by barking incessantly; but the sextons either did not or would not, take the alarm. The honest animal, faithful and steady to his purpose, pursued the thief, who in vain attempted to keep him at bay. He pelted him with stones but the dog still followed. He tried to bribe him, by throwing him pieces of meat; but the dog refused to touch them. The pursuer still kept the criminal in view, nor lost sight of him until he had watched him to his place of habitation, (which was at some distance from Athens,) where he posted himself, as centinel, at the door. Whenever the culprit ventured from home, Cipparus (for so the dog was named) still haunted him. The news of the robbery was soon made public, but the robber still remained undetected, until information was given that Cipparus, the temple dog, was at such a place, and perpetually harrassing such a person, though fawning on every body else; proper officers were despatched, who took the suspicious man into custody. While they were conducting him to examination, the dog, conscious of the distinguished part he had borne in bringing the miscreant to justice, ran before them all the way, jumping and giving every demonstration of joy. The Athenian people recompensed the zeal, faithfulness, and assiduity of Cipparus, by assigning him to the care of the priests who officiated in the Æsculapian temple, and by voting him a supply, from the public stores, for his maintenance.

Who can withhold his respect for the Hyrcanian dog, who, when he saw his master's corpse burning on the funeral pile, jumped into the flames, and was consumed with it? Or to the dog of one Pyrrhus (not the king) who gave his deceased master the same testimony of affection?

I must not pass over the remarkable duel between a person of distinction and a dog, in the year 1731, in presence of Charles V. of France. Both the relation and the print of this duel are to be found in father Montfaucon.*

"A gentleman of the court was supposed to have murdered another, who had been missing for some days. This suspicion arose from the mute testimony of the absent person's dog, a large Irish

* World, No. 113

grayhound, who, with uncommon rage, attacked this supposed murderer wherever he met him. As he was a gentleman and a man of very nice honour (though by the way he really had murdered the man) he could not bear lying under so dishonourable a suspicion, and therefore applied to the king for leave to justify his innocence by single combat with the said dog. The king, being a great lover of justice, granted his suit, ordered lists to be made ready, appointed the time, and named the weapons. The gentleman was to have an offensive club in his hand, the dog a defensive tub to resort to occasionally. The Irish grayhound willingly met this fair inviter at the time and place appointed; for it has always been observed of that particular breed, that they have an uncommon alacrity at single combat. They fought, the dog prevailed, and almost killed the honourable gentleman, who had then the honour to confess his guilt, and of being hanged for it in a few days."

S. Muller, in his *Voyages from Asia to America*, [London 1762] describes a particular kind of dogs at Kamtchatki, which did the laborious duties of horses and oxen. "On the east side of the county of Kamtchatki, towards the sea, there lives a people who keep no other sort of beasts but dogs; which though they are but of a common size, are remarkable, in that they have hair of six inches long. In 1718, a certain Waiwode travelling in a sledge with twelve dogs, towards the city of Beresowa, got himself wrapped up in warm quilts, and girt fast in to sledge, in order to secure him from the severity of the cold, and to prevent his falling out in case the sledge should overturn. The Ostiack, who was his guide, skaited along side of him, according to custom, in case the sledge should overturn, to raise it up again, and coming on a large plain, where the ground is generally covered man's depth with snow, the dogs (which the Ostiacks also usé for hunting) espying a fox at a distance, immediately flew in pursuit of their game, and ran away with the Waiwode with such swiftness, that it was impossible for the guide to keep pace with them, and they soon got out of sight. The guide followed the track, but did not come up to his passenger till the next morning, when he found him in the sledge overturned, still wrapped up, and tightly girt into it. By good luck the stump of a tree, which stood out above

the snow, had stopped the sledge, or else it might probably have cost the Waiwode his life. These dogs are able to draw great burthens, for in the year 1718, governor Knees Mischewski ordered a whole pipe of brandy to be brought from the convent of Ketskoe, to the city of Beresowa, which was done by sixteen dogs. People never travel a nights, but only a days with dogs; in the morning, before they set out, each dog has two frozen fish, which is his allowance for the whole day. At night, when they come to their journey's end, these poor creatures are so weary that they cannot eat, but presently lie down to sleep. Whenever any passenger comes to a stage where he is to have fresh dogs, all the dogs in that village set up a most terrible howling, knowing that they are some of them, to have the same fate."

In the *History and Memoirs of the Royal Academy of Sciences* at *Paris*, there is the following relation of a *talking dog*, near *Zeitz*, in *Misnia*. Leibnits bears testimony of the fact. "It is a countryman's dog, of a very common shape, and of a moderate size. A young child heard it utter some sounds, which he thought resembled some German words, and upon this, took it into his head to teach it to speak. The master, who had nothing better to do, spared no time nor pains; and luckily, the pupil had such dispositions, as it would be difficult to find again in any other. At length, after some years, the dog could pronounce about thirty words; of this number are *tea*, *coffee*, *chocolate*, *assembly*, words that are current in all modern languages, without much variety. It is to be observed, that the dog was three years old when he was put to school. He talks only by echo, that is to say, after his master has pronounced a word; and he seems to repeat it by constraint, and against his inclination, though not beaten. It must be likewise observed, that Mr. Leibnits saw and heard him."

It would be unpardonable, upon a subject like this, to omit the letter of sir John Harrington to prince Henry, which relates such instances of sagacity, fidelity, affection, and, I may say, understanding that arises out of observation and reflection, as cannot fail to excite the admiration of the reader.

Sir John Harrington to Prince Henry, son to James I, concerning his Dogge.

"May it please your highnesse to accepte in as goode sorte what I nowe offer, as hath been done aforetyme; and I may saie, *I pede fausto:* but, having goode reason to thinke your highnesse had goode will and likinge to read what others have tolde of my rare dogge, I will even give a briefe history of his goode deedes and strange feats; and herein will I not plaie the curr myselfe, but in goode soothe relate what is no more than bare verity. Although I mean not to disparage the deeds of Alexander's horse,* I will match my dogget† against him for goode carriage, for, if he did not bear a great prince on his back, I am bold to saie he did often bear the sweet words of a greater princesse‡ on his necke.

"I did once relate to your highnesse, after what sorte his tecklinge was wherewithe he did sojourn from my house at the Bathe to Greenwiche palace, and deliver up to the cowrte there such matters as were entrusted to his care. This he hathe often done, and came safe to the Bathe, or my house here at Kelstone, with goodlie returns from such nobilitie as were pleasede to emploie him; nor was it ever tolde our ladye queene, that this messenger did ever blab ought concerninge his highe truste, as others have done in more especial matters. Neither must it be forgotten, as how he once was sente with two charges of sack wine from the Bathe to my house, by my man Combe; and on his way the cordage did slacken; but my trustie bearer did bear himself so wisely as to covertly hide one flasket in the rushes, and take the other in his teethe to the howse; after which he wente forthe, and returnde with the other parte of his burthen to dinner. Hereat your highnesse may perchance marvele and doubte; but we have a livinge testimonie of those who wroughte in the fieldes, and espiede his worke, and nowe live to tell they did muche longe to plaie the dogge, and give stowage to the wine themselves; but they did refrain and watchede the passinge of this whole businesse.

"I neede not saie how muche I did once grieve at missinge this dogge; for on my journie towards Londoune, some idle pastimers did diverte themselves with huntinge mallardes in a ponde, and

* Bucephalus. † Bungey. ‡ Queen Elizabeth.

conveyed him to the Spanish ambassadors, where (in a happie hour) after six weeks I did hear of him; but suche was the cowrte he did pay to the Don, that he was no lesse in good likinge there than at home. Nor did the householde listen to my claim, or challenge, till I rested my suite on the dogges own proofs, and made him performe such feats before the nobles assembled, as put it past doubt that I was his master. I did send him to the hall in time of dinner, and made him bring thence a pheasant out of the dish, which created much mirthe; but much more when he returnede at my commandment to the table, and put it again in the same cover. Wherewith the companie was well content to allow me my claim, and we bothe were well content to accepte it, and came homewards,—I could dwell more on this matter, but *jubes renovare dolorem:* I will now saie in what manner he died. As we travelled towardes the Bathes, he leapede on my horses neck, and was more earneste in fawninge and courtinge my notice, than what I had observed for some time back; and, after my chidinge his disturbinge my passinge forwards, he gave me some glances of such affection as moved me to cajole him; but, alas! he crept suddenly into a thorny brake, and died in a short time.

Thus I have strove to rehearse such of his deedes as maie suggest much more to your highnesse thought of this dogge. But, having said so much of him in prose, I will say somewhat too in verse, as you may finde hereafter at the close of this historie.—Now let Ulysses praise his dogge Argus,* or Tobite be led by that dogge† whose name doth not appear; yet could I say such things of my *Bunjey*, (for so he was styled;) as might shame them both, either for good faith, clear wit, or wonderful deedes; to say no more than I have said, of his bearing letters to London and Greenwiche, more than an hundred miles. As I doubt not but your highnesse would love the dogge, if not myselfe, I have been thus tedious in his storie; and again saie, that of all the dogges near your father's court, not one hathe more love, more diligence to please, or less pay for pleasinge than him I write of; for verily a bone would content my servante, when some expecte greater matters, or will knavishly find oute a bone of contention.

* Odyssey, Lib. xvii. † Book of Tobit, chap. v, and xi.

"I nowe rest your highnesse friend, in all service that maye suit him, JOHN HARRINGTON.

"P. S. The verses above spoken of, are in my book of epigrams* in praise of my dogge Bunjey to Momus. And I have an excellent picture, curiously limned, to remaine in my posterity.

"Kelstone, 14th June, 1608."

I shall not insist on the vulgar nation that the howling of dogs is prophetically significant of the death of some member of a family, which, if admitted, would render them objects of still greater interest to mankind; but I will maintain that very few men have shown a more striking proof of presence and shrewdness than the little dog who, being attacked, while accompanying his master on a journey, actually brought another dog, capable of maintaining an equal contest with his antagonist, a distance of more than a hundred miles, to avenge the insult he had received. This formidable champion chastised the aggressor, and then returned home with his *protege*, who gayly frisked his tail, in token of his satisfaction. If modern honour, Mr. Editor, would be satisfied in this way, how many valuable lives might be preserved!

I think with this cloud of witnesses in their favour, the poor animals (I will not call them *dumb*, after the story of the *Misnian orator* above related) will be exonerated from the *growling* calumny with which Dr. Johnson has aspersed their intellectual qualities, viz. that "dogs have not the power of comparing, because they will take a small bit of meat as readily as a large, when both are before them." I am, &c.

φιλοχυων.

ART. II.—*On Marriage. A Sermon by Dr. Johnson.*

Therefore shall a man leave his father and his mother, and shall cleave unto his wife. Genesis II. 24.

THAT society is necessary to the happiness of human nature, that the gloom of solitude, and the stillness of retirement, however they may flatter at a distance, with pleasing views of inde-

* Lib. iii, Epig. 21. See also the engraved title page to his Ariosto and notes on book xli.

pendence and serenity, neither extinguish the passion nor enlighten the understanding; that discontent will intrude upon privacy, and temptations follow us to the desert; every one may be easily convinced, either by his own experience, or by that of others. That knowledge is advanced by an intercourse of sentiments and an exchange of observations, and that the bosom is disburdened by a communication of its cares, is too well known for proof or illustration. In solitude, perplexity swells into distraction, and grief settles into melancholy; even the satisfactions and pleasures, that may by chance be found, are but imperfectly enjoyed, when they are enjoyed without participation.

How high this disposition may extend, and how far society may contribute to the felicity of more exalted natures, it is not easy to determine, nor necessary to inquire; it seems, however, probable, that this inclination is allotted to all rational beings of limited excellence, and that it is the privilege only of the infinite Creator to derive all his happiness from himself.

It is a proof of the regard of God for the happiness of mankind, that the means by which it must be attained are obvious and evident; that we are not left to discover them by difficult speculations, intricate disquisitions, or long experience; but are led to them, equally by our passions and our reason, in prosperity and distress. Every man perceives his own insufficiency to supply himself with what either necessity or convenience require, and applies to others for assistance. Every one feels his satisfaction impaired by the suppression of pleasing emotions, and consequently endeavours to find an opportunity of diffusing his satisfaction.

As a general relation to the rest of the species is not sufficient to procure gratifications for the private desires of particular persons; as closer ties of union are necessary to promote the separate interests of individuals, the great society of the world is divided into separate communities, which are again subdivided into smaller bodies, and more contracted associations, which pursue, or ought to pursue, a particular interest, in subordination to the public good and consistently with the general happiness of mankind.

Each of these subdivisions produces new dependences and relations, and every particular relation gives rise to a particular scheme of duties; duties which are of the utmost importance and of the most sacred obligation, as the neglect of them would defeat all the blessings of society, and cut off even the hope of happiness; as it would poison the fountain whence it must be drawn, and make those institutions, which have been formed as necessary to peace and satisfaction, the means of disquiet and misery.

The lowest subdivision of society, is that by which it is broken into private families; nor do any duties demand more to be explained and enforced, than those which this relation produces; because none is more universally obligatory, and, perhaps very few are more frequently neglected.

The universality of these duties requires no other proof than may be received from the most cursory and superficial observation of human life. Very few men have it in their power to injure society, in a large extent; the general happiness of the world can be very little interrupted by the wickedness of a single man, and the number is not large of those by whom the peace of any particular nation can be disturbed; but every man may injure a family, and produce domestic disorders and distresses; almost every one has opportunities, and perhaps, sometimes temptations to rule as a wife, or tyrannize as a husband; and therefore, to almost every one are those admonitions necessary, that may assist in regulating the conduct, and impress just notions of the behaviour which these relations exact.

Nor are these obligations more evident than the neglect of them; a neglect of which daily examples may be found, and from which daily calamities arise. Almost all the miseries of life, almost all the wickedness that infects, and all the distresses that afflict mankind, are the consequences of some defects in these duties. It is, therefore, no objection to the propriety of discoursing upon them, that they are well known and generally acknowledged; for a very small part of the disorders of the world proceed from ignorance of the laws by which life ought to be regulated; nor do many, even of those whose hands are polluted by the foulest crimes, deny the reasonableness of virtue, or attempt to justify their own actions. Men are not blindly betrayed into corruption, but aban-

don themselves to their passions with their eyes open, and lose the direction of truth, because they do not attend to her voice, not because they do not hear, or do not understand it. It is, therefore, no less useful to rouse the thoughtless, than instruct the ignorant; to awaken the attention, than enlighten the understanding.

There is another reason, for which it may be proper to dwell long upon these duties and return frequently to them; that deep impressions of them may be formed and renewed, as often as time or temptation shall begin to erase them. Offences against society in its greater extent, are cognizable by human laws. No man can invade the property, or disturb the quiet of his neighbour, without subjecting himself to penalties, and suffering in proportion to the injury he has offered. But cruelty and pride, oppression and partiality, may tyrannize in private families without control: meekness may be trampled on, and piety insulted, without an appeal, but to conscience and to Heaven. A thousand methods of torture may be invented, a thousand acts of unkindness or disregard may be committed, a thousand innocent gratifications may be denied, and a thousand hardships imposed, without any violation of national laws. Life may be embittered with hourly vexation; and weeks, months, and years be lingered out in misery, without any legal cause of separation, or possibility of judicial redress. Perhaps, no sharper anguish is felt than that which cannot be complained of, nor any greater cruelties inflicted than some which no human authority can relieve.

That marriage itself, an institution designed only for the promotion of happiness, and for the relief of the disappointments, anxieties, and distresses, to which we are subject in our present state, does not always produce the effects for which it was appointed; that it sometimes condenses the gloom which it was intended to dispel, and increases the weight which was expected to be made lighter by it, must, however unwillingly, be yet acknowledged.

It is to be considered to what causes, effects so unexpected and unpleasing, so contrary to the end of the institution, and so unlikely to arise from it, are to be attributed: it is necessary to inquire, whether those that are thus unhappy, are to impute their

misery to any other cause than their own folly, and to the neglect of those duties, which prudence and religion equally require.

This inquiry may not only be of use in stating and explaining the duties of the marriage state, but may contribute to free it from licentious misrepresentations and weak objections, which, indeed, can have little force upon minds not already adapted to receive impressions from them, by habits of debauchery; but which, when they cooperate with lewdness, intemperance, and vanity; when they are proposed to an understanding naturally weak, and made yet weaker by luxury and sloth, by an implicit resignation to reigning follies, and an habitual compliance with every appetite; may, at least, add strength to prejudices, to support an opinion already favoured; and, perhaps, hinder conviction, or, at least, retard it.

It may, indeed, be asserted, to the honour of marriage, that it has few adversaries among men, either distinguised for their abilities or eminent for their virtue. Those who have assumed the province of attacking it, of overturning the constitution of the world, of encountering the authority of the wisest legislators, from whom it has received the higher sanction of human wisdom; and subverting the maxims of the most flourishing states, in which it has been dignified with honours and promoted with immunities; those who have undertaken the task of contending with reason and experience, with earth and with heaven, are men who seem generally not selected by nature for great attempts or difficult undertakings: they are, for the most part such as owe not their determination to arguments, but their arguments to their determinations; disputants, animated, not by a consciousness of truth, but by the number of their adherents; and treated, not with zeal for the right, but with the rage of licentiousness and impatience of restraint. And, perhaps, to the sober, the understanding, and the pious, it may be sufficient to remark, that religion and marriage have the same enemies.

There are, indeed, some in other communions of the christian church, who censure marriage upon different motives, and prefer celibacy to a state more immediately devoted to the honour of God, and the regular and assiduous practice of the duties of religion; and have recommended vows of abstinence, no where com-

manded in scripture, and imposed restraints upon lawful desires; of which, it is easy to judge how well they are adapted to the present state of human nature, by the frequent violation of them, even in those societies where they are voluntarily incurred, and where no vigilance is omitted to secure the observation of them.

But the authors of these rigorous and unnatural schemes of life, though certainly misled by false notions of holiness and perverted conceptions of the duties of our religion, have, at least the merit of mistaken endeavours to promote virtue, and must be allowed to have reasoned, at least, with some degree of probability, in vindication of their conduct. They were, generally, persons of piety, and sometimes of knowledge; and are, therefore, not to be confounded with the fool, the drunkard, and the libertine. They who decline marriage, for the sake of a more severe and mortified life, are surely to be distinguished from those who condemn it as too rigorous a confinement, and wish the abolition of it in favour of boundless voluptuousness and licensed debauchery.

Perhaps, even the errors of mistaken goodness may be rectified, and the prejudices surmounted, by deliberate attention to the nature of the institution; and certainly, the calumnies of wickedness may be, by the same means, confuted, though its clamours may not be silenced; since commonly, in debates like this, confutation and conviction are very distant from each other. For that nothing but vice and folly obstructs the happiness of a married life, may be made evident by examining,

First, the nature and end of marriage.

Secondly, the means by which that end is to be obtained.

First, the nature and end of marriage.

The vow of marriage, which the wisdom of most civilized nations has enjoined, and which the rules of the christian church enjoin, may be properly considered as a vow of perpetual and indissoluble friendship; friendship, which no change of fortune, nor any alteration of external circumstances, can be allowed to interrupt or weaken. After the commencement of this state, there remain no longer any separate interests; the two individuals become united, and are, therefore, to enjoy the same felicity, and suffer the same misfortunes; to have the same friends, and the same enemies; the same success, and the same disappointments. It is easy, by pur-

suing the parallel between friendship and marriage, to show how exact a conformity there is between them; to prove that all the precepts laid down with respect to the contraction, and the maxims advanced with regard to the effects, of friendship, are true of marriage, in a more literal sense and a stricter acceptation.

It has long been observed, that friendship is to be confined to one; or that, to use the words of the axiom, "He that hath friends, has no friend."* That ardour of kindness, that unbounded confidence, that unsuspecting security which friendship requires, cannot be extended beyond a single object. A divided affection may be termed benevolence, but can hardly rise to friendship; for the narrow limits of the human mind allow it not intensely to contemplate more than one idea. As we love one more, we must love another less; and, however impartially we may, for a very short time, distribute our regards, the balance of affection will quickly incline, perhaps, against our consent to one side or the other. Besides, though we should love our friends *equally*, which is, perhaps, *not* possible; and *each* according to their *merit*, which is *very difficult:* what shall secure them from jealousy of each other? Will not each think highly of his own value, and imagine himself rated below his worth? Or what shall preserve their common friend from the same jealousy with regard to them? As he divides his affection and esteem between them, he can, in return, claim no more than a dividend of theirs; and, as he regards them equally, they may justly rank some other in equality with him: and what, then, shall hinder an endless communication of confidence, which must certainly end in treachery at last? Let these reflections be applied to marriage, and perhaps, polygamy may lose its vindicators.

It is remarked, that "friendship amongst equals is the most lasting;"† and, perhaps, there are few causes to which more unhappy marriages are to be ascribed, than a disproportion between the original condition of the two persons. Difference of condition makes difference of education, and difference of education produces differences of habits, sentiments and inclination: thence arise contrary views and opposite schemes, of which the frequent,

* ω φιλοι ου φιλος. † Amicitia inter pares firmissima.

though not necessary consequences, are debates, disgust, alienation, and settled hatred.

Strict friendship "is to have the same desires and the same aversions."* Whoever is to choose a friend, is to consider, first, the resemblance or dissimilitude of tempers. How necessary this caution is to be urged as preparatory to marriage, the misery of those who neglect it sufficiently evinces. To enumerate all the varieties of disposition, to which it may on this occasion be convenient to attend, would be a tedious task; but, it is, at least, proper to enforce one precept on this head, a precept which was never yet broken without fatal consequences, "Let the religion of the man and woman be the same." The rancour and hatred, the rage and persecution, with which religious disputes have filled the world, need not to be related: every history can inform us, that no malice is so fierce, so cruel, and implacable, as that which is excited by religious discord. It is to no purpose that they stipulate for the free enjoyment of their own opinions; for how can he be happy, who sees the person most dear to him in a state of dangerous error, and ignorant of those sacred truths, which are necessary to the approbation of God and to future felicity? How can he engage not to endeavour to propagate truth, and promote the salvation of those he loves? or, if he has been betrayed into such engagements by an ungoverned passion, how can he vindicate himself in the observation of them? The education of children will soon make it necessary to determine, which of the two opinions shall be transmitted to their posterity; and how can either consent to train up in error and delusion, those from whom they expect the highest satisfactions, and the only comforts of declining life?

On account of this conformity of notions, it is, that equality of condition is chiefly eligible; for, as *friendship*, so marriage, *either finds*, or makes an equality. No disadvantage of birth or fortune ought to impede the exaltation of virtue and of wisdom; for with marriage begins union, and union obliterates all distinctions. It may, indeed, become the person who received the benefit, to remember it, that gratitude may brighten affection; but

* An observation of Cataline in Sallust.

the person who conferred it ought to forget it, because, if it was deserved, it cannot be mentioned without injustice, nor, if undeserved, without imprudence: all reproaches of this kind, must be either retractions of a good action, or proclamations of our own weakness.

"Friends," says the proverbial observation, "have every thing in common." This is likewise implied in the marriage covenant. Matrimony admits of no separate possessions, no incommunicable interests. This rule, like all others, has been often broken by low views and sordid stipulations; but, like all other precepts founded on reason and in truth, it has received a new confirmation from almost every branch of it; and those parents, whose age has had no better effects upon their understanding, than to fill them with avarice and stratagem, have brought misery and ruin upon their children, by the means which they weakly imagine conducive to their happiness.

There is yet another precept, equally relating to friendship and to marriage; a precept, which, in either case, can never be too strongly inculcated or too scrupulously observed: "Contract friendship only with the good." Virtue is the first quality to be considered in the choice of a friend, and yet more in a fixed and irrevocable choice. This maxim surely requires no comment, nor any vindication; it is equally clear and certain, obvious to the superficial, and incontestable by the most accurate examiner: to dwell upon it, is, therefore, superfluous; for, though often neglected, it never was denied. Every man will, without hesitation, confess, that it is absurd to trust a known deceiver, or voluntarily to depend for quiet and for happiness upon insolence, cruelty, and oppression. Thus, marriage appears to differ from friendship, chiefly in the degree of its efficacy and the authority of its institution: it was appointed by God himself, as necessary to happiness, even in a state of innocence; and the relation produced by it, was declared more powerful than that of birth: "Therefore shall a man leave his father and his mother, and shall cleave unto his wife." But as, notwithstanding its conformity to human nature, it sometimes fails to produce the effects intended, it is necessary to inquire,

Secondly, by what means the end of marriage is to be attained.

As it appears, by examining the natural system of the universe, that the greatest and smallest bodies are invested with the same properties, and moved by the same laws; so a survey of the moral world will inform us, that greater or less societies are to be made happy by the same means, and that, however relations may be varied or circumstances changed, virtue, and virtue alone, is the parent of felicity. We can only, in whatsoever state we may be placed, secure ourselves from disquiet and from misery, by a resolute attention to truth and reason: without this, it is in vain that a man chooses a friend, or cleaves to a wife. If passion be suffered to prevail over right, and the duties of our state be broken through or neglected, for the sake of gratifying our anger, our pride, or our revenge, the union of hearts will quickly be dissolved, and kindness will give way to resentment and aversion.

The duties, by the practice of which a married life is to be made happy, are the same with those of friendship, but exalted to higher perfection. Love must be more ardent, and confidence without limits. It is, therefore, necessary, on each part, to deserve that confidence, by the most unshaken fidelity, and to preserve their love unextinguished by continual acts of tenderness; not only to detest all real, but seeming offences; and to avoid suspicion and guilt, with almost equal solicitude.

But since the frailty of our nature is such, that we cannot hope from each other an unvaried rectitude of conduct, or an uninterrupted course of wisdom or virtue; as folly will, sometimes, intrude upon an unguarded hour; and temptations, by frequent attacks, will, sometimes, prevail; one of the chief acts of love is, readily to forgive errors, and overlook defects. Neglect is to be reclaimed by kindness, and perverseness softened by complaisance. Sudden starts of passion are patiently to be borne, and the calm moments of recollection silently expected; for, if one offence be made a plea for another; if anger be to be opposed with anger, and reproach retorted for reproach; either the contest must be continued forever, or one must, at last, be obliged, by vio-

lence, to do what might have been done at first, not only more gracefully, but with more advantage.

Marriage, however in general it resembles friendship, differs from it in this; that all its duties are not reciprocal. Friends are equal in every respect; but the relation of marriage produces authority on one side, and exacts obedience on the other; obedience an unpleasing duty, which yet the nature of the state makes indispensable; for friends may separate when they can no longer reconcile the sentiments, or approve the schemes of each other; but as marriage is indissoluble, either one must be content to submit, when *conviction* cannot be obtained, or life must be wasted in perpetual disputes.

But though obedience may be justly required, servility is not to be exacted; and though it may be lawful to exert authority, it must be remembered, that to govern and to tyrannize are very different, and that oppression will naturally provoke rebellion.

The great rule, both of authority and obedience, is the law of God; a law which is not to be broken for the promotion of any ends, or in compliance with any commands; and which, indeed, never can be violated, without destroying that confidence, which is the greatest source of mutual happiness; for how can that person be trusted, whom no principle obliges to fidelity?

Thus religion appears, in every state of life, to be the basis of happiness, and the operating power which makes every good constitution valid and efficacious; and he that shall attempt to attain happiness by the means which God has ordained, and "shall leave his father and his mother, and shall cleave unto his wife," shall surely find the highest degree of satisfaction that our state allows, if, in his choice, he pays the first regard to virtue, and regulates his conduct by the precepts of religion.

ART. III.—*Some account of Madame de Genlis.*

STEPHANIE FELICITE DUIREST DE SAINT AUBIN was born in the year 1746, near Autun, in the department of Saone et Loire. Though without fortune, she was distinguished on her entrance into life, for her personal attractions, joined to a singular talent for music, and she soon gained introductions to several families

of rank, though rather in quality of an artist than as a young lady of condition. Her situation afforded her the means of observing society, before fortune enabled her to fill that rank in fashionable life to which her acquirements so justly entitled her: thus, a perfect knowledge of the manners of the best circles is to be discerned in her earliest publications. Her accomplishments and personal graces soon attracted the notice of several exalted individuals; but, as it frequently happens, chance was the disposer of her hand. The count de Genlis, afterwards marques de Sillery, though he had never seen her, being struck with the style of a letter which accidentally fell in his way, conceived so high a sentiment of admiration for the writer, that he immediately made her an offer of his hand, and the lady became the countess de Genlis, before her fifteenth year.

Whilst her superior talent commanded the admiration of the distinguished circle in which she moved, her ardent love of study induced her to shun the court and the frivolous society connected with it, and to devote herself wholly to the cultivation of society and the arts. She was too well aware of the advantage of a good understanding to neglect the education of her children. At an age when most young women think only of shining in the world, Madame de Genlis retired to the convent of Bellechasse, and devoted herself entirely to the education of her two daughters. In the year 1775, the eldest, who was then scarcely fourteen years of age, was united to the count de Valence, but shortly after her marriage, the young lady was attacked with a dangerous fit of illness. The anxiety of mind, joined to the fatigue occasioned by her attendance on the sufferer, produced a change in the health of Madame de Genlis, which she experienced long after her daughter's convalescence. As she suffered considerably from a pulmonary affection, her physicians prescribed the use of the Bristol waters, and having consigned her eldest daughter to the care of her mother-in-law, she departed for England, accompanied by her second daughter, Natalie, who was in her thirteenth year. During her residence at Bristol, Madame de Genlis adopted her then interesting protegee *Pamela*, of whom frequent mention is made in her writings, and who was afterwards married to lord Edward Fitzgerald.

On her return from England, the duke d'Orleans, then duke de Chartres, eagerly embraced the opportunity of placing his children under the superintendance of the accomplished and beautiful countess de Genlis. During her retirement in the convent of Bellechasse, she had written several moral and entertaining dramatic pieces, which her children performed successfully in the presence of the duchess de Charres. She published the three first volumes of her plays in 1779, under the title of *Theatre for the use of Young Persons*, and the three last volumes appeared in January, 1780. Among the most esteemed of these little dramas we may mention *La bonne Mere, la Rosiere de Salency, le Magistrat, la Marchande de Modes*, and *la Colombe*. The latter contains images worthy the graceful touch of a Guido, or an Albano: the celebrated Buffon, after having perused it, addressed the following letter to the authoress, which has been quoted as highly complimentary, but which is, nevertheless, somewhat hyperbolical:—

"I am no longer a lover of nature; I leave her for you, Madam, who have done more, and are worthy of higher admiration. Nature only forms bodies, but you create souls. Were mine of your happy creation, I should possess the power of pleasing, which I now want, and you would be pleased with my infidelity. Pardon, Madam, this moment of transport and love. I will now speak reasonably.

"Your charming Theatre has afforded me as much pleasure as though I were of the age to which it is dedicated. Old and young, high and low, all must study those delightful pictures in which the virtues acquired by education, triumph over vice and folly. Every line bears the stamp of your heavenly mind. It appears in every scene under a different emblem, and clothed in the purest morality. Your pen is guided by a perfect knowledge of human nature, by all the charms and every grace of style," &c. &c.

In the same year (1780) Madame de Genlis quitted the convent of Bellechasse, and retired to a charming country house at Berey, accompanied by the young princesses, where she continued her literary labours with the greatest success.

The *Theatre of Education* was followed by the *Annals of Virtue, Adelaide and Theodore, Tales of the Castle*, and other works of

the same kind, forming successively twenty-two volumes, the sole end of which is to adorn the understanding and form the hearts of young persons by interesting and amusing them at the same time.

Notwithstanding her numerous literary occupations, and the important functions of a duty of which she acquitted herself with the most scrupulous fidelity, Madame de Genlis neglected no opportunity of serving those who stood in need of her assistance. She rescued from indigence the two grand-nephews of Racine, and procured for them a pension from the duke of Orleans: and the marquis de Ducrest, her brother, having had the misfortune to lose his wife in the year 1781, she undertook the education of his son, who was then only five years of age. This is the young man whose premature fate she laments in her preface to the last edition of the *Tales of the Castle.*

Such were the occupations of Madame de Genlis until the commencement of a revolution, the horrors of which, plunged her country in ruin, and which spread its evils to the remotest corner of the civilized world. Foreseeing the misfortunes that awaited France, as soon as the States General was convoked, in 1789, Madame de Genlis anxiously wished to retire with her pupils to Nice. This step met with the approval of her family; but she subsequently abandoned the design on consideration that her departure might weaken the credit of the house of Orleans, and she was too fondly attached to her pupils to be induced to separate from them by any consideration of personal safety or advantage.

Meanwhile it was proposed that she should proceed to England; but from time to time, various causes occasioned the journey to be postponed. At length it was fixed in the year 1790, but on the eve of her departure, M. de Valence, her son-in-law, brought her the unexpected intelligence that the duke of Orleans had himself set out for England during the night. Thus Madame de Genlis was once more compelled to renounce her design, for the departure of the father would undoubtedly have occasioned the arrest of the children, had they attempted to quit France at that time.

The duke was absent nearly a year. A few months after his return, Madame de Genlis resigned the situation of governess to

his children, and made a tour through several of the French provinces which she had not before visited. In 1791, she left Paris accompanied by Mademoiselle d'Orleans and two other young ladies, and she soon reached England in safety. She first spent three months at Bath, and next fixed her abode at Bury St. Edmunds, where she remained nine months, at the expiration of which, she visited several parts of Great Britain. During one of her excursions, in 1792, she visited the delightful cottage of Llangollen, in Wales, the residence of lady Elinor Butler and Miss Ponsonby, of which she gives so interesting a description in her *Souvenir de Felicie.*

On her return to London, in September following, Madame de Genlis received a letter from the duke of Orleans, enjoining her to return to Paris without delay, on account of the decrees issued against the emigrants by the national convention. On her return, however, she and the princess were placed on the list of emigrants, and ordered to quit Paris in 48 hours, and to retire from the French territory. She then resolved to return to England in quest of that repose which her own country denied her: but the duke of Orleans could not be prevailed on to permit his daughter to accompany her. However, no waiting maid could be procured to follow Mademoiselle d'Orleans in her exile, through the fear of being placed on the list of emigrants, and the duke conjured Madame de Genlis to accompany the young princess to Flanders, and to remain with her three or four weeks at Tournay, until he could engage a proper person to supply her place.

On reaching Tournay, Madame de Genlis determined seriously to prepare for her departure to England. Three weeks after her arrival at Tournay, Pamela, her adopted daughter, was married to lord Edward Fitzgerald; but as the person promised by the duke had not arrived, Madame de Genlis was unable to set out with the new married pair, as she had at first proposed. About a month after their departure, her husband, who, at the commencement of the revolution, had taken the title of marquis de Sillery, communicated to her from Paris, the dreadful catastrophe which terminated the life of the unfortunate Louis XVI. She immediately despatched a faithful messenger, conjuring him to quit France: but he declared in answer, that he would never

abandon his native country, adding, that the events to which he was then a witness, augmented his indifference for an existence which the crimes of his fellow citizens rendered odious. M. de Sillery remained in Paris though he had every opportunity of escaping; but so far from thinking of concealment, when he learnt that he was proscribed by the sanguinary Robespierre and his adherents, he voluntarily surrendered himself, and shortly afterwards perished on the scaffold. His last instructions to his unfortunate wife were, that she should retire either to Ireland or Switzerland, but a serious indisposition by which Mademoiselle d'Orleans was seized, prevented Madame de Genlis from observing the prudent counsel of her ill-fated husband. The young princess had no attendant except Madame de Genlis and her niece. Her convalescence was extremely slow, and at the expiration of four weeks she experienced a relapse. In this situation Madame de Genlis could not think of leaving her. Meanwhile Flanders was united to France: general Dumouriez arrived at Tournay, and though he had no knowledge either of Madame de Genlis or Mademoiselle d'Orleans, yet he felt interested for their unfortunate situation. To have remained at Tournay, where the Austrians were momentarily expected, would have been in the last degree imprudent; and their return to France must have exposed them to certain death. Dumouriez offered them an asylum in his camp. They followed the army, and procured a lodging at St. Amand, in the city, whilst the head-quarters were established at the Baths, about a mile distant; the defection of Dumouriez was, however, declared the day after their arrival at St. Amand. Dreading the consequences of this event, and fearing lest they should be included in the general list of fugitives, Madame de Genlis determined to depart, without loss of time, for Mons, representing herself as an English woman, intending to proceed immediately to Switzerland, by way of Germany; and notwithstanding the urgent intreaties of M. de Chartres, she resolved to depart without Mademoiselle d'Orleans; however, at the very moment when she was stepping into the coach, M. de Chartres presented himself, with his sister, bathed in tears. Madame de Genlis could no longer resist their intreaties, she pressed her to her bosom, and they departed in such haste that they forgot to

take with them Mademoiselle d'Orleans' baggage, the whole of which was lost. After encountering many dangers, they arrived, by cross roads, at the Austrian posts, where they passed for two English ladies, and by that means obtained passports, and an escort to conduct them to Mons. Madame de Genlis was now assailed by a new misfortune. The day after her arrival at Mons, she discovered that Mademoiselle d'Orleans and her niece had both caught the measles; and being unable immediately to procure a nurse she was obliged to attend on them herself, day and night. However, in the midst of this disaster, she enjoyed the consolation of having saved the life of Mademoiselle d'Orleans, who would infallibly have suffered for her brother's desertion, had she fallen into the hands of the French.

The delay occasioned by the fatal indisposition of the ladies, afforded the Austrians time to discover that they were natives of France, but they nevertheless experienced the most generous treatment. General Mack procured from the prince of Coburg passports which enabled them to proceed in safety through Germany. Madame de Genlis left Mons, 13th April, 1793, though her young companions were still in a state of extreme debility, and they arrived safely at Schaffhausen, in Switzerland. There they were joined by the duke de Chartres, and they proceeded together to Zug, where they hired a house on the banks of the lake, at a short distance from the town.

Here, under assumed names, they enjoyed tranquillity, but for a short time; for M. de Chartres was soon recognized by the French emigrants, passing through the town. The magistrates, fearing lest they should incur the displeasure of the French government, politely urged the necessity of their seeking an asylum elsewhere. This unexpected occurrence convinced M. de Chartres that his presence must unavoidably prove fatal to his sister's safety, and he took leave of her, to travel through Switzerland on foot. M. de Montesquieu generously procured for Madame de Genlis and her two protegees a safe retreat in the convent of St. Clair, at Bremgarten, where they all passed for Irish ladies returning from France, compelled by the troubled state of that country and the dangers of war, to return to their homes as soon as an opportunity should occur. Here Madame de Genlis passed

a year in profound seclusion, devoting her whole attention to her pupil, and concealing from her the knowledge of her father's tragic death, which took place during their residence at the convent of St. Clair. Their days passed away in sadness, but not without occupation, until their repose was once more interrupted by the intrigues of their enemies, who at length forced them to quit Switzerland. Madame de Genlis prevailed upon the princess to write to her uncle, the duke of Modena, to request that he would receive her in his territory; but he replied, that political considerations prevented him from acceeding to her solicitation. Madame de Genlis shortly after ascertained that the princess de Conti, her pupil's aunt, was in Switzerland, and residing at Friburgh. To her she advised Mademoiselle d'Orleans to appeal for protection, which the princess most readily granted, and at the expiration of a month, she sent the countess de Pons St. Maurice to escort the young lady to Friburgh.

After this separation from her pupil, to whom Madame de Genlis was most sincerely attached, her residence at Bremgarten became irksome to her, notwithstanding the kind attention of the nuns, who proved themselves in every respect worthy of her gratitude and friendship. She quitted the convent on the 19th of May, 1794, accompanied by her niece, whom she placed under the protection of a respectable family in Holland, and thence she proceeded alone to Altona. There she remained unknown upwards of nine months, and having met her son-in-law, M. de Valence, at Hamburgh, she went to reside with him at Silk, a village about 15 miles from Hamburgh. There Madame de Genlis at length enjoyed repose, and she resumed her literary occupations, which had been so long suspended. In this retreat she wrote several novels, namely, *Rash Vows*, *The Rival Mothers*, *The Little Emigrants*, and *The Knights of the Swan*. She also published a narrative of her conduct during the revolution, in answer to the calumnies by which she had been assailed.

In the year 1800, the French government called Madame de Genlis from her retreat, and granted her permission to return to her country. She thankfully embraced the opportunity of being restored to her daughter, her grand-children, and such of her friends as still survived. She has ever since resided at Paris.

Having been deprived of her fortune by the events of the revolution, she has supported herself principally by the honourable exertion of those talents which she successfully cultivated in happier days, when they formed merely the amusement of her leisure hours. Since her return to France, she has published several historical novels, remarkable for elegance of style, and faithful delineations of manners; but among all her productions, that with which she has thought proper to terminate her literary career, has, perhaps, excited the greatest interest. We allude to *Les Parvenus ou L'Histoire de Julien Delmour;* a translation of which has just appeared under the title of the *New Era.* In this work she has given an interesting picture of the state of manners and society in France for the last 30 years, and she adduces, amidst all the horrors of the revolution, examples of sublime piety and devoted attachment, which will, doubtless, throw a gleam of lustre on that unhappy period.

ART. IV.—*The Parricide Punished.* From the French.

The following very singular adventure is related as a fact in "La Nouvelle Bibliotheque de Societe," and is said to have happened in one of the provinces of France. Upon this story it is evident that Mr. Whalley founded his tragedy of "The castle of Mountval."

THE adventure which I am going to relate to you, my dear friend, is of so strange and dreadful a nature, that you are the only person to whom I must ever disclose the secret.

The nuptials of Mademoiselle de Vildac were celebrated yesterday; at which as a neighbour, custom and good manners required my attendance. You are acquainted with M. de Vildac: he has a countenance which never pleased me; his eyes have often a wild and suspicious glare; a something which has given me disagreeable sensations for which I could no way account. I could not help observing yesterday, that in the midst of joy and revelry, he partook not of pleasure: far from being penetrated with the happiness of his new son and daughter, the delight of others seemed to him a secret torment.

The feast was held at his ancient castle; and when the hour of rest arrived, I was conducted to a chamber immediately under the

old tower at the north end. I had just fallen into my first sleep, when I was awakened and alarmed by a heavy kind of noise overhead. I listened, and heard very distinctly the footsteps of some one slowly descending, and dragging chains that clanked upon the stairs. The noise approached, and presently my chamber door was opened; the clanking of the chains redoubled, and he who bore them went towards the chimney. There were a few embers half extinguished; these he scraped together, and said, in a sepulchral voice, "Alas, how long it is since I have seen a fire." I own, my friend, I was terrified; I seized my sword, looked between my curtains, and saw, by the glimmer of the embers, a withered old man, half naked, with a bald head and a white beard. He put his trembling hands to the wood, which began to blaze, and soon afterwards turned towards the door by which he entered, fixed his eyes with horror upon the floor, as if he beheld something most horrible, and exclaimed with agony, "God! God!"

My emotion caused my curtains to make a noise, and he turned affrighted: "who is there?" said he. "Is there any one in that bed?"—"Yes," I replied; "and who are you?" Contending passions would not for a while suffer him to speak; at length he answered, "I am the most miserable of men. This, perhaps, is more than I ought to say: but it is so long, so many years since I have seen or spoken to a human being, that I cannot resist. Fear nothing; come towards the fire; listen to my sorrows, and for a moment soften my sufferings."

My fear gave place to pity: I sat down by him. My condescension and my feelings moved him; he took my hand, and bathed it with his tears.

"Generous man," said he, "let me desire you first to satisfy my curiosity. Tell me why you lodge in this chamber, where no man has slept before for so many years; and what mean the rejoicings I have heard? What extraordinary thing has happened to-day in the castle?"

When I informed him of the marriage of Vildac's daughter, he lifted up his hands to heaven—"Has Vildac a daughter! and is she married. May she be happy! May she never know guilt!"

He paused for a moment—

"Learn who I am," said he, "you see, you speak to—the father of Vildac—the cruel Vildac! Yet, what right have I to complain? —Should I—should I call man or tiger cruel!"

"What is Vildac your son? Vildac! the monster! shut you from the sight of man! load you with chains! And lives there such a wretch?"

"Behold," said he, "the power, the detestable power of riches! The hard and pitiless heart of my unhappy son is impenetrable to every tender sentiment: impenetrable to love and friendship, he is also deaf to the cries of nature, and, to enjoy my lands, has hung these eating irons on me."

"He went one day to visit a neighbouring young nobleman, who had lately lost his father; him he saw encircled by his vassals, and occupied in receiving their homage and their rents. The sight made a shocking impression upon the imagination of Vildac, which had long been haunted with a strong desire to enjoy his future patrimony. On his return, I observed a degree of thoughtfulness and gloom about him that was unusual. Five days afterwards I was seized during the night, carried off naked by three men masked, and lodged in this tower. I know not by what means Vildac spread the report of my death; but I guessed by the tolling of the bells, and funeral dirges, more solemn than for inferior persons, that they were performed for my interment. The idea was horrid; and I entreated most earnestly to be permitted to speak, but for a moment to my son; but in vain. Those who brought me food, no doubt, supposed me a criminal, condemned to perish in prison. It is now twenty years since I was first confined here. I perceived this morning that my door was not secured, and I waited till night to profit by the accident: yet I do not wish to escape. But the liberty of a few yards is much to a prisoner."

"No," cried I, "you shall quit this dishonourable habitation. Heaven has destined me to be your deliverer, defender, support and guide. Every body sleeps; now is the time, let us begone."

"It must not be," said he, after a moment's silence. "Solitude has changed my ideas, and my principles. Happiness is but opinion. Now that I am enured to suffer, why should I fly from my fate? What is there for me to wish for in this world?—The die is thrown, and this tower must be my tomb."

"Surely you dream," answered I. "Let us not lose time; the night is advanced: we shall presently have but a moment. Come!"

"I am affected," he replied, "but cannot profit by your kindness. Liberty has no charms for my small remains of life. Shall I dishonour my son; or in which way has his daughter given me offence, to whom I was never known, by whom I was never seen? The sweet innocent sleeps happily in the arms of her husband, and shall I overwhelm her with infamy? Yet, might I but behold her! might I but lock her in these feeble arms, and bedew her bosom with my tears!—'Tis in vain! It cannot be! I never must look upon her.

"Adieu! Day begins to break, and we shall be surprised. I will return to my prison!"

"No," said, I stopping him; "I will not suffer that. Slavery has enfeebled your soul; I must inspire you with courage. Let us be gone; we will afterwards examine whether it be proper to make the matter public. My house, my friends, my fortune, are at your service. No one shall know who you are; and since it is necessary, Vildac's crimes shall be concealed. What do you fear?"

"Nothing! I am all gratitude. But, oh, no! it cannot be! Here I must remain."

"Well, act as you please; but if you refuse to fly with me, I will go immediately to the governor of the province, tell him who you are, and return, armed with his authority and his power, to wrest you from the barbarity of an inhuman child."

"Beware what you do! abuse not my confidence. Leave me to perish.—You know me not, I am a monster! Day and the blessed sun would sicken at my sight. Infamous I am, and covered with guilt—guilt most horrible!—Turn your eyes upon that wall; behold these boards; sprinkled with blood, a father's blood;—murdered by his son,—by me!—Ha! look! behold! do you not see him! he stretches forth his bleeding arms! he begs for pity! the vital stream flows out! he falls! he groans! oh horror! madness! despair!"

The miserable wretch fell convulsed with terror to the floor; and when fear and passion in part subsided, he durst not turn his guilty eyes towards me, where I stood transfixed with horror.

As soon as he had the power, he approached the door.—"Farewell," said he, "be innocent, if you would be happy! The wretch who so lately moved your pity, is now become detestable to you, as well as to himself; he goes unlamented to the dungeon, whence alive he never shall return!"

Art. V.—*The Snow Storm.*

[From Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine.]

"'Tis only from the belief of the goodness and wisdom of a Supreme Being, that our calamities can be borne in that manner which becomes a man."—Henry Mackenzie.

In summer there is a beauty in the wildest moors of Scotland, and the wayfaring man who sits down for an hour's rest beside some little spring that flows unheard through the brightened moss and water-cresses, feels his weary heart revived by the silent, serene, and solitary prospect. On every side sweet sunny spots of verdure smile towards him from among the melancholy heather—unexpectedly in the solitude, a stray sheep, it may be with its lambs, starts half alarmed at his motionless figure—insects, large, bright, and beautiful, come careering by him through the desert air—nor does the wild want its own songsters, the gray linnet, fond of the blooming furze, and now and then the lark mounting up to heaven, above the summits of the green pastoral hills. During such a sunshiny hour, the lonely cottage on the waste seems to stand in a paradise; and as he rises to pursue his journey, the traveller looks back and blesses it with a mingled emotion of delight and envy. There, thinks he, abide the children of innocence and contentment, the two most benign spirits that watch over human life.

But other thoughts arise in the mind of him who may chance to journey through the same scene in the desolation of winter. The cold bleak sky girdles the moor as with a belt of ice—life is frozen in air and on earth. The silence is not of repose but extinction—and should a solitary human dwelling catch his eye, half buried in the snow, he is sad for the sake of them whose destiny it is to abide far from the cheerful haunts of men, shrouded up in melancholy, by poverty held in thrall, or pining away in unvisited and untended disease.

But, in truth, the heart of human life is but imperfectly discovered from its countenance; and before we can know what the summer, or what the winter yields for enjoyment or trial to our country's peasantry, we must have conversed with them in their fields and by their fire-sides; and made ourselves acquainted with the powerful ministry of the seasons, not over those objects alone that feed the eye and the imagination, but over all the incidents, occupations, and events that modify or constitute the existence of the poor.

I have a short and simple story to tell of the winter-life of the moorland cottager—a story but of one evening—with few events, and no signal catastrophe—but which may haply please those hearts whose delight it is to think on the humble under-plots that are carrying on in the great Drama of Life.

Two cottagers, husband and wife, were sitting by their cheerful peat-fire one winter evening, in a small lonely hut on the edge of a wide moor, at some miles distance from any other habitation. There had been, at one time, several huts of the same kind erected close together, and inhabited by families of the poorest class of day-labourers, who found work among the distant farms, and at night, returned to dwellings which were rent free, with their little gardens, won from the waste. But one family after another had dwindled away, and the turf-built huts had all fallen into ruins, except one that had always stood in the centre of this little solitary village, with its summer walls covered with the richest honeysuckles, and in the midst of the brightest of all the gardens. It alone now sent up its smoke into the clear winter sky—and its little end-window, now lighted up, was the only ground star that shone towards the belated traveller, if any such ventured to cross, on a winter night, a scene so dreary and desolate. The affairs of the small household were all arranged for the night. The little rough pony that had drawn in a sledge, from the heart of the Black Moss, the fuel by whose blaze the cotters were now sitting cheerily, and the little Highland cow, whose milk enabled them to live, were standing amicably together, under cover of a rude shed, of which one side was formed by the peat stack, and which was at once byre, and stable, and hen-roost. Within, the clock ticked cheerfully as the fire-light reached its old oak-wood case

across the yellow-sanded floor—and a small round table stood between, covered with a snow-white cloth, on which were milk and oat-cakes, the morning, midday, and evening meal of these frugal and contented cotters. The spades and the mattocks of the labourer were collected into one corner, and showed that the succeeding day was the blessed Sabbath—while on the wooden chimney-piece was seen lying an open Bible, ready for family worship.

The father and the mother were sitting together without opening their lips, but with their hearts overflowing with happiness, for on this Saturday night they were, every minute, expecting to hear at the latch the hand of their only daughter, a maiden of about fifteen years, who was at service with a farmer over the hills. This dutiful child was, as they knew, to bring home to them "her sair-worn penny fee;" a pittance which, in the beauty of her girl-hood, she earned singing at her work, and which, in the benignity of that sinless time, she would pour with tears into the bosoms she so dearly loved. Forty shillings a year were all the wages of sweet Hannah Lee—but though she wore at her labour a tortoise-shell comb in her auburn hair, and though in the kirk none were more becomingly arrayed than she, one half, at least, of her earnings were to be reserved for the holiest of all purposes, and her kind innocent heart was gladdened when she looked on the little purse that was, on the long expected Saturday night, to be taken from her bosom, and put, with a blessing, into the hand of her father, now growing old at his daily toils.

Of such a child, the happy cotters were thinking in their silence. And well might they be called happy. It is at that sweet season that filial piety is most beautiful. Their own Hannah had just outgrown the mere unthinking gladness of childhood, but had not yet reached that time, when inevitable selfishness mixes with the pure current of love. She had begun to think on what her affectionate heart had felt so long; and when she looked on the pale face and bending frame of her mother, on the deepening wrinkles and whitening hairs of her father, often would she lie weeping for their sakes on her midnight bed—and wish that she was beside them as they slept, that she might kneel down and kiss them, and mention their names over and over again in her prayer. The

parents whom before she had only loved, her expanded heart now also venerated. With gushing tenderness was now mingled a holy fear and an awful reverence. She had discerned the relation in which she, an only child, stood to her poor parents, now that they were getting old, and there was not a passage in Scripture that spake of parents or of children, from Joseph sold into slavery, to Mary weeping below the Cross, that was not written, never to be obliterated, on her uncorrupted heart.

The father rose from his seat, and went to the door to look out into the night. The stars were in thousands—and the full moon was risen. It was almost light as day, and the snow, that seemed encrusted with diamonds, was so hardened by the frost, that his daughter's homeward feet would leave no mark on its surface. He had been toiling all day among the distant castle-woods, and, stiff and wearied as he now was, he was almost tempted to go to meet his child, but his wife's kind voice dissuaded him, and returning to the fireside, they began to talk of her whose image had been so long passing before them in their silence.

"She is growing up to be a bony lassie," said the mother, "her long and weary attendance on me during my fever last spring, kept her down awhile—but now she is sprouting fast and fair as a lily, and may the blessing of God be as dew and as sunshine to our sweet flower all the days she bloometh upon this earth."—"Ay, Agnes," replied the father, "we are not very old yet—though we are getting older—and a few years will bring her to woman's estate, and what thing on this earth think ye, human or brute, would ever think of injuring her? Why, I was speaking about her yesterday to the minister, as he was riding by, and he told me that none answered at the Examination in the Kirk so well as Hannah. Poor thing—I well think she has all the Bible by heart; indeed she has read but little else—only some stories, too true ones, of the blessed martyrs, and some o' the auld sangs o' Scotland, in which there is nothing but what is good, and which, to be sure, she sings, God bless her, sweeter than any laverock." "Ay, were we both to die this very night, she would be happy; not that she would forget us, all the days of her life. But have you not seen, husband, that God always makes the orphan happy?—None so little lonesome as they! They come to make friends

o' all the bonny and sweet things in the world around them, and all the kind hearts in the world make friends o' them. They come to know that God is more especially the father o' them on earth, whose parents he has taken up to heaven—and therefore it is, that they for whom so many have fears, fear not at all for themselves, but go dancing and singing along like children whose parents are both alive! Would it not be so with our dear Hannah? So douce and thoughtful a child—but never sad nor miserable—ready it is true, to shed tears for little, but as ready to dry them up and break out into smiles! I know not why it is, husband, but this night my heart warms towards her beyond usual. The moon and stars are at this moment looking down upon her, and she looking up to them, as she is glinting homewards over the snow. I wish she were but here, and taking the comb out o' her bonny hair, and letting it all fall down in clusters before the fire, to melt away the cranreuch!"

While the parents were thus speaking of their daughter, a loud sugh of wind came suddenly over the cottage, and the leafless ash-tree, under whose shelter it stood, creaked and groaned dismally, as it passed by. The father started up, and going again to the door, saw that a sudden change had come over the face of the night. The moon had nearly disappeared, and was just visible in a dim yellow, glimmering in the sky. All the remote stars were obscured, and only one or two faintly seemed in a sky that half an hour before was perfectly cloudless, but that was now driven with rack, and mist, and sleet, the whole atmosphere being in commotion. He stood for a single moment to observe the direction of this unforeseen storm, and then hastily asked for his staff. "I thought I had been more weather-wise. A storm is coming down from the Cairnbrae-hawse, and we shall have nothing but a wild night." He then whistled on his dog—an old sheep-dog, too old for its former labours, and set off to meet his daughter, who might then, for aught he knew, be crossing the Black-moss.

The mother accompanied her husband to the door, and took a long frightened look at the angry sky. As she kept gazing, it became still more terrible. The last shred of blue was extinguished—the wind went whirling in roaring eddies, and great

flakes of snow circled about in the middle air, whether drifted up from the ground, or driven down from the clouds, the fear-stricken mother knew not; but she at least knew, that it seemed a night of danger, despair, and death. "Lord have mercy on us James, what will become of our poor bairn!" But her husband heard not her words, for he was already out of sight in the snow storm, and she was left to the terror of her own soul in that lonesome cottage.

Little Hannah Lee had left her master's house, soon as the rim of the great moon was seen by her eyes, that had been long anxiously watching it from the window, rising like a joyful dream, over the gloomy mountain-tops; and all by herself she tripped along beneath the beauty of the silent heaven. Still as she kept ascending and descending the knowls that lay in the bosom of the glen, she sung to herself a song, a hymn, or a psalm, without the accompaniment of the streams, now all silent in the frost; and ever and anon she stopped to try to count the stars that lay in some more beautiful part of the sky, or gazed on the constellations that she knew, and called them, in her joy, by the names they bore among the shepherds. There were none to hear her voice, or see her smiles, but the ear and eye of Providence. As on she glided and took her looks from heaven, she saw her own little fireside—her parents waiting for her arrival—the bible opened for worship—her own little room kept so neatly for her, with its mirror hanging by the window, in which to braid her hair by the morning light—her bed prepared for her by her mother's hand—the primroses in her garden peeping through the snow—old Tray, who ever welcomed her home with his dim white eyes—the pony and the cow; friends all, and inmates of that happy household. So stepped she along, while the snow-diamonds glittering around her feet, and the frost wove a wreath of lucid pearls around her forehead.

She had now reached the edge of the Blackmoss, which lay half way between her master's and her father's dwelling, when she heard a loud noise coming down Glen Scrae, and in a few seconds, she felt on her face some flakes of snow. She looked up the glen and saw the snow storm coming down, fast as a flood. She felt no fears; but she ceased her song; and had there been a

human eye to look upon her there, it might have seen a shadow on her face. She continued her course, and felt bolder and bolder every step that brought her nearer to her parents' house. But the snow storm had now reached the Blackmoss, and the broad line of light that had lain in the direction of her home, was soon swallowed up, and the child was in utter darkness. She saw nothing but the flakes of snow, interminably intermingled, and furiously wafted in the air, close to her head; she heard nothing but one wild, fierce, fitful howl. The cold became intense, and her little feet and hands were fast being benumed into insensibility.

"It is a fearful change," muttered the child to herself, but still she did not fear, for she had been born in a moorland cottage, and lived all her days among the hardships of the hills. "What will become of the poor sheep," thought she,—but still she scarcely thought of her own danger, for innocence, and youth, and joy, are slow to think of ought evil befalling themselves, and thinking benignly of all living things, forgot their own fear in their pity of other's sorrow. At last, she could no longer discern a single mark on the snow, either of human steps or of sheep-track, or the foot print of a wild fowl. Suddenly, too, she felt out of breath and exhausted,—and shedding tears for herself at last, sank down in the snow.

It was now that her heart began to quake for fear. She remembered stories of the shepherds lost in the snow,—of a mother and child frozen to death on that very moor,—and, in a moment she knew that she was to die. Bitterly did the poor child weep, for death was terrible to her, who though poor, enjoyed the bright little world of youth and innocence. The skies of heaven were dearer than she knew to her,—so were the flowers of earth. She had been happy at her work—happy in her sleep—happy in the kirk on Sabbath. A thousand thoughts had the solitary child,—and in her own heart was a spring of happiness, pure and undisturbed as any fount that sparkles unseen all the year through, in some quiet nook among the pastoral hills. But now there was to be an end of all this,—she was to be frozen to death—and lie there till the thaw might come; and then her father would find her body, and carry it away to be buried in the kirk-yard.

The tears were frozen on her cheeks as soon as shed—and scarcely had her little hands strength to clasp themselves together, as the thought of an overruling and merciful Lord came across her heart. Then, indeed, the fears of this religious child were calmed, and she heard without terror, the plover's wailing cry, and the deep boom of the bittern sounding in the moss. "I will repeat the Lord's prayer." And drawing her plaid more closely around her, she whispered beneath its ineffectual cover; "Our Father which art in heaven, hallowed be thy name,—thy kingdom come—thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven." Had human aid been within fifty yards, it could have been of no avail—eye could not see her—ear could not hear her in that howling darkness. But that low prayer was heard in the centre of eternity; and that little sinless child was lying in the snow, beneath the all-seeing eye of God.

The maiden having prayed to her Father in heaven, then thought of her father on earth. Alas! they were not far separated! The father was lying but a short distance from his child; he too had sunk down in the drifting snow, after having in less than an hour, exhausted all the strength of fear, pity, hope, despair and resignation, that could rise in a father's heart, blindly seeking to rescue his only child from death, thinking that one desperate exertion might enable them to perish in each other's arms. There they lay, within a stone's throw of each other, while a huge snow drift was every moment piling itself up into a more insurmountable barrier between the dying parent and his dying child.

There was all this while a blazing fire in the cottage; a white spread table, and beds prepared for the family to lie down in peace. Yet was she who sat therein, more to be pitied than the old man and the child stretched upon the snow. "I will not go to seek them, that would be tempting Providence, and wilfully putting out the lamp of life. No! I will abide here, and pray for their souls!" Then, as she knelt down, looked she at the useless fire burning away so cheerfully, when all she loved might be dying of cold; and unable to bear the thought, she shrieked out a prayer, as if she might pierce the sky up to the very throne of God, and send with it her own miserable soul, to plead before Him for the deliverance of her child and husband. She then fell down in

blessed forgetfulness of all trouble, in the midst of the solitary cheerfulness of that bright burning hearth—and the bible, which she had been trying to read in the pause of her agony, remained clapsed in her hands.

Hannah Lee had been a servant for more than six months—and it was not to be thought that she was not beloved in her master's family. Soon after she had left the house, her master's son, a youth of about eighteen years, who had been among the hills, looking after the sheep, came home, and was disappointed to find that he had lost an opportunity of accompanying Hannah part of the way to her father's cottage. But the hour of eight had gone by, and not even the company of young William Grieve, could induce the kind hearted daughter to delay setting out on her journey a few minutes beyond the time promised to her parents. "I do not like the night," said William, "there will be a fresh fall of snow soon, or the witch of Glen Scrae is a liar, for a snow cloud is hanging o'er the Birch-tree-linn, and it may be down to the Blackmoss as soon as Hannah Lee." So he called his two sheep dogs, that had taken their place under the long table before the window, and set out, half in joy, half in fear, to overtake Hannah, and see her safely across the Blackmoss.

The snow began to drift so fast, that before he had reached the head of the Glen, there was nothing to be seen but a little bit of the wooden rail of the bridge across the Sauch-burn. William Grieve was the most active shepherd in a large pastoral parish; he had often passed the night among the wintry hills for the sake of a few sheep, and all the snow that ever fell from heaven, would not have made him turn back when Hannah Lee was before him; and as his terrified heart told him, in iminent danger of being lost. As he advanced, he felt that it was no longer a walk of love or friendship, for which he had been glad of an excuse.—Death stared him in the face, and his young soul, now beginning to feel all the passions of youth, was filled with phrenzy. He had seen Hannah every day; at the fireside, at work, in the kirk, on holidays, at prayers, bringing supper to his aged parents, smiling and singing about the house from morning till night. She had often brought his own meal to him among the hills—and he now found, that though he had never talked to her about love,

except smilingly and playfully, that he loved her beyond father or mother, or his own soul. "I will save thee, Hannah," he cried with a loud sob, "or lie down beside thee in the snow—and we will die together in our youth." A wild whistling wind went by him, and the snow flakes whirled so fiercely round his head, that he staggered on for a while in utter blindness. He knew the path that Hannah must have taken, and went forward shouting aloud, and stopping every twenty yards to listen for a voice. He sent his well trained dogs over the snow in all directions—repeating to them her name, "Hannah Lee," that the dumb animals might, in their sagacity, know for whom they were searching; and as they looked up in his face, and set off to scour the moor, he almost believed that they knew his meaning, (and it is probable they did) and were eager to find in her bewilderment, the kind maiden by whose hand they had so often been fed. Often went they off into the darkness, and as often returned, but their looks showed that every quest had been in vain. Meanwhile the snow was of a fearful depth, and falling without intermission or diminution. Had the young shepherd been thus alone, walking across the moor on his ordinary business, it is probable that he might have been alarmed for his own safety—nay that, in spite of all his strength and agility, he might have sunk down beneath the inclemency of the night and perished. But now, the passion of his soul carried him with supernatural strength along, and extricated him from wreath and pitfal. Still there was no trace of poor Hannah Lee—and one of his dogs at last came close to his feet, worn out entirely, and afraid to leave its master, while the other was mute, and as the shepherd thought, probably unable to force its way out of some hollow, or through some floundering drift. Then he all at once knew that Hannah Lee was dead—and dashed himself down in the snow in a fit of passion.

It was the first time that the youth had ever been sorely tried; all his hidden and unconscious love for the fair lost girl had flowed up from the bottom of his heart; and at once the sole object which had blessed his life and made him the happiest of the happy, was taken away and cruelly destroyed—so that, sullen, wrathful, baffled, and despairing, there he lay, cursing his existence, and in too great agony to think of prayer. "God," he then thought,

"has forsaken me; and why should he think on me, when he suffers one so good and beautiful as Hannah to be frozen to death." God thought both of him and Hannah; and through his infinite mercy forgave the sinner in his wild turbulence of passion. William Grieve had never gone to bed without joining in prayer—and he revered the Sabbath day and kept it holy. Much is forgiven to the human heart by him who so fearfully framed it; and God is not slow to pardon the love which one human being bears to another, in his frailty, even though that love forget or arraign his own unsleeping providence. His voice has told us to love one another—and William loved Hannah in simplicity, innocence, and truth. That she should perish, was a thought so dreadful, that in its agony, God seemed a ruthless being—"blow—blow—blow—and drift us up forever—we cannot be far asunder—O Hannah—Hannah—think ye not that the fearful God has forsaken us."

As the boy groaned these words passionately through his quivering lips, there was a sudden lowness in the air, and he heard the barking of his absent dog, while the one at his feet hurried off in the direction of the sound, and soon loudly joined the cry. It was not a bark of surprise, or anger, or fear, but of recognition and love. William sprung up from his bed in the snow, and with his heart knocking at his bosom, even to sickness, he rushed headlong through the drifts with a giant's strength, and fell down half dead with joy and terror beside the body of Hannah Lee.

But he soon recovered from that fit, and lifting the cold corpse in his arms, he kissed her lips, and her cheeks, and her forehead, and her closed eyes, till, as he kept gazing on her face in utter despair, her head fell back on his shoulder, and a long deep sigh came from her inmost bosom. "She is yet alive thank God!"—and as that expression left his lips for the first time that night, he felt a pang of remorse: "I said, O God, that thou hadst forsaken us—I am not worthy to be saved; but let not this maiden perish, for the sake of her parents, who have no other child."

The distracted youth prayed to God with the same earnestness as if he had been beseeching a fellow creature, in whose hand was the power of life and of death. The presence of the Great Being was felt by him in the dark and howling wild, and strength

was imparted to him as to a deliverer. He bore along the fair child in his arms, even as if she had been a lamb. The snow drift blew not—the wind fell dead—a sort of glimmer, like that of an upbreaking and departing storm, gathered about him; his dogs barked, and jumped, and burrowed joyfully in the snow; and the youth, strong in sudden hope, exclaimed, "With the blessing of God, who has not deserted us in our sore distress, will I carry thee, Hannah, in my arms, and lay thee down alive in the house of thy father." At this moment there were no stars in heaven, but she opened her dim blue eyes upon him in whose bosom she was unconsciously lying, and said, as in a dream, "Send the riband that ties up my hair, as a keepsake to William Grieve." "She thinks that she is on her death bed, and forgets not the son of her master. It is the voice of God that tells me she will not now die, and that, under His grace, I shall be her deliverer."

The short lived rage of the storm was soon over, and William could attend to the beloved being on his bosom. The warmth of his heart seemed to infuse life into her's; and as he gently placed her feet on the snow, till he muffled her up in his plaid, as well as in her own, she made an effort to stand, and with extreme perplexity and bewilderment faintly inquired, where she was, and what fearful catastrophe had befallen them? She was, however, too weak to walk; and as her young master carried her along, she murmured, "O William! what if my father be in the moor?—For if you, who need care so little about me, have come hither, as I suppose, to save my life, you may be sure that my father sat not within doors during the storm." As she spoke, it was calm below, but the wind was still alive in the upper air, and cloud, rack, mist, and sleet, were all driving about in the sky. Out shone, for a moment, the pallid and ghostly moon, through a rent in the gloom, and by that uncertain light, came staggering forward the figure of a man. "Father! father!" cried Hannah—and his gray hairs were already on her cheek. The barking of the dogs and the shouting of the young shepherd had struck his ear, as the sleep of death was stealing over him, and with the last effort of benumbed nature, he had roused himself from that fatal torpor, and prest through the snow-wreath that had separated him from his child. As yet they knew not of the danger each had endured—

but each judged of the other's suffering from their own, and father and daughter regarded one another as creatures rescued, and hardly yet rescued, from death.

But a few minutes ago, and the three human beings who loved each other so well, and now feared not to cross the moor in safety, were, as they thought, on their death-beds. Deliverance now shone upon them all, like a gentle fire, dispelling that pleasant but deadly drowsiness; and the old man was soon able to assist William Grieve in leading Hannah along through the snow. Her colour and her warmth returned, and her lover—for so might he well now be called, felt her heart gently beating against her side. Filled as that heart was with gratitude to God, joy in her deliverance, love to her father, and purest affection for her master's son, never before had the innocent maiden known what was happiness, and never more was she to forget it. The night was now almost calm, and fast returning to its former beauty, when the party saw the first twinkle of the fire through the low window of the cottage of the Moor. They soon were at the garden gate, and to relieve the heart of the wife and mother within, they talked loudly and cheerfully, naming each other familiarly, and laughing between, like persons who had known neither danger nor distress.

No voice answered from within—no footstep came to the door which stood open as when the father had left it in his fear, and now he thought with affright, that his wife, feeble as she was, had been unable to support the loneliness, and had followed him out into the night, never to be brought home alive. As they bore Hannah into the house, this fear gave way to worse; for there, upon the hard clay floor, lay the mother upon her face, as if murdered by some savage blow. She was in the same deadly swoon into which she had fallen on her husband's departure, three hours before. The old man raised her up, and her pulse was still; so was her heart—her face pale and sunken, and her body cold as ice. "I have recovered a daughter," said the old man, "but I have lost a wife;" and he carried her, with a groan, to the bed, on which he laid her lifeless body. The sight was too much for Hannah, worn out as she was, and who had hitherto been able to support herself, in the delightful expectation of gladdening her mother's heart by her safe arrival. She, too, now swooned away.

and, as she was placed on the bed beside her mother, it seemed, indeed that death, disappointed of his prey on the wild moor, had seized it in the cottage, and by the fire side. The husband knelt down by the bed-side, and held his wife's icy hand in his, while William Grieve appalled, and awe-stricken, hung over his Hannah, and inwardly implored God that the night's wild adventure might not have so ghastly an end. But Hannah's young heart soon began once more to beat—and soon as she came to her recollection, she rose up with a face whiter than ashes, and free from all smiles, as if none had ever played there, and joined her father and young master in their efforts to restore her mother to life.

It was the mercy of God that had struck her down to the earth, insensible to the shrieking winds, and the fears that would otherwise have killed her. Three hours of that wild storm had passed over her head, and she heard nothing more than if she had been asleep in a breathless night of the summer dew. Not even a dream had touched her brain, and, when she opened her eyes which, as she thought, had been but a moment shut, she had scarcely time to recal to her recollection the image of her husband rushing out into the storm, and of a daughter therein lost, till she heheld that very husband kneeling tenderly by her bedside, and that very daughter smoothing the pillow on which her aching temples reclined. But she knew from the white steadfast countenances before her that there had been tribulation and deliverance, and she looked on the beloved beings ministering by her bed, as more fearfully dear to her from the unimagined danger from which she felt assured they had been rescued by the arm of the Almighty.

There is little need to speak of returning recollection, and returning strength. They had all now power to weep, and power to pray. The bible had been lying in its place ready for worship —and the father read aloud that chapter in which is narrated our Saviour's act of miraculous power, by which he saved Peter from the sea. Soon as the solemn thoughts awakened by that act of mercy so similar to that which had rescued themselves from death had subsided, and they had all risen up from prayer, they gathered themselves in gratitude round the little table which had stood

so many hours spread—and exhausted nature was strengthened and restored by a frugal and simple meal partaken of in silent thankfulness.

The whole story of the night was then calmly recited—and when the mother heard how the stripling had followed her sweet Hannah into the storm, and borne her in his arms through a hundred drifted heaps—and then looked upon her in her pride, so young, so innocent, and so beautiful, she knew, that were the child indeed to become an orphan, there was one, who, if there was either trust in nature, or truth in religion, would guard and cherish her all the days of her life.

It was not nine o'clock when the storm came down from Glen Scrae upon the Black-moss and now in a pause of silence the clock struck twelve. Within these three hours William and Hannah had led a life of trouble and of joy, that had enlarged and kindled their hearts within them—and they felt that henceforth they were to live wholly for each other's sakes. His love was the proud and exulting love of a deliverer, who, under Providence, had saved from the frost and the snow the innocence and the beauty of which his young passionate heart had been so desperately enamoured—and he now thought of his own Hannah Lee ever more moving about in his father's house, not as a servant, but as a daughter—and when some few happy years had gone by, his own most beautiful and most loving wife. The innocent maiden still called him her young master—but was not ashamed of the holy affection which she now knew that she had long felt for the fearless youth on whose bosom she had thought herself dying in that cold and miserable moor. Her heart leapt within her when she heard her parents bless him by his name—and when he took her hand into his before them, and vowed before that Power who had that night saved them from the snow, that Hannah Lee should ere long be his wedded wife—she wept and sobbed as if her heart would break in a fit of strange and insupportable happiness.

The young shepherd rose to bid them farewell—"my father will think I am lost," said he, with a grave smile, "and my Hannah's mother knows what it is to fear for a child." So nothing was said to detain him, and the family went with him to the door. The skies smiled serenely as if a storm had never swept before

the stars—the moon was sinking from her meridian, but in cloudless splendor—and the hollow of the hills was hushed as that of heaven. Danger there was none over the placid night-scene—the happy youth soon crost the Black Moss, now perfectly still—and, perhaps, just as he was passing, with a shudder of gratitude, the very spot where his sweet Hannah Lee had so nearly perished, she was lying down to sleep in her innocence, or dreaming of one now dearer to her than all on earth but her parents.

EREMUS.

ART. VI.—*Eulogy on the Hon. John Wheelock, L.L.D. late president of Dartmouth university, who died 4th April,* 1817; *pronounced in the university chapel, 27th August* 1817, *being the day of the anniversary commencement.* By Samuel C. Allen. M. C. from Massachusetts.

They that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament: and they, that turn many to righteousness, as the stars for ever and ever.

DANIEL.

Cujus gloriæ neque profuit quisquam laudando, nec vituperando quisquam nocuit. TIT. LIV.

THE public have an interest in the character of illustrious men. Distinguished virtue blesses more by its example, than by its immediate effects; and the glory of a nation arises, as well from departed greatness, as from living excellence.

Though the life of the student may afford little of incident to gratify curiosity, or enliven narration; yet next to those, who have defended their country in arms, or led its counsels to freedom and happiness, they, who have cultivated the arts with success, or disseminated amongst others a knowledge of the sciences and a taste for elegant letters, will be regarded with gratitude, and honoured and revered by posterity. It is their peculiar privilege, that their lessons of wisdom and examples of taste will continue to exalt the sentiments, and purify the morals, when the more splendid deeds of contemporary warriors and statesmen shall exist as facts in the memory only, and can be traced by no discernible effects. It is an alleviation to our sorrows under the immense loss, which the public have sustained in the death of that

great man, who so long presided over this University, that we have left to us an inestimable treasure in the remembrance of his virtues. If our endeavours shall contribute in any degree to fix a deeper impression of his excellence, and give a wider scope to the influence of his character, we shall have fulfilled a sacred duty to his memory, and to posterity.

President WHEELOCK was descended from a line of respectable ancestors. He was the second son of Dr. ELEAZER WHEELOCK, the venerable founder of this institution, and was born at Lebanon, in Connecticut, in 1754. In his childhood, he exhibited indications of talent, and afforded to his father the delightful promise of future eminent usefulness. He was entered a student of Yale college at an early age; but upon the organization of this seminary, he transferred his relation, and was graduated in the first class in 1771. The next year he was appointed a tutor in the college, where he continued discharging the duties of his office with great reputation, and pursuing his studies with characteristic ardour and success.

While he was thus devoting himself to his favourite pursuits, the affairs of the country were hastening to a great and perilous crisis. The commencement of hostilities arrested his literary course, and called him to new scenes of difficulty and danger. Such was the confidence of the people in his wisdom and patriotism, that in 1775, when he was scarcely twenty-one years of age, they elected him a member of the Provincial Congress, at Exeter. In the spring of 1777 he received the commission of major in the service of New York, and was directed to raise three companies, being entrusted with blank commissions for the officers from the council of safety. A part of this corps was raised under his auspices. In November following he was appointed a lieutenant-colonel in the service of the United States, and was attached to the regiment of Col. Bedel. In the summer of 1778 he marched a detachment of the regiment from Coos to Albany, and soon afterwards, by command of brigadier general Stark, he penetrated into the Indian country, at the head of a large scouting party, and for the martial manner in which he executed this necessary and hazardous enterprise, he was honoured with the

distinguished commendation of that veteran and intrepid commander.

He participated in the events connected with the defeat and capture of Burgoyne; and there was no enterprise of difficulty or hazard, which his active spirit did not prompt him to desire. At this time he attracted the notice of major-general Gates, and early in the next year, at his request, entered his family, and continued in his service till, by the death of his venerable father in 1779, he was called from military life to enter on a course of distinguished usefulness in this university.

What would have been the destination of his character, if he had been permitted to follow the fortunes of the war, or the pursuits of civil life, we are left to conjecture. With his great abilities, his activity and ardour of mind, and his discernment of character,—with his indefatigable industry in business, and skill in the conduct of affairs, and with his masterly eloquence, there can be no doubt but he would have risen to the first offices in the government, and have filled a wide space in the history of his country. Whatever objects of ambition had presented themselves to his youthful mind, bold and ardent as it was, he regarded his appointment to the presidency as the call of Providence, and cheerfully quitted the bright path of military glory for the silence and shade of the academic grove.

In obedience to the will of his venerable father, he repaired to Hanover, and at the age of twenty-five years entered on the duties of his office. How joyful must it have been for him to meet again in these consecrated groves his early friends, the companions of his youthful amusements and studies! How happy to be associated in the instruction and government of the college with the learned and communicative Woodward; with the eloquent and popular Ripley; with the assiduous and critical Smith.*

His acceptance of the presidency was regarded as an auspi-

* Hon. Bezaleel Woodward, Professor of Mathematics and Natural Philosophy, died A.D. 1804.

Rev. Sylvanus Ripley, Philips Professor of Theology, died A.D. 1787.

Rev. John Smith, S. T. D. Professor of the Learned Languages, died A.D. 1809.

cious event by the friends of Dartmouth, and their brightest hopes, at his outset, were more than equalled by the splendour of his progress. The unexampled prosperity of the college, under his care, so long as it was permitted to enjoy the full benefit of his entire influence, affords the best evidence of his distinguished merits. To form a just estimate of his talents and character in the office he sustained, it is necessary to present a brief view of the state of the institution, when he acceeded to the presidency.

The charity and faith of the excellent founder had led him to rely for its support on the special interpositions of Providence, rather than on any definite calculations of its actual means. The contributions of its friends in this country had been greatly diminished by the pressure of the times, and its foreign aids, for some time, had been wholly interrupted by the war. Unwilling to suspend or abridge his charitable establishment, he incurred such heavy debts for its maintenance, that the whole property of the college, at the time of his decease, was scarcely adequate to discharge them. Add to this depressed state of its finances, the diminished number of its students, and its situation in a wilderness, exposed to savages in a time of war. In these circumstances was the late president called at an early age not only to discharge the arduous duties of the first office in the college, but to provide by his address and exertions the means for its preservation and support.

For the double purpose of improvement and of negotiating with its old friends in Europe, he crossed the Atlantic in 1782, and travelled into France, Holland and Great Britain. His respectable recommendations introduced him in Europe to many men of the first eminence in the walks of science and of public life. His personal address, and the character of his enterprise attracted their notice, and secured their interest in favour of its objects. The institution derived essential benefits in its fiscal concerns from his able negotiations. It is to be presumed that he was indebted to his travels, not only for some of his most valuable attainments in science, but in part for those enlarged views and liberal conceptions, which distinguished his character. How much to be lamented it is, that these excellent qualities should have

proved the occasion of the multiplied injuries and aggravated sufferings which beset the last period of his life!

Early in 1784 he returned to Hanover, to the great joy of his friends, and entered on his favourite pursuits and official duties with the spirit which belonged to his nature, and the hopes which his success had inspired. He pursued his private studies with unexampled industry and zeal. With a strength of constitution and vigour of intellect, which defied fatigue, he was able to sustain the most laborious researches, and to pursue without intermission the most difficult investigations.

In the college he performed multiplied and laborious duties. In addition to the cares of the government, and the stated religious offices of the chapel morning and evening, he attended the daily recitations and exercises allotted to the senior class. To the labours of president he added those of professor, and for many years delivered two public lectures in a week, on Theology, History, and the Prophecies. These evinced at once the extent of his learning, the diversified powers of his intellect, and the irresistible force and pathos of his eloquence.

These unusual labours did not withdraw his attention from the external interests of the college, and he employed all the means in his power to increase its funds, and extend its patronage. Its most valuable public grants and private donations were the fruits of his personal address and exertions. To his immense labours for the advancement of the college, he had added large contributions of his substance. When he first came into office, he generously relinquished, for three years, his annual stipend, and afterwards deposited in the treasury four years' salary as an accumulating fund intended for the support of a professor. He early formed the design of devoting a large part of his estate to this beloved seminary, and this generous purpose has been carried into complete effect by the ample grant he made in his life time, and the munificent provision in his last will.*

* The amount of his late donation and of his bequest to the University in his last will has been estimated at forty thousand dollars, consisting of 4 or 5 house lots and houses in Hanover, several farms in Sharon, Vt. making nearly 1000 acres, several hundred acres in New Grantham, and in

These details may have been uninteresting, but they are due to his character.

President Wheelock was distinguished for the extent and variety of his learning. With a lively curiosity he pushed his inquiries into every department of knowledge, and made himself conversant with the various branches of science. Of all the subjects which presented themselves to his inquisitive mind, those, which related to man in his intellectual constitution and social relations, engaged and fixed his attention. His favourite branches were Intellectual Philosophy, Ethics, and Politics. He considered history as a vast store house, containing the materials of knowledge,—the facts, from which he was to deduce his principles. While he extended his inquiries into the facts of history, and made himself familiarly acquainted with the ancient and modern historians and travellers, he attempted to apply to this department the method, which Bacon introduced into physics, and to deduce from recorded facts the principles of an useful science, —*the philosophy of history*. Though to him these were subjects of interesting and delightful speculation, he did not rest contented with barren principles, but sought for the methods of their application to practical results. We are happy to learn, that the fruits of his extensive research and deep reflection have been preserved in a work, which we trust will at no distant day be given to the public.

He was an interesting and powerful speaker. His erect attitude and dignified action inspired reverence and commanded attention. The wonderful force of his eloquence arose from the strength and sublimity of his conceptions. Such were his originality of thought and rich variety of expression, that he could present the most common subjects in new and interesting lights. This imparted a peculiar charm to his conversation, and rendered his society as delightful as it was instructive. In these interesting seasons, how often have we been astonished at the rich and diversified treasures of his learning, at the facility and aptness of his illustrations, and the soundness of his practical remarks? In learn-

Washington and Sterling, Vt. 750 acres in Hanover and Lebanon, leased to various tenants, and six thousand dollars due to him from the Trustees of the Institution.

ed and polished circles, who has not seen the ascendency of his colloquial powers, and listened to the enchanting eloquence of his discourse? Who has not witnessed the attractive influence of his bland and dignified manners?

His public discourses evinced the strength of the reasoning faculty, the power of the imagination, and the resources of genius. He would sometimes conduct the mind with painful subtility through the multiplied steps of a long demonstration. At other times he would glance upon the main topics of his argument, and seize on his conclusion by a sort of intuitive penetration. He frequently embellished his subject with the higher ornaments of style, and diffused around the several sciences the graces and elegancies of taste. For force of expression, he might be compared to Chatham, and in splendid imagery he sometimes rivalled Burke. He would at pleasure spread a sudden blaze around his subject, or diffuse about it a milder radiance.

To the interpretation of the scriptures he carried all the lights which geography, history, and criticism could supply, and poured their full effulgence upon the sacred page. His daily prayers, always presenting new views of the works and perfections of the Deity, exhibited whatever was vast in conception, glowing in expression, and devout in feeling.

Possessing in an eminent degree the spirit of his station, he fulfilled with singular felicity the offices of instructor and governor in the college. Animated and ardent himself, he could transfuse the same holy ardour into the minds of his pupils. What youth ever visited *him* in his study, but returned to his pursuits with a renovated spirit, and a loftier sentiment of glory?

He had formed the noblest conceptions of the powers of the human mind, and of its ultimate progress in knowledge and refinement. This sentiment called forth the energies of his mind, and gave direction and character to his inquiries. It pervaded all his instructions, and imparted to science and to letters their just preeminence among the objects of human pursuit.

He never sought to preoccupy the minds of his pupils with his own peculiar notions, or to impose upon them any favourite system of opinions. He endeavoured to make them proficients in science, and not the proselytes of a sect.

In government he commanded more by example, than by authority, and the admiration of his talents ensured a better obedience than the force of laws. His elevation of mind placed him above personal prejudices and resentments and jealousies of wounded dignity. He practised no espionage upon his pupils, but reposed for the maintenance of order on their sense of propriety and his own powers of command. He conciliated their attachment, while he inspired their reverence; and he secured their attention to the stated exercises, and reconciled them to the severer studies by the example he exhibited, and the enthusiasm he inspired.

He knew how to adapt his discipline to the various dispositions and characters, and could discriminate between the accidental impulse of a youthful emotion, and deliberate acts of intentional vice.

He was quick to discern the indications of talent, and witnessed the dawn of early genius with the sympathy of a kindred spirit. He observed with delight the excursive flights of the young mind, and felt the pulse of generous sentiment in the youthful heart.

He was probably not less formed for the higher offices of active life, than for the speculations of science. Distinguished for the boldness of his enterprise and the decisive energy of his character, he set no limits to what individual exertion and effort could accomplish. He attempted great things with means, which other men would have esteemed wholly inadequate, and the vigour of his mind increased in proportion to the difficulties he met in the execution of his enterprises. No man ever valued so little his own ease and convenience. He was above the allurements of pleasure, or the tendencies to sloth. He was disheartened by no difficulties, he was intimidated by no dangers, he was shaken by no sufferings. The glory which he sought was not the temporary applause of this party, or that sect; but it was the glory, which results from unwearied efforts for the improvement and happiness of man.

He was not less distinguished by the object and character of his enterprises, than by the great qualities he exhibited in their accomplishment. His was a high and holy ambition, which, while

it preserved its vigour, identified its objects with those of the purest charity.

These sketches will be recognized by those who knew him, and will revive in their minds impressions of character, which cannot be imparted to others with the truth and force of original perceptions.

However we might delight to dwell on the candour of his disposition and the liberality of his views, on his social affections, and endearing charities,—we have chosen in this imperfect survey to exhibit those more commanding qualities, which contributed to his public usefulness, and gave him his fame in the world.

Can it be true, that this greatest benefactor and ornament of the college, after thirty-six years spent in its service, was removed from office by those who were the appointed guardians of its interest and honour? On this subject we wish to speak with the moderation and decorum, which become this place and occasion.* The public opinion has already decided on the merits of this measure, and the memory of this great man needs no vindication from us. To his friends it is indeed a consoling reflection, that his enemies have not been able to fix one stigma upon his char-

* The removal of Dr. Wheelock, though it must have been a severe trial to his feelings, and may have contributed to bring on his disorder, and hasten him to the grave, was on the whole fortunate to his character. We might say, it was the kindest act of theirs for many years. It was but the explosion of their feelings, if not of their machinations. The character of the measure has not been mistaken by the public. The general sensibility, which it excited at the time, is evidence of their estimation of his merits, and of the cause in which he suffered.

The interest taken by the chief magistrate in the affair, and the acts of the legislature exhibit their views of the past administration of the college, and will remain to future ages a monument of their wisdom and liberality of sentiment.

The restoration of Dr. Wheelock to the office from which he had been ejected, which took place in February 1817, was required by justice as well as public policy. If he could have been spared to aid in the instruction and government of the University, he would have been of singular use by his great experience; but a holy Providence has otherwise determined, and it is for us to submit, as he himself did, with perfect resignation to its all-wise and sovereign disposal.

acter. They look to posterity with confidence in the final triumph of his fame.

The interest, which the enlightened people of this state have taken in his sufferings, is honourable to their discernment and moral feelings. They have saved themselves from the reproach, which would have attached to them, if they had suffered him to have gone down to the grave without sympathy, and without redress. They have considered his cause as identified with their own inalienable rights and most precious privileges; and in doing justice to him, they have but provided for their own freedom and safety.

To the university it is a subject of gratulation, that it is placed under the patronage and secured by the care of a liberal and watchful government. They will see that its administration is conducted on public principles. They will guard it against perversion, and cherish it as the best security to private right and public liberty.

To all, who shall succeed in future time in the instruction and government of this university, the memory of WHEELOCK will be of inestimable value. They will regard him as their model and exemplar. Like him especially may they maintain freedom of inquiry and liberty of conscience; and if they must suffer, in person or name, for these great principles, may they possess his firmness and excellent spirit of charity.

Let the youth who resort to this venerable establishment for education, if they value usefulness, character, fame, imbibe the spirit of WHEELOCK, and aspire to his elevation of character.

He was equally great in suffering as in action. Under all the aggravated injuries, with which he was assailed, "in sickness and in sorrow," in languishment and decline, he maintained a serene and composed mind and forgiving temper.

He was a christian in faith and in charity. All the offices of his active life were sanctified by the spirit of piety; and his resignation to Providence in the hour of dissolution evinced at once the strength of his faith and the sincerity of his religious principle.

In the death of this great man, the university has been deprived of its proudest son and most distinguished benefactor; the

state of one of its most enlightened citizens and ablest politicians; the church of one of its strongest pillars; science of one of its fondest votaries and brightest ornaments; and humanity of one of its most ardent and active friends.

Those, who were educated under his care, who enjoyed his instructions, and listened to his enchanting eloquence, have felt this bereavement with emotions that cannot be described. The name of Wheelock was associated with the fondest recollections of their youthful studies and the interesting scenes of their classic life. They were attached to him by the best affections of the human heart. They had seen the trials of his latter days with painful regret. They had seen him in his meridian glory. They had witnessed with concern the gathering clouds which threatened to obscure his descending lustre, and they rejoice in the splendour of his course, and the *brightness of his going down.*

His beloved family will cherish with mournful pleasure the remembrance of his endearing affections and charities; and while the recollection of his patient sufferings awakens all the sensibilities of grief, it must be to them a subject of strong consolation and joy, that he is released from the trials of life, and *has rest in heaven.*

Art. VII.—*John Bull in Paris.* Extract from a letter.

"- - - I remember being much amused one Sunday at the royal chapel, in seeing a whole family, parents, sons and daughters, making their way up the stairs, powerfully enough, and exclaiming at every step they gained, from which they dismounted some one else, 'Mais, monsieur, or madame, je suis Anglois, je suis Anglaise;' and in their hurry, the men were often Anglaise, and the women vice versa. At last, with a little damage to their dresses, they *did* reach the landing-place, and after shaking and arranging themselves to the best advantage, perfectly certain the king would remark them, forward they went. As they saw seats they determined to choose, and were about selecting as near to the king as possible; when one of the officers on service asked to see their tickets; 'Tickets! they had given them below;'—'but others, for the seats.' They had none, and each joined in the chorus, 'Mais, monsieur, je suis,' &c. &c. The officer was 'en

desespoir;' but the seats were taken. 'Why, it was like a play-house,' the old waddling lady said, 'much liker than to a Christian church.'—'Lord, mar,' said one of the daughters, 'it a'nt a church.' 'Why what is it then, pray?' 'A chapel to be sure, all the French churches are chapels.' 'Well, whatever it is, I'm sure I shouldn't be overfond of coming to it if I'm to have no place to *set* down; that's what you call French *purliteness*, is it?' 'Hush,' said the husband, 'my dear, I'll see what I can do. There's a civil looking hofficer as just let them two ladies set down, and may be he'll give us one or two seats for you and Kate, the rest can do well enough without.' 'Lord, I wish mar wouldn't make such a work, I'm sure we can stand very well,'—'Ay, and see better,' said the second girl, 'And be better seen,' whispered the third. All this time Miss M. and I had been listening to, and watching the evolutions of this droll family, and as they marched towards the *civil* looking hofficer, so did we; but where did they go? straight to the royal loge, which was yet empty. It was across this the two ladies had passed to the seats on the other side. One of the sisters was *shoved* forward by the rest, to speak; I did not hear her, but the answer was 'with pleasure, give me your tickets;' the old story, they had none;—then the thing was impossible, and the officer bowed. 'But ask him, ask him mayn't we cross to the other side, even tho' we don't *set*, I see a many standing there.' The officer hesitated; but at last told them to pass, 'Vite, vite,' for the king was coming. Accordingly they all passed in, and there they stopped; at this moment the drum was heard: in vain did the officers exclaim, Vite, le Roi, je vous priez, &c. &c. It was extremely difficult to get them out. They protested they had been informed that as English they had liberty to stand any where they pleased—no doubt the king would have no objection to see his old friends, &c. &c. and it was not till a moment before the king entered, that the last of his old friends was cleared out, loudly muttering something about *ingratitude*. We lost this pleasant party until the service was over, when we watched for them to come round. The father was all eyes, the boys seemed in amaze, the girls talked of 'the duchess,' and smiled at the officers; but the mother! the unfortunate mother, fat and short, she had seen nothing, and felt every thing. Her bonnet

was squeezed into a triangle, in her attempts to insert it into a peeping place; her wig had fallen over one eye-brow, and the dew drops seemed frying on her flaming face as she came along a dead weight on her husband's arm. 'Zooks, if ever they catches me here again!' were the first words she uttered, 'but they deserves the like who leaves their own clergy to come and see those heathenish mountebank priests dancing and groaning, and making of wry faces here.' 'Lord, mar, every one will hear you,'—'Its only a pity they're too ignorant to understand me if they do; but even if they did, I will say, if ever they catches me again!'—and seeing a vacant bench, she made suddenly towards it, with more life than I thought her *sufferings* had left her. It was a pity to lose her yet, so Miss M. told one of the daughters, that the chape. was about to be closed; but if they would follow us up the stairs, we were going to the Salle des Marechaux, and the lady could sit down there undisturbed. Immediately the poor mother was carried off between two of the daughters, and unwillingly pushed up the great stairs after us, protesting all the time that she had seen enough for one day. The crowd were kept waiting till the cortege within had passed, when we entered. The national guard were in the court below, and I advised the young women to try and get into the balcony to see the review, while the old lady could sit down and rest in the meantime, as we intended doing. This was arranged accordingly, to the joy of all parties, and we took care to seat ourselves near the *Mar.* In a few minutes the old man and his sons came over, and said the boys and he were told they might go down into the court and see the review, as they couldn't get even so much as a glimpse from the window, the French women kept tossing their chimney tops about so, and he desired his wife to sit still till they returned, and to keep an eye on her young folks. 'I'm sure, ladies,' he added, on parting, 'we's a right to be thankful to you for your obligingness.'—'Yes, that we has,' said the old woman, a little recovered from her state of tribulation, 'Yes, that we has, and I in particular, for I was like to drop in that heathenish place, where, so sure as I never was before, I'll never be again.' 'Then you have not been long in France?' 'Too long, Miss, to my mind, tho' it isn't above a week.' 'O but you'll find Paris very amusing, when you've seen it all.' 'Seen it all! why I think I may boldly say and I've

done that already, Miss, for never an hour's rest have I had, except at night, since I put foot in it first, and a weary hour it was to me, I'm sure, for I likes comfort and quiet at home better nor sights abroad.' 'But then to gratify your young people—' 'Yes, Miss, that's the whole secret: my daughters saw all their acquaintance going abroad, forsooth, and so they over-persuaded their foolish parents to take them a trip too; and why, as we had never travelled, nor been nowhere ourselves, except now and then of a summer to Margate, or the *Hisle* of *White*, why we thought we'd pleasure ourselves and the children at one slap; for after all, it was aggravating enough to hear every one talking of France and Vaterloo, and such things, and being so proud like of having been to parts beyond sea, where others hadn't, and the cuerous silks and trinkamys and shawls they brought home, and—and—' She had run herself out of breath. 'You did very well indeed,' said Miss M. with perfect gravity, 'it would have been a great pity not to have something to talk of, as well as one's neighbours. Your daughters are quite delighted, I suppose?' 'I wishes I was half as much so. Of course they speak French?' 'Why, in Lunnun they used to be quite glib at it, as I may say, and so they ought, for they has had a many good years at boarding-school, to learn every thing; but somehow, when they came here first they were a little nonplushed, for their Lunnun French, they tells me, a'nt quite the same as the French French, and the people was a little dull of reprehension; but after a day or two they got on finely.' 'That is pleasant for you.' 'Why yes, Miss, but its a wearisome thing to be hearing people chattering round one, and not know about what. England for my money, where we all knows what each other says. Not but I'm glad the girls are wiser than those that came before them.' 'You have done your duty by them,' said I, to induce her to continue. 'Yes, that we has, and I must say they're desarving of it; tho' now and again to be sure they will take on a little over their mother; but it's only what youth does. And I assure you, tho' I say it, they're counted very accumplished at home, nothing comes amiss to them—they plays on the pianor, and sings, and works, and dances strange dances, with the Boorsn, and those little bits of sticks as clatters so; to be sure, as I says sometimes, it's of no great use; but why, it's the fashion.'—A pause.—'Did you come from Dover, ma'am?' asked Miss M. 'Bless you, no, Miss, we're

been last from Brussels.' 'Bruxelles?' 'Yes, Miss, Brussels, and Vaterloo and all.' 'Then you've seen more than we have,' 'What! you hasn't been to Brussels, ladies, well if I'm not surprised;' and she seemed pleased too at having that advantage over us. 'Did you like Bruxelles?' 'Why I did and I didn't—it's not to my taste, though there's worse: but it's all ups and downs, and stuck over with such unlucky sharp stones, no bigger nor pebbles, that my poor feet were murdered after the first day, and I'd go out no more, but *set* in the vindor, and let every thing come to me, instead of going to them. There's one smooth place though, as they calls the park; they told us it was the finest square in the world: I was quite sorry I couldn't have *told them* they might think so as had never been in Lunnun; but I couldn't speak it, and the girls wouldn't for all my bidding.' 'How did you like the people?' 'Why they an't like people at all; you may think how it is, when these here is handsomer.' We laughed. 'And you went to Waterloo?' 'O that we did, and a fine sight it was: all beautiful green fields and corn, and every step on graves, they said,—poor fellows—it was a wicked day's work; but he that made it's paying for it now, and more of it to him. What crowds of folks was there looking, though there wasn't but little to look at, yet there they was, and buying bits of wood, and gun balls, and buttons; and would you believe it, ladies, bones—real bones; I declare if I didn't see one young gentleman going off full of glee like, because he'd got a morsel of bone a bargain: thinks I to myself, if the owner was to come to you one night for his property, I wonder if you'd look so full of spirits. After all, it's a droll fancy to buy such trash; my girls must be in the fashion too, so they gave a silver piece for a brass button, and one of the boys got the lock of Boney's gun. And they made sketches as they calls them; but I must say as I've seen better after them.' 'Is the road from Bruxelles pretty?' 'Not to my mind; but the girls said it was. Bless me, what's that for?' 'Huzzaing for the king, he is going among the soldiers.' 'Well, I've seen enough of him for to-day. Pray, Miss, can you spy my daughters yonder?' 'Yes,' replied Miss. M 'two of them have very good places, but I don't think the other lady can see any thing.' 'Then she's a fool not to come and rest herself here; you've more wit, ladies.' 'O, but we have seen it so repeatedly.' At this moment, as if

she heard her mother, one of the daughters walked over and sat down. 'Well, what have you seen, Cary?' 'Nothing, Mar.' 'It couldn't be less,' returned the old woman. 'Well, you've gained nothing and lost something, for these young ladies and I have been very conversible and agreeable like, and I've been telling'em of Vaterloo, for only think as they've never seed it.' Cary seemed to wish her mother there at the moment; but she behaved very well, and turned it off. 'Well, and how do you like the duchess! isn't she a pretty modest-looking person, and not a great soldierly woman, as we had heard?' 'She is very interesting,' answered Cary, 'but lord bless me, what a monsus portly gentleman the king is. They say as how grief is dry'—'and hungry too, say I, for grief enough he's had, they say, for all his size.' 'Have you been to the Louvre yet?' said Miss M. addressing her; but before she could reply, *Mar*, delighted at having an opportunity of talking, seized it hastily. 'Yes that we has, and a beautiful sight it is, I must say, though it be French—such fine painting and gilding! it must be very amusing as to them that knows all the stories; we has goten the book on 'em, but its all Greek to me, and the girls has no time to tell me it in English, though I should like it dearly, for I'm vastly fond of stories and pictors; and we've been to the monu*mens*, where I was almost turned into one myself, it was so stony cold. But to please me, the prettiest sight they has here in the beasts in the botany garden,—all running wild, so natural like. And the bear, what a funny fellow he is, and stood up so and begged'—At this moment the crowd, collected at the windows, began to give way, and the two other daughters approached, their eyes sparkling, and their cheeks flushed with heat and pleasure. 'Ah, Cary, what a loss you've had —we've seen every thing, and heard all the people's names, and —' 'And I think,' interrupted Cary, ill-temperedly, 'you might have given me a place for a minute itself.' 'And so we would, but you'd never have got it. I declare I was never so squeezed in my life. The French women wanted to tire us out, but we stood our ground.' The room was clearing, so we were obliged to lose the meeting of the family: and after many thanks, and hopes of again meeting us, in which latter, as you may guess, we did not join, we left them quite au fait in the ways of the palace

for the time to come. Now do not imagine this is too good to be true—such scenes pass here daily. S. Z. L.

ART. VIII.—*Memoirs of Anacreon;* by J. E. HALL.

(Continued from Vol. X. p. 294.)

ANACREON was received with every mark of esteem and admiration at the court of Samos. My heart glowed at seeing one of the greatest princes of the age acknowledging the pride and pleasure which he felt in this visit from the first among living poets. This is the glorious prerogative of genius, that it can command the homage of wealth and power. It is the policy of every country to stimulate the labours of the student, by every incentive that ingenuity can devise, and to reward his success by all the distinctions that liberality can bestow. By these means, knowledge is diffused among the people who are only factious because they are ignorant. By fostering those whose minds are illuminated by the rays of science and invigorated by study, the government can always rely upon the aid of an impenetrable phalanx, which is ever alert and prepared to repel the attacks and baffle the efforts of faction by the powers of ridicule and reason. Such a defence adds new lustre to the authority it supports, and perhaps is more effectual than the strong arm of power.

For myself, I had done nothing to attract the attention of such a monarch, and I had, besides, a more important duty to perform. Silently therefore I retired from the crowd, and repaired to the house of my mother. To those who have felt the pains of separation, and who have enjoyed the pleasure of a return, after long absence from what is held most dear, I shall not attempt to describe my feelings at being permitted once more to fold my aged parent in my arms;—she, whose care had nurtured my infantine feebleness, and whose prudence had taught my young ideas to expand! The evening was passed in that pleasing interchange of conversation which must ever be enjoyed, where each has something to impart and something to hear. I told her all I had seen, and explained to her the manner in which I proposed to spend the remainder of my days. She gave me her advice in return, and it gratified me to find that my plan received her approbation.

The pride of man is apt to reject assistance from, what is ar-

rogantly supposed to be, the inferior sex; and the confidence of youth too often listens with incredulity to the experience of age; but I have never disdained to believe that I had something to learn and that every one is able to give some instruction. . I had been sent from my mother at too early an age to have laid down any correct rules of conduct for myself. I had been a mere passive machine in her hands and had never thought of reasoning on the propriety of her directions. But after my return I felt how much I had lost by having been removed from her while my disposition was yet capable of receiving impressions, and my mind uninformed. A boy who is sent from his paternal roof at such a period of life, acquires, it is true, a certain manliness of character and a habit of thinking for himself, which is of eminent advantage to him in his intercourse with the world. But he also loses much. A mother's solicitude will inculcate a sense of morality, and her softness will give a gentleness of manners and urbanity of address, which render the possessor happy and his friends easy. I could say much more on this subject did I not fear I should become tedious. The place and mode of education is so frequently controlled by private considerations of convenience and economy, that the propriety of the one or the other is seldom consulted.

My brother was not so well pleased with my intention, when he was informed that I had quitted the schools of philosophy and had returned to receive my patrimony and devote myself to the study of poetry. Dissembling his chagrin, he said that such a manner of life was perhaps better adapted to my capacity than that which I had forsaken. He advised me to endeavour to obtain a share of those favours which the king lavished with a liberal hand on all who sought the protection of the muses.

"That will be highly gratifying to me," I replied, "when I shall be so honoured; but in the meantime I must have what actually belongs to me."

"You are too precipitate," he said, in an elevated tone; "your portion is not so considerable as your hopes may have taught you to expect."

I told him that was of no consequence. As it did not increase in his possession, I might as well enjoy it, however small the sum

might be. This was pronounced in a tone which convinced him I was not to be defrauded, and he at length, after some hesitation, paid me five talents. This was about the moiety of what I should have received; but a loss of some money was preferable to the disgrace of my brother and I therefore accepted it.

Anacreon approved of my conduct.

"If this be not enough," said he, "you shall never want. The generosity of Polycrates will enable me to make you ample amends for the treachery of your brother. The monarch's coffers are ample, and he enjoys his wealth most when it rewards merit and purchases friendship. Adhere, my young friend, to the wise resolution you have adopted, and I have no doubt but that you will soon attract his notice; for his discernment is not less than his liberality."

We were walking in the royal gardens, and our conversation was interrupted by the ladies of the court.

Polycrates was in the middle of them, leaning on the arm of the beautiful Lycis, who was then the reigning favourite. As soon as he perceived us, he quitted her and accosted Anacreon.

"I have sent a messenger to your apartment," said he. "As we sup in the hall of flowers this evening, Lycis wished you to join us."

"You do me much honour," replied the poet. "Should even the goddess of Citherea bid me to her luxuriant banquet, where the Loves and Graces are disporting, I would tell her to seek another guest, since I am invited by an earthly rival who yields to her in no attraction."

"I accept this gallantry," said Lycis, "as I ought; as a license which poets enjoy. I only hope that the deity whom you offend by your comparison may not punish you as you deserve."

"That will do," said the king. "Amuse yourselves as you can without me. I am sorry to be obliged to leave you."

Polycrates having retired with one of his officers who came for him, Lycis took the arm of my friend and led him to a cool alcove. One of the ladies in whom I recognised an Athenian friend, invited me to take a walk in the garden. I was about to accompany her, when a slave accosted us and said that the queen wished to see me.

"Ah! I see how it is," exclaimed my companion—"you will join the feast, but I trust we shall meet again.—Adieu!"

I was met at the entrance of a delicious arbour by Lycis, who begged me in a kind tone, to forgive her negligence in not having invited me before.

"I did not know your person nor your merits," said she, "but the latter must be great, since it has acquired the friendship of Anacreon."

I could only reply by a profound bow, for I had not learned the art of compliments in the schools. When we were seated, she artfully introduced poetry as the subject of conversation, and after sometime produced an ode which had been recently addressed to the king by Antenor, the poet. It was intended for recital at a festival which was soon to be held in the temple of Bacchus. The poetry itself was tolerable, but it contained so much of that gross adulation which minor poets seem to think the chief excellence of plausive odes, that one would have thought it had been written in honour of Bacchus or Hercules, instead of an earthly hero who had not yet been deified.

Lycis confessed she was not pleased with it, but asked the opinion of Anacreon. He replied, that he could scarcely praise it now after what she had said; "but," he added, "I think, on these occasions, we ought rather to praise the zeal of the writer than to criticise his performance too minutely. Genius is a tender bud; if it be not cherished by the soft dews of praise, it will never expand and shed its fragrance upon the breeze. Let it be fostered in youth with an indulgent hand, and its hues will be more bright, its odours more delightful and its duration more permanent."

"Without flattery, Anacreon," said I, "you are an admirable man to be so willing to excuse the faults of such mere versifiers. But attend a little to this production, and you will find not only that it deserves no mercy, but that lenity towards it would be mere affectation. All eulogies to be respected should be just: for when the poet oversteps the sober limits of truth, and soars in the regions of hyperbolical panegyric, his praise is satire, and his language irony. To praise a monarch for actions which are meritorious, is not to confer a favour, but to render the homage that is due to worth. In a government such as this is, where wealth and rank emanate from a single source, every one will direct his assiduity with all the variations of just praise and the sycophancy

of servile adulation. But when the power of the monarch has declined and he can no longer lavish riches; when the passions of party spirit have been allayed, and the meritricious splendour which surrounded the object of panegyric has faded, time, which is not dazzled by the deceitfulness of appearance, confirms the decisions of truth. The poet will then appear to posterity as one who has prostituted his genius to the demon of faction; and endeavoured to confound the distinctions between good and evil by indiscriminate applause. The monarch will be seen in his true colours also, with wealth to purchase adulation, but too poor to deserve praise; he is exposed to the severe scrutiny of unbiassed posterity, his fame tarnished and his laurels blighted by a gale that wafts no flattering breezes."

I then made some remarks upon the phraseology of the ode, which Lycis approved. As I concluded, I observed that Anacreon had sunk into a deep reverie, and I added, that since I had shown how badly a king had been eulogised, it was now his turn to prove how elegantly he could be praised. Lycis joined me in begging him to impart his thoughts to us, and he confessed that he had been meditating some verses, but he feared they were scarcely correct enough for our attention. Nor would he gratify us by repeating them, until I ordered a harp to be placed within his view. That was more powerful than all our intreaties. The sight of this instrument to which he often resorted to dissipate the gloomy reflections that would sometimes steal imperceptibly over his mind, now overcame his reluctance. His expressive blue eyes rolled in a fine phrensy, and his whole countenance seemed brightened by a sudden gleam of inspiration. He ran over the chords for a few moments, and we were soon delighted with the inspirations of his muse.

I often wish this languid lyre,
This warbler of my soul's desire,
Could raise the breath of song sublime,
To men of fame, in former time.
But when the soaring theme I try,
Along the chords my numbers die,
And whisper, with dissolving tone,
"Our sighs are given to love alone!"

Indignant at the feeble lay,
I tore the panting chords away,
Attun'd them to a nobler swell,
And struck again the breathing shell;
In all the glow of epic fire,
To Hercules I wake the lyre!
But still its fainting sighs repeat,
"The tale of love alone is sweet!"
Then fare thee well, seductive dream,
That mad'st me follow Glory's theme;
For thou my lyre, and thou my heart,
Shall never more in spirit part;
And thou the flame shalt feel as well
As thou the flame shalt sweetly tell!

This was received with the greatest applause by all present. Lycis made him repeat it, and she then inscribed it on her tablets, and sent it by a slave to Polycrates. The prince was highly charmed with it, and he returned the tablets with a note expressive of his satisfaction. He said, this compliment was more grateful to his feelings than all the extravagant panegyrics that had been lavished upon him on this occasion. Lycis also testified her approbation by a magnificent present, such as a princess might bestow, and a poet could not be degraded by accepting.

But while the court was thus eagerly rendering homage to genius, envy was busily employed among the authors of Samos in exciting their dislike. They could not bear to see a stranger advancing by such rapid strides into the favour of their sovereign, and thus wresting from their brows the laurels that became them so ill. Copies of this ode being circulated about the city, the minor wits, whose imaginations were too sterile to invent such poetry, and whose envy prevented them from relishing its beauties, immediately raised their voices against it. Those who sought sonorous words and were ambitious of an inflated style, objected to its simplicity, and those who thought an ode could not be called plausive, unless it almost deified the hero, said the poet had been too penurious of his praise. As they had long been in possession of the public favour, their opinions were quickly insinuated into all companies where literature was the subject

of conversation. The opposition was particularly violent at the house of the senator Merion, whose wife was desirous of being thought the patroness of the wits of the age. All who wrote and even those who could not write, but who had the good taste to relish her poetry, and could listen to the long speeches of her husband, were welcomed at the parties which assembled at her house.

Here the literature of the day was amply discussed, and no poor poet ever escaped the ordeal, unless he had acknowledged the supremacy of the new Apollo.

Thus it ever is with the envious. The lustre which they cannot equal they strive to obscure; but their efforts generally serve only to make it shine with a brighter splendour, and cast a deeper gloom on the objects that come within its rays. A good disposition will not content itself in the enjoyment of its own personal happiness, but its possessor will feel a degree of interest, and rejoice in the general felicity. The malignant eye of envy, on the contrary, is either averted from such a prospect, or regards it with sensations of the keenest anguish. All who are in pursuit of happiness, and are striving to smooth the asperities of life, are engaged in a sort of warfare against the quiet of the envious man. The blooming cheek of beauty that enraptures the heart, and the deeds of valour that awake the soul and expand all the generous feelings of our nature, are equally contending to blast his enjoyments: and he derives some satisfaction only when the slow hand of time has furrowed the brow and relaxed the nerve:—when the eye that set the world on fire has lost its lustre and the arm that kept nations in awe has become feeble.

Antenor who had been deputed for that purpose, having informed the king that his society of authors prayed him to appoint a subject for the prize poems to be recited at the feast of Venus, which now approached, he conferred upon Anacreon the honour of the choice. The poet, after some fruitless attempts to decline the invidious task, suggested the propriety of writing in praise of Beauty, since the odes were to be read in the temple of that Deity.

"You could not have selected a better theme," said Lycis, "not only as it respects the occasion, but as it is the very topic of all

others which is best calculated for the genius of the poet. Beauty fires the soul and awakens all the powers of poesy in the feeling heart. You smile," she continued, "and seem to think me not an impartial judge. But while your features wear an incredulous guise, I know your heart acknowledges the justness of my observations. We are the true inspirers of the lay, and, however, you may boast of the trophies of the field or pride yourself in the honours of the agora, I know there is no laurel blooms so fresh, no wreath that is so dear to the soul as the chaste attachment of a virtuous woman."*

"It is true," said Anacreon, "I cannot rebel against the sovereignty of woman, nor can it be denied by any one whose heart is alive to the impressions of all that is lovely and attractive. The voice of one whose form is elegance and whose soul is purity, steals so sweetly upon our ears, that the passions are imperceptibly enslaved before we are sensible of the happy bondage. Though I am now in my old age, I am not impervious to the attacks of Cupid, and his shafts are never hurled against me without effect. I strive to steel my heart, but I strive in vain: so it is that you conquer while you seem to retreat, and we who pursue are compelled to yield."

"I am glad to hear you talk so rationally," replied Lycis, "and bow to a dominion which so many of your sex endeavour to oppose. We will converse again upon this subject. At present I intend to put your sincerity to the test—I am about to ask a favour of you."

"I am well satisfied that you cannot demand what is impossible or improper, and therefore I promise to obey you in whatever you require."

"Then will you write on the subject which you have so judici-

* Lycis had been too long in a court not to have learnt this secret: indeed, what female does not discover it as soon as her ears and her heart become acquainted with the language of love? One of our own poets viewed the human heart through the same vista:

> Of all the trophies which vain mortals boast
> By wit, by valour or by wisdom won,
> The first, the fairest in a young man's eye
> Is woman's captive heart. DOUGLAS.

ously selected? I wish you to appear at the festival as a candidate for the wreath."

Anacreon answered, that he felt some repugnance towards such a contest, as he was yet a stranger in Samos; nor did he like to submit his works to a tribunal where every thing was carried by cabal, and merit was entirely overlooked. However, as he would be more gratified by her smiles than he could be mortified by the decision of such a body, he undertook the task. He was thanked as he deserved for this manifestation of willingness to please the queen at the hazard of his reputation. She told him that even though he did not receive a single suffrage in his favour from the society, yet she was confident he would win the admiration of all the ladies of the court, and be honoured by all in the island who had any real taste.

"Do not, fair Lycis, confuse me with compliments, especially when I am thinking how to deserve them. Give me a lyre and you shall judge of my progress. I will wear the laurel that you bestow, with more pride than all the honours that the critics of Samos can decree."

In fact, their previous conversation had so warmed his imagination, that his genius, ever prompt and fertile, had produced what he now warbled on his lyre:

IN PRAISE OF BEAUTY.

To all that breathe the airs of heaven,
Some boon of strength has Nature given.
When the majestic bull was born,
She fenc'd his brow with wreathed horn.
She arm'd the courser's foot of air,
And wing'd with speed the panting hare.
She gave the lion fangs of terror,
And, on the ocean's crystal mirror,
Taught the unnumber'd scaly throng
To trace their liquid path along;
While for the umbrage of the grove,
She plum'd the warbling world of love.
To man she gave the flame refin'd,
The spark of heav'n—a thinking mind!*

* In my first attempt to translate this ode, I had interpreted φρονημα,

And had she no surpassing treasure,
For thee, oh woman! child of pleasure?
She gave thee beauty—shaft of eyes,
That every shaft of war out flies!*
She gave thee beauty—blush of fire,
That bids the flames of war retire!
Woman! be fair, we must adore thee;
Smile, and a world is weak before thee!†

Lycis transcribed this ode herself, and deposited it in a golden vase which was placed in the temple to receive the votive offers to the goddess.

The poet's fears were completely verified; for, on the day appointed for the celebration of the festivals, the production of Eumedes, who was one of the favourites at the house of Calimedes, appeared on the wall in letters of burnished gold; while that of Anacreon assumed an humbler station in silver characters. The brilliant ornaments of the first only served to make its absurdi-

with Baxter and Barnes, as implying courage and military virtue; but I do not think that the gallantry of the idea suffers by the import which I have now given to it. For, why need we consider this possession of wisdom as exclusive? and in truth, as the design of Anacreon is to estimate the treasure of beauty, above all the rest which nature has distributed, it is perhaps even refining upon the delicacy of the compliment, to prefer the radiance of female charms to the cold illumination of wisdom and prudence; and to think that women's eyes are

——— the books, the academies,
From whence doth spring the true Promethean fire.—M.

* Thus Achilles Tatius: "Beauty wounds more swiftly than the arrow, and passes through the eye to the very soul; for the eye is the inlet to the wounds of love."—M.

† Longepierre's remark here is very ingenious; "The Romans," says he, "were so convinced of the power of beauty, that they used a word implying strength in the place of the epithet beautiful. Thus Plautus, act 2, scene 2, Bacchid.

Sed Bacchis etiam fortis tibi visa.

"Fortis, id est formosa," say Servius and Nonius. M.

ties and poverty more glaring, and the critics themselves seemed ashamed of their decision. When the eventful curtain, behind which was concealed the hopes and fears of the first poets of Greece, was drawn on its wires, and displayed the triumph of ignorance and intrigue over genius and modesty, the lovely patroness of Anacreon evinced the chagrin she felt by abruptly leaving the temple.

Anacreon having followed her, she assured him that Polycrates would immediately perceive how unjustly the prize had been awarded. She said she would repair to his chamber and prevail upon him to send for the Judges of Merit, in order to reprimand them for their partiality.

"No, lady," said Anacreon, "that must not be. Venus forbids.* Let all the followers of the muses judge between Eumenes and I: let posterity award to each his proper merit. That is the only just tribunal of literature. It is the misfortune of those who write that they are seldom paid those honours during life which they have earned. Envy and a thousand other passions, and frequently adventitious circumstances, combine to defraud them during the season of enjoyment. But after death, when the solemn stillness of the grave renders him alike insensible to the cavils of censure or the whispers of praise,—then comes the triumph of the Muses' son!† Such is the reward of toil, and so useless is the

* From some detached passages in the convivial classics, it appears that he who presided at entertainments, was elected by lot and did not take the chair as in our days by the right of an host. This was managed by the throw o' a die, and the successful cast was called *Venus*. To this custom Horace alludes:

——— Quem Venus arbitrium
Dicet bibendi? Carm. lib. 2, ode 7.

And similar passages may be found in Martial, Plautus, Propertius, &c.

Plutarch, in his life of Cato the younger, says they threw for the choice of messes; and if Cato lost the first choice, his friends used to offer it to him. But he uniformly refused, saying, *Venus forbids*. I suppose, therefore, that Anacreon meant to show his contempt of a decision which appeared to him as little honourable to his competitor as the work of blind chance.

† It is an idea which diffuses a pensive and pleasing melancholy over the soul of the poet, that though he may be deprived of that applause which

meed of fame! What though perennial laurels bloom over his tomb, and the voice of rapture lisp his inspirations to the breeze! What avails it to the clay that reposes beneath the sculptured marble! The inanimate poet is insensible to the glory of the laurel, and the tribute of the tear. No, lady—tell not the king. I complain not. I am satisfied that I have obeyed your commands and shall be sufficiently rewarded in your approbation."

But Lycis was not resigned to the injury. She left Anacreon and hurried to the royal apartment, where she had scarcely concluded her complaint, when Antenor entered. He came, he said, to thank the king in the name of the society for his encouragement of the fine arts and his distinguished munificence towards the poets of the age. He concluded his address by informing Polycrates that Eumedes had been the fortunate candidate at the festivals, and that the society had accordingly decreed the laurel to him.

The king replied with some degree of coolness that he had always afforded every degree of assistance to the exertions of genius.

"And this," said he, "I do, not more from the pleasure I take in it, than from motives of policy. I wish that every source of information may be opened to the curiosity of my subjects, and that no expense be spared in works which tend to refine their taste and harmonize their manners. The blood of the soldier that once throbbed with such fervour in my veins now beats with a more languid pulse, and the cry of arms no longer calls me to the field. Fortune has been propitious to all my schemes, and

is the object of ambition by his cotemporaries, that his name will yet be preserved by posterity. Cowley, *On the Praise of Poetry*, has the following lines:

'Tis not a pyramid of marble stone,
Though high as our ambition;
'Tis not a tomb cut out of brass, which can
Give life to th' ashes of a man:
But verses only; they fresh appear
Whilst there are men to read and hear;
When time shall make the lasting brass decay
And eat the marble pyramid away.

her favour has enabled me to enlarge this dominion far beyond its ancient boundaries. But I am daily becoming more convinced of the utility of such desires and more attached to the serene and placid allurements of peace. I have had enough of the toil of war and I find my lamp of life begins to burn dimly."

"Such are the sentiments I would wish to instil into the breasts of my subjects, and I rejoice that my efforts are not unavailing. The offerings of those whom I have stimulated to literary pursuits are grateful to Apollo; and I shall find him a propitiator for me with the thunder-wielding God. To him an ode inspired by the muses affords more pleasure than a city rased or a kingdom depopulated."

"But as Apollo thus smiles on the meritorious, let those who endeavour by base intrigues to chill the efforts of his followers and rob them of the only reward they can enjoy here, dread the effects of his anger. I have said this, because my society, the institution of which I regarded as the brighest gem in my crown, has displeased me and disgraced itself by suffering envy and partiality to control its proceedings. You have polluted the temple of Venus by an ode in which there is neither the invention of fancy nor the attractions of harmony: and this because you could not remove the film from your eyes and do justice to the brilliant talents of the stranger whom I have invited to my court. Blush, oh ye pretenders to literature! at such meanness. Know ye not that this same Anacreon is the admiration of all Greece, and that even the venerable senators of Rome have loved the magic of his song. Nor is the sun of his fame at its zenith, but its splendour is still increasing and will long live to dazzle the eyes of men. Time will bear on lofty wing the memory of his name; and in after ages the old will grow young while they listen to the cadence of his lyre."

Lycis left the king, charmed with the success of her remonstrance. But wishing to surprise Anacreon, she gave him no intimation of what had passed, and contented herself with sending him a blushing rose. The poet, who disliked every sort of competition which tended to the interruption of social pleasures, was prouder of this trophy from the hands of the queen, than he would have been of those laurels which were not to be acquired without creating animosity. He expressed his gratitude by writing an

ode which has ever appeared to me the most finished and exquisite of all his writings. Copies of it were dispersed through Samos, and it was warbled by many a nymph.

TO THE ROSE.*

While we invoke the wreathed spring,
Resplendent rose! to thee we'll sing;
Resplendent rose, the flower of flowers,
Whose breath perfumes Olympus' bowers;
Whose virgin blush, of chasten'd dye,
Enchants so much our mortal eye.
When pleasure's bloomy season glows,
The graces love to twine the rose;
The rose is warm Dione's bliss,
And flushes like Dione's kiss!

* This ode is a brilliant panegyric on the rose. "All antiquity (says Barnes) has produced nothing more beautiful."

From the idea of peculiar excellence, which the ancients attached to this flower, arose a pretty proverbial expression, used by Aristophanes, according to Suidas, ῥόδα μ' ὑμνεῖς. "You have spoken roses," a phrase somewhat similar to the "dire des fleurettes" of the French. In the same idea of excellence originated, I doubt not, a very curious application of the word ῥόδον, for which the inquisitive reader may consult Gaulminus upon the epithalamium of our poet, where it is introduced in the romance of Theodorus. Muretus, in one of his elegies, calls his mistress his rose:

Jam te igitur rursus teneo, formosula, jam te
(Quid trepidas?) teneo, jam, rosa, te teneo.—Eleg. 8.

Now I again embrace thee, dearest,
(Tell me, wanton, why thou fearest?)
Again my longing arms infold thee,
Again, my rose, again I hold thee.

This, like most of the terms of endearment in the modern Latin poets, is taken from Plautus; they were vulgar and colloquial in his time, and they are among the elegancies of the modern Latinists.

Passeratius alludes to the ode before us, in the beginning of his poem on the rose:

Carmina digna rosa est; vellem caneretur ut illam
Teius arguta cecinit testudine vates. M.

Oft has the poet's magic tongue
The rose's fair luxuriance sung;*
And long the Muses, heavenly maids,
Have rear'd it in their tuneful shades.
When, at the early glance of morn,
It sleeps upon the glittering thorn,
'Tis sweet to dare the tangled fence,
To cull the timid flowret thence,
And wipe with tender hand away
The tear that on its blushes lay!
'Tis sweet to hold the infant stems,
Yet dropping with Aurora's gems,
And fresh inhale the spicy sighs
That from the weeping buds arise.
When revel reigns, when mirth is high,
And Bacchus beams in every eye,
Our rosy fillets scent exhale,
And fill with balm the fainting gale!
Oh! there is nought in nature bright,
Where roses do not shed their light!
When morning paints the orient skies,
Her fingers burn with roseate dies;
The nymphs display the rose's charms,
It mantles o'er their graceful arms;

* The following is a fragment of the Lesbian poetess. It is cited in the Romance of Achillus Tatius.

If Jove would give the leafy bowers
A queen for all their world of flowers,
The rose would be the choice of Jove,
And blush, the queen of every grove.
Sweetest child of weeping morning,
Gem, the vest of earth adorning,
Eye of flowrets, glow of lawns,
Bud of beauty, nurs'd by dawns:
Soft the soul of love it breathes,
Cypria's brow with magic wreaths,
And, to the Zephyr's warm caresses,
Diffuses all its verdant tresses,
Till, glowing with the wanton's play,
It blushes a diviner ray! M.

Through Cytherea's form it glows,
And mingles with the living snows.
The rose distils a healing balm,
The beating pulse of pain to calm;
Preserves the cold inurned clay,*
And mocks the vestige of decay.†
And when at length, in pale decline,
Its florid beauties fade and pine,
Sweet as in youth its balmy breath
Diffuses odour e'en in death!‡

* He here alludes to the use of the rose in embalming; and, perhaps (as Barnes thinks,) to the rosy unguent with which Venus anointed the corpse of Hector. Homer's Iliad. It may likewise regard the ancient practice of putting garlands of roses on the dead, as in Statius, Theb. lib. x, 782.

——hi sertis, hi veris honore soluto
Accumulant artus patriaque in sede reponunt
Corpus odoratum.

Where "veris honor," though it mean every kind of flowers, may seem more particularly to refer to the rose, which our poet in another ode calls ἱερος μελημα. We read, in the hieroglyphics of Pierius, lib. lv. that some of the ancients used to order in their wills, that roses should be annually scattered on their tombs, and he has adduced some sepulchral inscriptions to this purpose. M.

† When he says that this flower prevails over time itself, he still alludes to its efficacy in embalment (tenera poneret ossa rosa. Propert. lib. i. eleg. 17,) or perhaps to the subsequent idea of its fragrance surviving its beauty; for he can scarcely mean to praise for duration the "nimium breves flores" of the rose. Philostratus compares this flower with love, and says, that they both defy the influence of time; χρονον δε ουτε Ερως, ουτε ρ.δα οιδεν. Unfortunately the similitude lies not in their duration, but their transience. M.

‡ Thus Casper Barlæus, in his Ritus Nuptiarum:

Ambrosium late rosa tunc quoque spargit odorem,
Cum fluit, aut multo languida sole jacet.

Nor then the rose its odour loses,
When all its flushing beauties die;
Nor less ambrosial balm diffuses,
When wither'd by the solar eye! M.

Oh! whence could such a plant have sprung?
Attend—for thus the tale is sung.
When, humid, from the silv'ry stream,
Effusing beauty's warmest beam,
Venus appear'd, in flushing hues,
Mellow'd by ocean's briny dews;
When, in the starry courts above,
The pregnant brain of mighty Jove
Disclos'd the nymph of azure glance,
The nymph who shakes the martial lance!
Then, then, in strange eventful hour,
The earth produc'd an infant flower,
Which sprung, with blushing tinctures drest,
And wanton'd o'er its parent's breast.
The gods beheld this brilliant birth,
And hail'd the Rose, the boon of earth!
With nectar drops, a ruby tide,
The sweetly orient buds they dyed,*
And bade them bloom, the flowers divine
Of him who sheds the teeming vine;

* The author of the "Pervigilium Veneris" (a poem attributed to Catullus, the style of which appears to me to have all the laboured luxuriance of a much later period) ascribes the tincture of the rose to the blood from the wound of Adonis.

rosæ
Fusæ aprino de cruore.

According to the emendation of Lipsius. In the following epigram this hue is differently accounted for:

Illa quidem studiosa suum defendere Adonium,
Gradivus stricto quem petit ense ferox,
Affixit duris vestigia cæca rosetis,
Albaque divino picta cruore rosa est.

While the enamour'd queen of joy
Flies to protect her lovely boy,
On whom the jealous war-god rushes;
She treads upon a thorned rose,
And while the wound with crimson flows,
The snowy flowret feels her blood, and blushes! M.

And bade them on the spangled thorn
Expand their bosoms to the morn.

Conscious as Antenor felt of the injustice of the decision he had not the slightest expectation of such a reception. He could not defend his unworthy associates, but retreated in dismay from the keen reproaches of his sovereign. In the evening, when he communicated the result of his embassy to the conclave assembled as usual at the house of Calimedes, the members could not restrain their anger. Nor did they content themselves with the abuse of Anacreon, but openly ridiculed, what they termed, the easy credulity of the king, who had suffered himself to be imposed upon by such a versifier—a mere dealer in sounds—a pretender to poetry who had every requisite for the art but genius—a lover whose wrinkled brow and aged beard were perpetual scoffers at his impotent passions.

It is certain that taste which ameliorates the heart, can scarcely be cultivated to any degree of perfection where it is the companion of evil propensities. But for him whose imagination is soothed and warmed by the luxuriance of poetry, the lithe acanthus becomes more pliant, and the narcissus diffuses fresh odours. To him the whole face of nature appears tranquil and serene.*

* A fondness for rural scenery is generally a characteristic of the poetic mind. Horace sighed for *a little grove with a rivulet gently gurgling through it.* But it was not one of the systematical, stiff and awkward groves which modern taste has planted: it was amid those wild flowers which

Not nice Art
In beds and curious knots, that nature boon
Pours forth profuse on hill and dale and plain

that the poet would have delighted to dwell.

Virgil, in his fourth Georgic, evinces his predilection for this manner of living, when he expresses his regret at being obliged *to leave such charms and trace his task assigned.* In short, all poets that I have met with concur in casting a wistful eye on those

hanging walks and darksome groves,
Where sooth'd imagination roves,
Mid shelving rocks, with laurel crown'd;

Every face beams with friendship and every eye glistens with love. Not so to the distorted eye of vice and ignorance. A raging hurricane seems to agitate all nature with not less fury than those contending passions which disturb their own bosoms.

Although passion had usurped the chair of criticism and prevented them from obeying the dictates of justice, prudence warned the members of the folly of further opposition. On the following morning, the first beams of Aurora glittered upon the golden characters which announced the victory of Anacreon; and the ode of his rival which had honoured and disgraced its author was erased from the wall.

Thus did the intrigues of envy terminate in mortification, and the laurel was placed upon the proper head—a head that resembled the wonderful stone which the bold hand of nature had produced with the figures of Apollo and the muses in its veins.*

Antenor could not submit to the disgrace, but abandoned the society, and shortly afterwards embarked in a barge that was destined for Mitylene, in the isle of Lesbos. Here he became an admirer of Sappho, and a warm supporter of Alcœus in his opposition to the authority of Pittacus, who then reigned in that island. He was soon plunged in all the festivities of the place, and amid the voluptuousness of the lovers of the Lesbian maid, he forgot his former disappointment and disgrace.†

> Sequester'd caves, dark glades, and arched bow'rs,
> Clear founts, with rich poetic powers
> Endued, and purest classic ground.
>
> Sannazarius apud Greswell.

* I do not think a more felicitous image can be found in the pages of Addison than in the Essay on Irregular Genius where he compares Shakspeare to this stone, which Pliny informs us was in the ring of Pyrrhus.

† Mr. Moore remarks with equal elegance and feeling, that there can scarcely be imagined a more delightful theme for the warmest speculations of fancy to wanton upon, than the idea of an intercourse betwen Sappho and Anacreon. I could wish, he continues, to believe they were cotemporary: any thought of an interchange between hearts so congenial in warmth of passion and delicacy of genius, gives such play to the imagination, that the mind loves to indulge in it.

When I went to Anacreon to congratulate him on his triumph, I found him slumbering and wholly unconscious of the honour which awaited his rising. His tablets were lying open on the table, and from their appearance I concluded he had been writing during the night. As we now lived on such confidential terms, that he imparted to me his most secret thoughts, I did not scruple to examine his recent employment. It appeared that he had risen during the night to embody the airy fancies of a dream. The verses he had written were so exquisite, that I immediately transcribed them, lest they might share the fate to which his fastidiousness frequently consigned those effusions which were composed in his bed, and did not owe their existence to the smiles of beauty or the inspirations of Bacchus.

I retired from his chamber that I might not disturb him, and went into the garden where I intended to remain until he should awake. Here I was joined by Lycis, who inquired what made my tablets so interesting as to attract my attention from the charms of Nature that smiled around us.

I replied that I could not answer her without exciting her curiosity, which I should be unable to gratify without a breach of confidence.

"Ah," said she, "I saw you come from the chamber of your friend, and you have some secret with which a woman cannot be trusted. In truth I do not so much envy your distinguished privilege of possessing his friendship, as I admire your good fortune. But come—they are only some verses that you would conceal—am I unworthy to be admitted into your alliance?"

"How do you flatter me, lady, by such a proposal! It is true that I have been reading some of Anacreon's poetry which I stole from the side of his couch while he slept. I hesitated to show them to you in what he might deem an imperfect state—but here they are. I should do him less honour were I to suppress them.

The authority of the indefatigable Barnes had already given some plausibility to such a conjecture, and notwithstanding the objections of the critics Vossius, Olaus, Borrichius, &c. I am now convinced with Chamœlion and Hermesianax of the synchronism of the bard of Teos and the maid of Lesbos. The authority of Critias is conclusive.

THE VISION.*

'Twas night, and many a circling bowl
Had deeply warm'd my swimming soul;
As lull'd in slumber I was laid,
Bright visions o'er my fancy play'd!
With virgins, blooming as the dawn,
I seem'd to trace the opening lawn;
Light, on tiptoe bath'd in dew,
We flew, and sported as we flew!
Some ruddy striplings, young and sleek,
With blush of Bacchus on their cheek,
Saw me trip the flowery wild
With dimpled girls, and slyly smil'd;
Smil'd indeed with wonton glee,
But, ah! 'twas plain they envied me.
And still I flew—and now I caught
The panting nymphs, and fondly thought
To kiss—when all my dream of joys,
Dimpled girls and ruddy boys,†

* Monsieur Le Fevre, in a note upon this ode, enters into an elaborate and learned justification of drunkenness; and this is probably the cause of the severe reprehension, which I believe he suffered for his Anacreon. "Fuit olim fateor (says he in a note upon Longinus,) cum Sapphonem amabam. Sed ex quo illa me perditissima fœmina pene miserum perdidit cum sceleratissimo suo congerrone (Anacreontem dico, si nescis, Lector,) noli sperare," &c. &c. He adduces on this ode the authority of Plato; who allowed ebriety, at the Dionysian festivals, to men arrived at the fortieth year. He likewise quotes the following line from Alexis, which he says no one, who is not totally ignorant of the world, can hesitate to confess the truth of:

Ουδεις φιλοποτης εστιν ανθρωπος κακος.

"No lover of drinking was ever a vicious man." M.

† Nonnus says of Bacchus, almost in the same words that Anacreon uses,

Εγερσινος δε
Παρθενον ικ' ελιχνσε, και ηθελεν αυθις ιαυειν.'

Waking, he lost the phantom's charms,
He found no beauty in his arms;

All were gone! "Alas!" I said,
Sighing for th' illusions fled,
"Sleep! again my joys restore,
Oh! let me dream them o'er and o'er!"*

After reading this delightful vision we found another ode which I shall insert here. He particularly delighted in these fanciful enjoyments which he frequently said had been invented to relieve the dullness of that intermediate state between life and death.

"Homer," he would say, "tells us that dreams descend from Jove—but I think they come from Venus and Apollo. In the season of solitude and abstraction, whether we sleep or watch, we are surprized by the vividness of our own fancy; and I often sigh when some of the brightest conceptions that I ever feel, are dissipated by the beams of the morning, as if the god were jealous of the influence of his sister.

'Twas noon of night, when round the pole
The sullen Bear is seen to roll;†
And mortals, wearied with the day,
Are slumbering all their cares away:
An infant, at that dreary hour,
Came weeping to my silent bower,
And wak'd me with a piteous prayer,
To save him from the midnight air!
"And who art thou," I waking cry,
"That bid'st my blissful visions fly?"‡

Again to slumber he essay'd,
Again to clasp the shadowy maid!

* Doctor Johnson, in his preface to Shakspeare, animadverting upon the commentators of that poet, who pretended in every little coincidence of thought, to detect an imitation of some ancient poet, alludes in the following words to the line of Anacreon before us: "I have been told that when Caliban, after a pleasing dream, says, 'I cried to sleep again,' the author imitates Anacreon, who had, like any other man the same wish on the same occasion."

† "When the constellation of the Bear is already turning at the hand of Bootes," are the words of the original. H.

‡ Anacreon appears to have been a voluptuary even in dreaming by the

"O gentle sire!" the infant said,
"In pity take me to thy shed;
Nor fear deceit: a lonely child
I wander o'er the gloomy wild.
Chill drops the rain, and not a ray
Illumes the drear and misty way!"
I hear the baby's tale of wo;
I hear the bitter night-winds blow;
And sighing for his piteous fate,
I trimm'd my lamp and op'd the gate.
'Twas Love! the little wandering sprite,*
His pinion sparkled through the night!
I knew him by his bow and dart;
I knew him by my fluttering heart!
I take him in, and fondly raise
The dying embers' cheering blaze;
Press from his dank and clinging hair
The crystals of the freezing air,
And in my hand and bosom hold
His little fingers thrilling cold.
And now the embers' genial ray
Had warm'd his anxious fears away;
"I pray thee," said the wanton child,
(My bosom trembled as he smil'd,)
"I pray thee let me try my bow,
For through the rain I've wandered so,
That much I fear, the ceaseless shower
Has injur'd its elastic power."
The fatal bow the urchin drew;
Swift from the string the arrow flew;
Oh! swift it flew as glancing flame,
And to my very soul it came!
"Fare thee well," I heard him say,
As laughing wild he wing'd away;
Fare thee well, for now I know
"The rain has not relax'd my bow;

lively regret which he expresses at being disturbed from his visionary enjoyments. See the odes x, and xxxvii.

* See the beautiful description of Cupid, by Moschus, in his first Idyll.

It still can send a madd'ning dart,
As thou shalt own with all thy heart!"*

Polycrates, not contented with the usual honours which his society had paid to Anacreon and which he so richly merited, resolved to evince his friendship for the man and his respect for the poet in a signal manner. He accordingly placed him among his counsellors, and in order to commemorate the event, he directed a discus to be engraved, and presented to him. When the artist called upon the poet from whom he was to receive his directions, Anacreon desired him to propose to the king, that it should be a goblet, which he said would oftener remind him of the donor. He addressed the following ode to the artist; and Polycrates was so pleased, that he ordered that it should be as Anacreon preferred.

Grave me a cup with brilliant grace,
Deep as the rich and holy vase,
Which on the shrine of Spring reposes,
When shepherds hail that hour of roses.
Grave it with themes of chaste design,
Form'd for a heavenly bowl like mine.
Display not there the barbarous rites,
In which religious zeal delights;
Nor any tale of tragic fate,
Which history trembles to relate!
No—cull thy fancies from above,
Themes of heav'n and themes of love.
Let Bacchus, Jove's ambrosial boy,
Distil the grape in drops of joy,
And while he smiles at every tear,
Let warm-ey'd Venus, dancing near,
With spirits of the genial bed,

* This ode, to which we are indebted for the well known song, beginning

At the dead of the night when with labour oppress'd,

has been much paraphrased by Mr. Moore. The latter part, in particular, does not preserve the neatness of expression in the original, which concludes thus:

"Heartily laughing he springs and cries—my host! congratulate me; my bow is quite sound, but you shall be sick at heart." H.

The dewy herbage deftly tread.
Let Love be there, without his arms,*
In timid modesty of charms;
And all the Graces, link'd with Love,
Blushing through the shadowy grove;
While rosy boys disporting round,
In circlets trip the velvet ground;
But, ah! if there Apollo toys,
I tremble for my rosy boys!†

ART. IX.—*A Series of Select Poems by Ladies.*

WE commence this series with a poem by the duchess of New-castle, on poetry in general. This lady was born in England in 1625. In 1643, she was one of the maids of honour to Henrietta Maria, consort of Charles I. and attended that princess to France, when the event of the civil war compelled her to quit England. At Paris she became acquainted with the marquis of New-castle, then a widower; who was married to her there, 1645.

She died in London, 1675, and was buried in Westminster Abbey, where a monument was erected to her memory, containing that eulogium on her family mentioned in the SPECTATOR—A noble family; for all the brothers were valiant, and all the sisters virtuous.

---

* Thus Sannazaro in the eclogue of Gallicio nell' Arcadia:

Vegnan li vaghi Amori, &c.

Fluttering on the busy wing,
A train of naked Cupids came,
Sporting round in harmless ring;
Without a dart, without a flame.

And thus, in the Pervigilium Veneris:

Ite nymphæ, posuit arma, feriatus est Amor.

Love is disarm'd—ye nymphs, in safety stray;
Your bosoms now may boast a holiday! M.

† An allusion to the fable, that Apollo had killed his beloved boy Hyacinth, while playing with him at quoits. "This (says M. La Fosse) is assuredly the sense of the text, and it cannot admit of any other." M.

VERSES BY THE DUCHESS OF NEWCASTLE,

Wherein Poetry consists.

Most of our modern writers now-a-days,
Consider not the fancy, but the phrase;
As if fine words were wit, or one should say
A woman's handsome if her clothes be gay;
Regarding not what beauty's in the face,
Nor what proportion doth the body grace.
As when her shoes be high, to say she's tall;
And when she's strait-laced to say she's small.
When painted, or her hair is curl'd with art,
Though of itself but plain, and her skin swart,
We cannot say that from her thanks are due
To Nature;—nor those arts in view,
Unless she them invented, and so taught
The world to set forth that which is stark naught.
But Fancy is the eye, gives life to all;
Words the complexion, like a whited wall,
Fancy, the form is,—flesh, blood, skin and bone;
Words are but shadows; substance they have none.
But *number** is the motion; gives the grace;
And is the countenance of a well-form'd face.

ON WIT;† BY THE SAME.

Give a WIT whose fancy's not confined,
That buildeth in itself, withno brain join'd:
Nor like two oxen yok'd, and forc'd to draw,
Or like two witnesses to one deed in law;
But like the sun which needs no help to rise,
Or like a bird in the air which freely flies.
For good wits run like parallels‡ in length;

* *Number:* this illustration of the power and nature of *rythm*, or *musical and expressive* arrangement, is exceedingly just and happy; and has a classical turn and spirit.

† This word, in the penultimate century, and part of the last, was employed nearly in the sense which we now express by *Genius*.

‡ *Parallels:* this is an ingenious comparison in the style of the metaphysical wit of that age, of genius which goes on indefinitely by its own force without being either stopped or aided by others; as parallels may be continued without limit, and will never cross or meet.

Need no triangular points to give them strength.
Or like the sea which runneth round without
And grasps the earth with twining arms about;
Thus true-born wits to others strength they give;
Yet by their own, and not by others live.
Those verses still to me do seem the best
Where lines run smooth, and wit's with ease expressed;
Where fancies flow as gentle waters glide,
And flow'ry banks of rhetoric on each side;
Which with delight the readers do invite
To read again, wishing they so could write:
For verses should, like to a beauteous face,
Both in the eye and in the *heart* take place.
That readers may, like lovers, wish to be
Always in their dear mistress' company.

Art. X.—*Hugh Peters, the Regicide.*

Hugh Peters was executed after the Restoration for the prominent part he took in the rebellion, especially in the murder of the king. He appears, from the State Trials, to have been particularly active in his pulpit "exercises" within the last few weeks prior to that tragical event. On the 20th December, a fortnight after Col. Pride had "purged" the house, Peters was appointed to preach at the solemn fast which was to take place on the ensuing Friday; and so well did he acquit himself to the satisfaction of his employers that he was retained again, especially on two memorable occasions, 21st January, the day after the king was brought to trial, and on the 28th, the day after the sentence was pronounced. We shall give a specimen of his oratory from the evidence adduced against him on his trial, and which, though evidently given in a spirit of party, is confirmed by too many witnesses, to admit of its being substantially false. The part which Cromwell plays in the following scene is perfectly in character:

"*Witness.* I heard the prisoner at the bar, preaching before Oliver Cromwell and Bradshaw, who was called lord president of the high court of justice: and he took his text out of the psalms, in these words, 'bind your kings with chains, and your nobles with fetters of iron.'—Says he, in his sermon, 'beloved, it is the last

psalm but one, and the next psalm hath six verses, and twelve hallelujahs, 'praise ye the Lord, praise God in his sanctuary, and so on,' for what? says he: look into my text; there's the reason of it, that kings were bound in chains,' &c.—Here is, saith he, a great discourse and talk in the world; what? will ye cut off the king's head, the head of a protestant prince and king? Turn to your bibles, and you shall find it there, 'whosoever sheds man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed.' Here is an act of God, and I see neither king Charles, nor prince Charles, nor prince Rupert, nor prince Maurice, nor any of that rabble excepted out of it.—This is the day, that I and many saints of God have been praying for these many years. *I observed that Oliver Cromwell did* LAUGH *at that time.*

A second witness. Upon 21st January 1648, I was at Whitehall.—He (Mr. Peters) preached upon this text. Psalm cxlix. 8. To bind their kings in chains, and their nobles in links of iron. In which text, Mr. Peters did much applaud the soldiers there. He said, he hoped to see such another day following, as the day before; and that, blessed be God, (says parson Peters) the house, the lower house is purged, and the house of lords themselves, they will down suddenly.

ART. XI.—*The Common Fox.*

With a fine head, engraved by Kearney.

THE den of the Fox is generally formed either under the surface of the ground, or in some deep crevice of a rock. The situation which the animal seems to prefer to all others, is a dry cover, well sheltered with furze or brushwood, on the sunny side of a hill. It is said, that he sometimes drives the cleanly Badger from his den, and that, after enlarging it within, and adding the necessary outlets, to allow of escapes in case of attack or danger, he appropriates it to his own use.

This animal sleeps much during the day; and his repose is generally so sound that he may be approached without being awakened. The night is his time for prowling abroad; and from twilight in the evening nearly to the dawn of morning, he is in motion and on watch for prey. Somerville, after describing the ex-

tirpation of Wolves from Britain, by the tribute which king Edgar imposed on the Welsh princess, proceeds thus:

> The wily Fox remain'd
> A subtile, pilfering foe, prowling around
> In midnight shades; and wakeful to destroy.
> In the full fold, the poor defenceless Lamb,
> Seiz'd by its guileful arts, with sweet warm blood,
> Supplies a rich repast.

Foxes will feed on flesh of any kind; but their favourite food is hares, poultry, feathered game, and particularly rabbits. They likewise destroy moles, rats, and field mice; and like the cat, it is said that they often play with these for a considerable while before they put them to death. They are remarkably fond of fruit; and, in the vineyards on the continent, often do incalculable damage, by feeding on the grapes. When urged by hunger, this animal will feed, and live tolerably well, on carrots and other vegetables; as also on beetles, worms, &c. which in some states of the weather he is able to find in great abundance. Foxes that have their habitations near the sea coast, when better food is scarce, will eat crabs, shrimps, or shell-fish.

The dexterity which the Fox employs in seizing and securing his prey, is such, that the animal has in nearly all ages, been proverbial for his cunning. His schemes are various. In his approaches to the poultry-house, and his ravages among poultry, the utmost silence and caution are observed. He steals slily along, and, lest he should be heard or observed, even sometimes trails his body. If there is room for him to creep in under the door, or through the hole formed to admit the fowls, he generally puts many of them to death. It is not his interest to eat them upon the spot, for in this case he could only make a single meal. He therefore carries them off one by one, and, digging holes in different places, at some distance from the farm yard, thrusts them in with his nose, ramming down the loose earth to secure them from discovery. In these places the bodies lie concealed, till the calls of hunger incite him to devour them.

When the Fox is in pursuit of wild game, which, as well as other prey, he is able to scent at the amazing distance of two or

three hundred paces, he first makes his approach as near as prudence will allow, and then seizes the bird by a spring. It is said that he can spring from twenty to thirty feet, as it has been measured on the snow.

In warm weather, the Fox will often quit his habitation, in the day time, for the sake of basking in sunshine or enjoying the fresh air. He, however, very rarely lies exposed, but generally chooses some thick brake, where he is secure from being surprized. In his repose, he stretches out his hind legs, and lies on his belly. In this position he espies the birds as they alight on the places near him, and is ready to spring on such as, unfortunately for themselves, come within his reach. Crows, magpies, and some other birds, have such an antipathy to the Fox, that they often give notice of his retreat by the most clamorous notes; and they will, occasionally follow him with their screams, from tree to tree, to a considerable distance.

That the power of limb and the speed of foxes are very great, is proved by their having kept hounds at full stretch, in pursuit of them, in some instances for eight or ten hours. In one fox chace in Yorkshire, some of the horses were so much fatigued as to die on the spot, and many others were so much injured, as never afterwards to be perfectly recovered.*

When the fox finds himself much pressed by the hounds, he generally makes towards his den. A terrier is, in this case, always put in to him, not to seize and bring him out, for that would be impossible against so strong an animal, but merely to keep him at bay, that he may be prevented from burrowing deeper into the ground, till some of the persons present dig him out. If the den happen to be amongst rocks, or under roots of trees, the animal is perfectly safe, and there are no means of driving him

* At a fox hunt in Galloway, a very strong fox happened to be started; the hounds were remarkably fleet, and gained fast upon him; he, perceiving this ran to a high wall and springing over it, crept close in at the bottom; no sooner were the hounds over than he sprang over to the other side again; they followed him, until by doing this repeatedly he quite exhausted the dogs; and he then walked away with the utmost deliberation.

Daniel's Rural Sports, 157.

thence. When the retreat to his habitation is cut off, his stratagems to escape from his pursuers are various and surprizing. He always takes the most woody parts of the country, and prefers paths that are most embarrassed with thorns and briars. He runs in a direct line before the hounds, and at no great distance from them; and, if hard pushed, seeks low and wet grounds, as though he were conscious that the scent did not lie so well there as in other places. When overtaken, he becomes desperate, and bravely defends himself against the teeth of his assailants, even to the last gasp.

The following is a singular instance of sagacity in one of these animals escaping from the hounds, and returning to his cover, though conveyed in a cart to a very considerable distance from it.

A fox was taken in Whitlebury Forest, and sent by the Duke of Grafton, in a venison cart, to London, that it might be hunted by his grace's hounds at Croydon. The animal was turned out and escaped. He returned to his coppice, and was again taken, sent as before, and hunted. The same round of circumstances took place, in the whole, not less than four times; but at last, after a very severe chase, he was killed.

In the neighbourhood of Imber, in Wiltshire, in the year 1793, a fox being run hard, took shelter under the covering of a well, and, by the endeavours used to force him thence, was precipitated a hundred feet, to the bottom. The bucket was let down for him. He laid hold of it, and was drawn up some way, when he again fell. The bucket being let down a second time, he secured his situation in it, and was drawn up safe; after which he was turned off and killed by the hounds.

The voice of the fox is a kind of a yelping bark, which consists of a quick succession of similar tones, at the end of which he frequently raises it to something like the cry of a peacock. In winter, and particularly during frost and snow, he yelps much; but in summer is almost entirely silent. His smell is proverbially fœtid and offensive; and so exactly resembles that of the root of *crown imperial*, as scarcely to be distinguished from it. This odour proceeds chiefly from certain glands which are situated at the base of the tale.

The fox will allow himself to be killed with a bludgeon, without uttering any notes of complaint; but he always defends himself to the last, with the greatest bravery. His bite is dangerous; and the severest blows will not compel him to quit the hold he has once taken.

When foxes range at liberty, in their native covers, they are remarkably playful animals. They may often be seen to amuse themselves with their fine bushy tails, by running, sometimes for a considerable while together, in circles to catch them.

That the female of this species have a very ardent affection for their offspring, and that they will defend them, when attacked, with the utmost vigour, is well known to almost every one at all acquainted with the habits of this animal. Two or three instances have been recorded, of female foxes being hunted by hounds, with a cub in their mouths, with which they chose to burthen themselves, and thus additionally endanger their own lives, rather than leave them to be worried by the dogs.

Foxes continue to grow till they are about eighteen months old; and the duration of their lives is from twelve to fourteen years.

Their skin is clad with a soft and warm fur, which, in many parts of Europe, is used for muffs, and the linings of clothes. In the mountains of Switzerland, the number of foxes that are destroyed by different means is almost incredible. At Lausanne there are furriers who have received between two and three thousand skins in one winter. Notwithstanding the fœtid smell of the fox, the inhabitants of some parts of the continent eat its flesh, when the animals are said to be always fat. "The flesh of the fox (say the editors of the French Encyclopedie) is *not so bad as that of the wolf.* Dogs, and even men, eat it in the autumn, particularly when the animals have fed upon grapes."

Art. XII.—*The Holy Bible.*

The following testimonies to the fidelity and excellence of the English translation of the Scriptures, will be gratifying to the more serious part of our readers.

I. John Selden, the celebrated lawyer.

The English translation of the bible is the best translation in the world, and renders the sense of the original best, taking in

for the English translation the bishop's bible, as well as king James's. The translators in king James' time took an excellent way.

That part of the bible was given to him, who was most excellent in such a tongue: as the Apocrypha to Andrew Downs: and then they met together, and one read the translation, the rest holding in their hands some bible, either of the learned tongues, or French, Spanish, Italian, &c. If they found any fault, they spoke; if not, he read on. There is no book so well translated as the bible for the purpose. If I translate a French book into English, I turn it into English phrase, not into French-English. *Il fait froid;* I say, *'tis cold,* not *makes cold.* But the bible is rather translated into English words than into English phrase. The Hebraisms are kept, and the phrase of that language is kept.

II. Bishop Walton.

The last English translation, made by divers learned men at the command of king James, though it may justly contend with any now extant in any other language in Europe, was yet carped and cavilled at by divers among ourselves; especially by one,* who being passed by, and not employed in the work, as one, though skilled in the Hebrew, yet of little or no judgment in that or any other kind of learning, was so highly offended that he would needs undertake to show how many thousand places they had falsely rendered, where as he could hardly make good his undertaking in any one!

III. Dr. Geddes.

The highest eulogiums have been made on the translation of

* This person was undoubtedly Hugh Broughton of Cambridge, who had certainly attained great knowledge in the Hebrew and Greek tongues; but a more conceited or arrogant man hardly ever existed. With the bishop's bible he found great fault; insisted upon the necessity of a new translation; pronounced his own sufficiency to make one exactly agreeable to the original text of the Hebrew; boasted of encouragement to this purpose from men of all ranks; and at length excited a very warrantable suspicion, that, in so important a task he was unfit to be trusted. Thus discountenanced, he went abroad: leaving behind him this quaint character, expressive at once of his vanity and learning, "that he was gone to teach the Jews Hebrew!" See sir J. Harrington's Brief View of the State of the Church, 1653, p. 75.

James the first both by our own writers, and by foreigners. And indeed, if accuracy, fidelity, and the strictest attention to the letter of the text, be supposed to constitute the qualities of an excellent version, this, of all versions, must in general, be accounted the most excellent. Every sentence, every word, every syllable, every letter and point, seem to have been weighed either in the text, or margin, with the greatest precision. Pagninus himself is hardly more literal; and it was well remarked by Robertson, above a hundred years ago, that it may serve for a Lexicon of the Hebrew language, as well as for a translation.

IV. Dr. Doddridge, author of the well known and justly esteemed "Family Expositor."

On a diligent comparison of our translation with the original, we find that of the New Testament, and I might also add that of the Old, in the main, faithful and judicious. You know, indeed, that we do not scruple, on some occasions, to animadvert upon it; but you also know, that these remarks affect not the fundamentals of religion, and seldom reach further than the beauty of a figure, or at most the connection of an argument.

V. Dr. John Taylor, of Norwich, author of the Hebrew and English Concordance.

In above the space of one (now two hundred) years, learning may have received considerable improvements, and by that means some inaccuracies may be found in a translation more than a (two) hundred years old. But you may rest fully satisfied, that as our English translation is, in itself, by far the most excellent book in our language, so it is a pure and plentiful fountain of divine knowledge, giving a true, clear and full account of the divine dispensations, and of the gospel of our salvation: insomuch that whoever studies the bible, the English Bible, is sure of gaining that knowledge and faith, which, if duly applied to the heart and conversation, will infallibly guide him to eternal life.

VI. Dr. Adam Clarke.

Those who have compared most of the European translations with the original, have not scrupled to say that the English translation of the bible made under the direction of king James the first, is the most accurate and faithful of the whole. Nor is this its only praise: the translators have seized the very spirit and

soul of the original, and expressed this almost every where, with pathos and energy. Besides, our translators have not only made a standard translation; but they have made their translation the standard of our language: the English tongue in their day was not equal to such a work—but God enabled them to stand as upon Mount Sinai, and *crane up* their country's language to the dignity of the originals, so that, after the lapse of two hundred years, the English bible is, with very few exceptions, the standard of the purity and excellence of the English tongue. The original, from which it was taken, is, alone, superior to the bible translated by the authority of king James.

ART. XIII.—*Account of a remarkable audience of a Polish Ambassador at the court of queen Elizabeth in* 1597.

THE arrival, in 1597 of an ambassador from Sigismund the third, king of Poland, at the court of Elizabeth, is mentioned by all the historians of her reign. This ambassador, whose name was Paul Dzialenski, was sent to complain of some interruption of the Polish commerce by the English cruizers; a measure to which, according to Carte,* his master was instigated by certain Jesuits at his court in the interest of the king of Spain. Elizabeth granted him a public audience, at which he addressed her in a harangue of uncommon boldness and vehemence, to which she immediately made a suitable reply in Latin, in which tongue the Pole had spoken. The substance of both their speeches is given in Camden's *Annals*, and in Carte's *History*; but we have procured an extract from the Burghley *Manuscripts*, preserved in the British museum, of a letter from sir Robert Cecil to the earl of Essex, which, as it contains much more minute details of the circumstances attending this remarkable audience than are to be found in these histories, cannot fail, we should think, to prove interesting to our readers.

The letter is not a little curious in several respects. Elizabeth's partiality for handsome men is well known to all who are acquainted with her history and character; and it appears from this letter, that she was induced to grant the Polish ambassador

* Carte's *History of England*, Vol. III. p. 665.

a public and splendid audience, from the very favourable accounts she had received of the beauty and elegance of his person and manners. She seems to have been prepared to hear an address from him, couched in those romantic terms of love and admiration in which she was sometimes accosted by her courtiers; who, when they wished to ingratiate themselves, always contrived to mingle the praises of the woman with the adulation of the queen; and her disappointment and indignation were therefore proportionally great, when she was so roughly attacked by a young and handsome foreigner. The courtly writer of the letter, however, swears, that she did not lose her dignity in administering the deserved reprimand to the Pole; and he takes care to enjoin Essex to praise her when he should write to court, for the temper and eloquence she displayed on the occasion. It is evident enough that such praises from her favourite were expected, and would be grateful to her.

—"There arriued three daies since in the cittie an ambass^r out of Poland, a gentleman of excellent fashion, witte, discourse, language, and parson; the queene, was possessed by some of our new counsellors, that are as cunning in intelligence, as in decypering, that his negociation tendeth to a proposition of peace. Her ma^tie in respect that his father the duke of Finland had so much honoured her, besydes the lyking she had of this gentleman's commeliness and qualities, brought to her by reporte, did resolue to receaue him publickly, in the chamber of Presence, where most of the erles and noblemen about the court attended, and made it a great day. He was brought in, attired in a longe robe of black veluett, well jeweld and buttond, and cam to kisse her ma^ties hands where she stood vnder the state, from whence he straight retired, tene yards of, and then beganne his oration aloude in Latin, with such a gallant countenance, as in my lyfe I neuer behelde. The effect of it was this, that 'the king hath sent him to put her ma^tie in minde of the auncient confederacies betweene the kings of Poland and England, that neuer a monarche in Europe did willinglie neglect their friendship, that he had euer friendlie receaued her marchants and subiects of all qualitie, that she had suffered his to be spoiled, without restitution; not for lacke of knowledge of the violences, but out of meere iniustice

not caring to minister remedie, notwithstanding many particular petitions and letters receaued; and to confirme her disposition to avowe these courses, (violating both the law of nature and nations,) because ther were quarels between her and the king of Spaine, she therfor tooke upon her, by mandat, to prohibite him and his countries, assuming therby to her self a superiortie (not tollerable) ouer other princes, nor he determined to endure, but rather wished her to knowe, that yf there were no more than the auncient amitie between Spaine and him, it were no reason, to looke that his subiects should be impedited, much lesse now, when a strickt obligation of bloud had so conioyned him with the illustratious house of Austria;' concluding, that if her ma^tie would not reforme it, he would.

"To this I sweare by the liuing God, that her ma^tie made one of the best aunswers, *ex tempore*, in Latin, that euer I heard, being much mooued to be so challenged in publick, especially so much against her expectation. The wordes of her beginning were these: 'Suerlie, I can hardlie beleeue, that yf the king himself were present, he would haue used such a language, for yf he should, I must haue thought, that his being a king not of many yeares, and that (*non de jure sanguinis, sed jure electionis, imo noviter electus*) may happilie leaue him vninformed of that course, wch his fauther and auncestors haue taken with us, and wch peraduenture shal be obserued by those that shall liue to come after him; and as for you, (saied she to the ambass^r,) although I perceaue you haue redde many bookes, to fortifie your arguments in this case, yet am I apt to beleeue, that you haue not lighted upon the chapter, that prescribeth the forme to be used between kings and princes; but were it not for the place you hold, to haue so publickly an imputation thrown upon our justice, wch as yet neuer failed, wee would aunswer this audacitie of yours in another style; and for the particulars of y^r negotiations, wee will appoint some of our counsell to conferre with you, to see upon what ground this clamor of yours hath his fundation, who haue showed y^rself rather an heralde, than an ambassador.' I assure your l^p, though I am not apt to wonder, I must confesse before the liuing Lord, that I neuer heard her (when I know her spirits were in passion) speake with better moderation in my lyfe.

"You will thinke it strange that I am thus idle, as to use an other bodies hand: I assure you, I haue hurt my thumme at this hower, and because the queene tould me, she was sorrye you heard not his Latin and hers, I promised her to make you partaker of as much as I could remember, being as I knew the worst you would expect from her, and yet the best could come from any other; yf therefore this my lettre finde you, and that you write backe, I pray you take notice that you were pleased to heare of of her wise and eloquent answer."—

Burghley Papers, 1597.
Mus. Brit. Bibl. Lansdown.
Vol. 85.

Art. XIV.—*Florida.*

In the year 1763 Florida was given by Spain to Great Britain in exchange for Cuba, and it was then divided into two provinces, distinguished by the names of East and West Florida. East Florida is bounded on the north by the river St. Mary, in 30° 35′ north latitude, which divides it from Georgia. Its eastern boundary is the Atlantic ocean to Cape Florida in latitude 25° 55′ north, when, terminating at that point, it bends to the northward. Its western boundary is the sea in the Gulf of Mexico to the latitude 29° 30′ north, whence the river Apalachicola forms the line which separates it from West Florida, till it meets the confines of Georgia. The province, in shape, resembles a wedge, the base line towards Georgia being 160 miles; and the perpendicular line from north to south being 350 miles. As the whole province is a peninsula, it presents an extended point to the sea, and from its position, as well as its formation, is calculated, when peopled, to enjoy a considerable share of navigation; but the want of secure bays and harbours, and the dangerous bars at the mouths of its rivers, forbid any very sanguine expectations of its speedy population being realized.

The best navigable river on the eastern side of the province is St. Mary, its northern boundary. It is navigable, however, but or a short distance. The depth of water in the bar is sufficient to admit vessels drawing 16 feet, and at spring tides vessels drawing 20 feet water may enter, and when within they are in

perfect safety. In the centre of this river, Amelia Island, which belongs to Florida, commands the ascent and anchorage. A small fortress and a miserable town called Fernandina, are all that this island contains. It was for a short time occupied by a piratical banditti, who assumed to be South American republicans, and was at last seized by the United States' troops.

The river San Juan is about half way between St. Mary's and St. Augustine. Its entrance is difficult, and will not admit of vessels drawing more than twelve feet water, and even with that draught, it is a very perilous navigation.

As most of the plantations, when the English possessed the province, were either on the banks of this river, or on Rio Pablo, which empties itself into it, it became the most valuable part of the province; and the town of St. Johns, built principally during the revolution by English emigrants from these states, was growing into some consideration, when its progress was checked by the peace of 1783, and the consequent removal of the British settlers to the Bahama islands. It is now a place of little importance, and the number of its inhabitants has been fast diminishing.

St. Augustine, the capital of East Florida, is built on an inlet behind the island of St. Anastasia, which forms an excellent harbour, but difficult of access. Vessels of more than ten feet draught of water cannot enter even at spring tides, and when of that draught they seldom escape without striking on the bar; the greater part of the cargo is therefore usually landed by lighters before an entrance is attempted. The entrance is defended by a fort on Anastasia Island, and by a strong fortress on the main land. This fort, St. Mark's, was originally built by the Spaniards, but considerably improved and strengthened by the British. It is built of stone, has four bastions, the curtains between each one 180 feet in length, and the rampart is 20 feet in height. The buildings are very strongly constructed; they are partly casemated, and mostly bomb-proof. The city is defended by a double row of lines which stretch across the neck of land that connects it with the country; and thus, if it were worth attacking, with a sufficient garrison, it is capable of an obstinate defence. The town contained, when the Spaniards held it, about 4000 inhabitants of va-

rious descriptions, including a garrison of 400 soldiers. When, in 1769, it was ceded to Great Britain, the inhabitants, with that attachment to the mother country, its religion, and its government, which Spaniards, and their descendants, have preserved in every part of the globe, left the province, and settled either in Cuba, Hispaniola, or Louisiana. Only two families remained under the British government, and one of them in the distant woods.

Soon after possession was taken by the British, various plans were projected for settling the province. Mr. Dennis Rolle, father of the Peer of that title, established a large plantation on the river St. John. The Beresford family of Ireland attempted another establishment on the same river. The reports of the healthiness and fertility of the country attracted various settlers under the auspices of these patrons, but the projects were ultimately unsuccessful, and were finally abandoned. The Grenville family adopted a more splendid project. Under their patronage, Dr. Turnbull collected numerous emigrants from the island of Minorca and conveyed them to East Florida. They were bound to serve for a stipulated term of years, by articles signed before they left their native island. A settlement was made at the mouth of the river Musquito in latitude 29° 45′, and called New Smyrna. The situation was supposed to be very favourable for the growth of vines, to the culture of which the emigrants from Minorca had been accustomed. Considerable sums had been expended in this establishment, when discontent arose among the settlers, and after much altercation, they all abandoned the rising plantation, and removed to the capital. It is needless to add, that the project thus terminated ruinously. In subsequent suits in the courts of law, Dr. Turnbull was unsuccessful, and the Minorquins declared to be freed from their engagements. By the failure of this great project the settlers became dispersed, and as they were mostly married, multiplied very rapidly, and thus the colony was growing in population.

When the revolutionary war took place, many royalists repaired from Carolina and Georgia to Florida, and further increased the numbers and the wealth of the province. In this condition, in 1783, it was ceded to Spain, in exchange for the Bahama

islands, which that country had recently conquered. As the colonial laws of Spain neither admit foreigners, except under certain conditions, nor allow any but catholics to live on their transatlantic dominions, the plantations were broken up; the British inhabitants and their slaves removed to other countries; and only the Minorquins and their descendants remained to people the country, thus again become subject to the Spanish court. They are said to have increased very considerably, and now to amount to upwards of 5000 souls; some few Spanish families have also removed to East Florida; but altogether, the population, including imported negroes, is not nearly equal to what existed when the British relinquished the settlement.

The city of St. Augustine consists of three long streets parallel to the shore, a square or parade, and several streets that cross the principal ones at right angles. There are two churches, but neither of them large or highly ornamented. The state-house built by the British, now called the Cabildo, is a handsome building of stone, and displays considerable taste. The government-house is large and convenient, but built without any regular plan, and has by no means a prepossessing appearance. The abundance of orange-trees which are growing in the town, and which are in constant bloom, and have green and ripe fruit on them through the whole year, give a pleasing appearance to this place. It is badly supplied with water, as all the springs are somewhat brackish. The harbour, says Mr. Darby, is very secure and commodious for such vessels as can enter, though there is only eight feet water on the bar in ordinary tides.

There is no other place in East Florida that deserves even the name of a town. Matanzas, about twenty miles south of St. Augustine, consists only of a few scattered plantations, and New Smyrna has, by the desertion of its Minorquin settlers, become almost without inhabitants. There are no settlements to the southward of New Smyrna, and only a few tribes of scattered Indians resort there for the chace. Occasionally, temporary habitations are constructed on the shore by people from the Bahama Islands, who repair thither to catch turtle, or to employ themselves as *wreckers*, by saving what they can from the numerous

vessels that are stranded in their passage from the West Indies, through the Gulf of Florida.

On the western side of East Florida, though several considerable rivers empty themselves into the Gulf of Mexico, no settlements have been formed, except at the mouth of the river St. Mark, and that, though protected by a fort, has gone to decay, and is now nearly deserted.

The climate of East Florida is perhaps the most pleasant and salubrious of any on the globe. It is within the reach of the tropical winds, which, in the midst of summer, temper the heat, and give a daily freshness to the air. In winter, frosts are scarcely known, and snow and ice, if they are occasionally experienced, disappear with the first rays of the sun. No country can be more free from fogs, and other noxious exhalations; and hence the troops quartered here, as well as the inhabitants, have experienced a portion of health and longevity scarcely known in any part of the western continent.

The soil of East Florida on the sea shore is generally sandy, and covered with tall pine trees, without any underwood beneath them. It is, however, intermingled with swamps,* filled with almost impenetrable woods of every description, and with extensive savannahs, well calculated for the cultivation of rice. The fine

* One of the most curious objects in the topography of either Georgia or Florida, is the Owa-qua-phenogaw, or Eokafanoke swamp. This drowned tract is nearly circular, about sixty miles diameter, or covering near 2800 square miles. The first idea that is awakened by a survey of this tract, is, that where it now spreads, once existed a lake. The rivers which flow from it, into either the Atlantic ocean or Gulf of Mexico, are sluggish, and have more the aspect of outlets from other rivers or lakes, than of rivers themselves correctly so designated. The position of the Eokefanoke swamp, favours our theory. Occupying the centre from which are discharged, in various directions, the Oke-tock-onne, St. Mark's, Suwaney, Nassau, and St. Mary's rivers; we are warranted in suggesting the probability, that the peninsula of Florida was once insulated, and that the depositions from the continent and gulf stream, have long closed the separating channel: the remains of which are yet determined and attested by the structure of the shores of the northeast side of Apalache bay, and by the aspect of the Eokefanoke swamp, and St. Mary's river.—Darby's *Memoir on Florida.*

barrens, as they are called, yield with little labour, vast quantities of turpentine, tar, and pitch. The turpentine exudes by the heat of the sun alone from the body of the trees, whose bark is pared away to admit of the action of the sun upon the woody fibres. It is collected by the slaves from small boxes cut in the tree, near the bottom, into which it runs; it is thence carried to a general reservoir, from which the casks are filled for exportation. In extracting tar, the pines are cleft into small pieces; a kiln is constructed with them on a grating of iron bars laid over a hole in the ground; by means of a gentle heat the tar is extracted, and runs into the pit. The pitch is made by a simple process: two or three red-hot cannon-balls are thrown into the pit in which the tar is deposited. A fire is by that means kindled in the mass of tar, which burns with a prodigious noise, and produces a very thick smoke. The burning is continued till the moisture in the tar is consumed or dissipated, when the fire is extinguished by laying hurdles over the pit, and covering them close with sods of turf. When the substance cools it becomes hard and shining, and requires axes to chop it out of the holes. After various experimental projects on the vine, the mulberry, and the indigo plants, the English settlers from the year 1776 to 1783, almost confined their agricultural labours to the production of these naval articles, the prices of which had been increased during the war that raged in those years. The exports consisted then principally of the naval stores, with the addition of some peltry collected by the Indians in the interior.

Soon after 1783, the Spanish settlers, increased by recruits from the United States, and stimulated by the example of the citizens of Georgia, began to cultivate cotton. The northern part of the province was found admirably calculated for its growth; and hence attention and capital was attracted towards the banks of the river St. Mary, and the boundary beyond that river, which divides it from Georgia. By the laws of Spain, her colonies can only export their productions to the mother country, and in ships of that nation; but the facilities of conveying the cotton-wool grown on the American side of the boundary, lessened this impediment to the cultivation of the valuable production best suited to the soil and climate. The navigation of the river was com-

mon to both nations, and the ships loaded with cotton from the American side of the river, had their cargoes principally furnished to them from the growth of the Spanish territories. This contraband trade, which no laws could prevent, gave a great encouragement to the settlements on the northern part of the province, and it has consequently become both the most populous and the most wealthy. Attempts have been made to cultivate wheat, but hitherto without success; probably owing to the experiments having been tried on the sandy soil near the shores; and not on the clay lands on higher elevations in the interior. Maize and rice are abundant, and form the principal food of the inhabitants.

The woods abound with troops of wild horses which traverse the whole peninsula. They are of small size, but strong. They are easily taken and rendered tractable by the Indians, who bring them to the European establishments, and exchange them for such weapons as they want. Their value is so trifling, that a good saddle may be exchanged for twenty. Abundance of wild hogs are running over the country, especially over the islands on the sea shore, and near the borders of the lakes. They are not indigenous, but evidently of European origin, and seem to have changed their nature very little by having ceased to be domesticated. Numberless deer inhabit the woods; they are killed by the natives principally for the sake of the skins; but when any of the Indian hunters take them near the settled parts, they sell the flesh for food to the inhabitants, who can frequently, for a knife not worth in Europe six-pence, or some other article of equally diminutive value, obtain the whole carcase of a deer.

Black bears are numerous; they are of a very small size, very timid, never attacking, but flying from man. The hunting them is a diversion to the inhabitants, and their flesh is considered a great dainty. There are but few cows, and still fewer sheep, and none of them in an unreclaimed state. Goats have not been introduced.

The sea coasts, the rivers, and the lakes, abound with every variety of fish, and they furnish food to the greater proportion of the people, especially on fast days, and in Lent, which the Minorquins, as well as the Spaniards, observe with great rigidity. The rivers and lakes swarm with alligators, who feed most vora-

ciously on the innumerable fry of smaller fish. The abundance of these smaller fish is a most singular fact. The sea shore abounds with sharks, who, like the alligators, find a supply of food by preying on the smaller tribes, who, when pursued by those voracious monsters, and ascending the creeks to parts where they suddenly contract, so fill the water as to impede the passage of a boat. In some instances, where the contraction of the stream is very sudden and very great, those smaller fish have been seen so closely crowded as to become a mass actually filling the channel, and even rising, so wedged together, above the surface of the water.*

Though the land near the shore is level, and the soil sandy, yet, on proceeding to the interior, the pines are no longer seen, the soil is richer, and mountains gradually rise. On the coast, the tuna or prickly pears form, with aloes, the sole fences; in advancing inland, the live oak, the hickory, chesnut, and walnut trees appear, and there are abundance of cabbage trees.

The bird tribes are very extensive and numerous in both the Floridas. Wild ducks and geese are found in prodigious flights; wild turkies are plentiful, of a very large size, some of them weighing more than forty pounds. There are, besides, bustards, herons, cranes, partridges, pigeons, hawks, and macaws, and many of the smaller kinds, thrushes, jays, larks, and sparrows.

There are some considerable lakes in the centre of the province, the most beautiful is that of St. George. It is near the source of the river St. Juan, is fifteen miles long, about ten in its mean breadth, and from fifteen to twenty in depth. In this lake are some islands; the largest of them is two miles broad, has a most fertile soil, and contains vestiges of an ancient Indian town of considerable extent. In the centre stands a lofty mound of earth, of a conical shape, from which a causeway is carried to the shore through groves of magnolias, oaks, palms, and orange trees. From the fragments dug up, the place is supposed to have been very populous. It was probably a station of the Apalachian Indians, whose remains show some approaches to civilization.

* It is well known that the herrings formerly ascended the Octorara creek in Cœcil county, Maryland, in such quantities, that they have been trampled to death by horses in fording the stream.

West Florida, in its productions, in its soil, and climate, so nearly resembles East Florida, that it will admit of a more brief description. It is bounded by East Florida to the eastward, by the Gulf of Mexico to the south, to the north its boundary is the 31st degree of north latitude from the Apalachicola to its western extremity, where the river Iberville separates it from Louisiana. The province is about 120 miles in length, from east to west, and from 40 to 80 in breadth; and, consequently, its longest side is towards the sea. Pensacola, the capital, is in 30° 20′ north latitude, and 87° 12′ west longitude from London. It is situated on the western side of Pensacola bay, which is a most excellent harbour, safe from all winds, has a good entrance, secure holding ground, in seven fathom water, and vessels drawing 20 feet water may enter it at all times. Indeed there is very little tide, the greatest rise not exceeding one foot. The entrance into the bay is defended by a fort on the island of Rosa, and by a battery on the opposite shore. The city is delightfully placed on the seacoast, extending a mile in length, and a quarter of a mile in breadth. It was fortified by the English, though not in a very perfect manner; but being well garrisoned, it withstood a long siege from a numerous army under the Spanish general Galvez, in the year 1781. Owing to the principal magazine, which was supposed to be bomb-proof, having been entered by a shell, an explosion took place, by which almost the whole powder of the garrison was destroyed, and it was compelled to capitulate. The trade, while it was in possession of the British, was considerable; its exports amounting to about 500,000 dollars annually, and its imports were nearly of the same value. Besides the productions common to both Floridas, this division furnished considerable quantities of dyeing woods, and several medicinal plants, especially snake root and ginseng. The quantity of peltry collected by the Indians, and brought to Pensacola, was much more considerable than that which found an outlet by St. Augustine, St. John's and St. Mary's rivers.

When Pensacola fell into the hands of the Spaniards, and possession of it, as well as of East Florida, was confirmed by the treaty of peace of 1783, the greater part of the inhabitants left the country, and settled either in the United States or the British

islands: and few Spanish settlers having fixed their residence in it, the town and province have been, ever since the change, in a desolate state. The expenses of maintaining the governments of the two Floridas by Spain has so much exceeded the revenues, that they have required remittances from Mexico annually, to the amount of near 300,000 dollars.

Mobile, with the district around it, was seized by the American government in the year 1810, under the plea that it belongs to Louisiana. It was, when held by the British, a place of considerable importance, and most rapidly increasing. It is well situated for commerce, as the Alabama river and district must have all their productions pass by it to reach the ocean. Though vessels of large size cannot reach the town, yet they can anchor securely within the river seven miles below it; and it has the advantage of being connected by boat navigation with the Tennessee, by the rivers Alabama and Tombecbee, which are navigable 300 miles above the town. These advantages were lost to the place, whilst under the Spanish government; it had rapidly decayed, and was rather a harbour for outlaws and contrabandists than a mercantile or agricultural colony. In 1810, when the events in Spain made it doubtful what government was to rule the peninsula, the inhabitants of Mobile showed a disposition to set up a government of their own. Folch, the Spanish commander, was unable to restrain the inhabitants, and he relinquished his power to the United States. Since that period Mobile has continued to increase, and as it is now a part of the Republic, it may, at no distant period, become a place of considerable importance.

The Indian tribes bordering on Florida are the two nations of the Upper and Lower Creeks, the Aconies and the Seminoles. When, in 1781, the Spaniards conquered West and menaced East Florida, all these tribes were resolutely engaged in the English cause. They have, like the rest of the Aborigines, considerably diminished in numbers, as the more civilized population has approached nearer their villages. It is said, however, that these tribes when united can muster near two thousand warriors; but in this enumeration are included many fugitive negro slaves from the southern states that have joined them.

Art. XV.—*The Fine Arts.*

A taste for book embellishments, was established in England by the tasteful enthusiasm of Bell, in his edition of the "Poets," and of Harrison, in his "Novelist's Magazine," in which Stothard and Mortimer, as designers, and Sharpe and Heath, as engravers, surprised and delighted by the precocity and power of their inventive and executive faculties. Since that bright morning of British art, a noonday effulgence of taste in the public, and of ability in the engraver, has been constantly appearing; and England now has her sculptural powers nourished to a manly and matured growth. Besides the two last named engravers, she is at present honoured by the labours of Messrs. Bromly, Cooke, Englehart, Fairman, Finden, Holloway, Landseer, Le Keux, Middiman, Milton, Moses, Neagle, Pye, Raimback, Rhodes, Sands, Scot, Scriven, Warren, Wedgewoood, &c.; whose engraved translations of the works of elegant book-designers, have enriched a succession of numerous and valuable publications, and sent in from their storehouse of taste a continued feast of intellect to our firesides and studies.

Enough has been done in the United States to show that our engravers only require adequate encouragement to enable them to vie with our neighbours. Some of the most animated and interesting scenes of honest John Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress, illustrated by Mr. Kearney, have recently been published by M. Carey and son; and to them we may safely refer in support of this opinion. The heads in this number of the Port Folio, engraved by Boyd and Kearney, display a power of embodying, which might be devoted to nobler purposes, if the opulent part of society were as liberal in rewarding success as they are querulous in deploring our inferiority. A few of these engravings thrown on the tables at a tea party, might infuse some gleams of intelligence into those assemblages of vacuity, ostentation and uproar.

One of the best works now in a course of publication, is *An Engraved* series of Picturesque Views in Paris and its environs, from original drawings by Mr. F. Nash; the literary part by Mr. J. Scott, &c. This work has a brief but very relishing mixture of narrative, sentiment, and picturesque description, the result of reading, reflection, sensibility to the objects, individuals, and

circumstances described, and of tasteful and personal inspection of the scenes. It is rendered in English and in French, the latter by M. De La Boissieze; and we can hardly conceive that any other local choice could be made, so well calculated to please the imagination, while it conveys information upon matters of Art, Science, Biographical, and Historical facts, which have transpired during the momentous period of the last thirty years, relative to persons and places that excited the deepest interest throughout the world, coming home in their results to our very bosoms, and affecting our personal and political condition and interests. The sudden elevation and as sudden decline of the French arms and empire; the alternations of fortune in the various characters who figured on the stage of publicity; the beauty of the Parisian gardens, and fountains; the elegance and grandeur of the public, and the striking appearance of the private edifices; the dreary solemnity of the catacombs; the expensive beauty of the extensive cemetry of Paris, and its other various attractions to the tasteful and moral contemplatist, unite in conferring on the French metropolis, and on the work that describes it, an unusual excitation to curiosity, that will not be disappointed on the inspection of it. Four parts have appeared out of the ten which are to complete the publication; each part containing six views, with descriptive letter press to every print.

ART. XVI.—*On the importance of the cultivation of Flax and Hemp in the United States.*

NECESSITY is said to be the mother of invention, and most certainly a wider range was never presented for the exercise of this faculty, than the present times afford. Commerce is shorn of her beams, and no longer performs her wonted functions; agriculture will not, under the most favourable circumstances, yield a living profit or fair rent, and in most places will not pay the expenses of cultivation; and manufactures, under the "*let alone system,*" are doomed to struggle against a foreign competition with no better prospect of success, than an infant has who contends with a Hercules in the full vigour of manhood. In short, the whole energies of productive labour are paralyzed in the northern, middle, and western states. Not so with our brethren of the south; their

situation presents a different aspect, and furnishes a singular contrast to the state of affairs in the north. While the products of labour in the northern states are limited and confined to their own domestic consumption, those of the south have the market of the whole world; and the value of the labour of a *freeman* is a mere cypher, when compared to the value of the labour of a *slave*. These circumstances are noticed, not for the purpose of keeping alive sectional jealousies, but solely with a view to attract public attention, to this most singular contrariety of results in a country professing an *identity of interests*, united under the same government and laws, and boasting of the enjoyment of a greater share of liberty and equality, than all the rest of the world. The people of the south duly appreciating those advantages are united in support of measures to preserve them, and, however we may deplore the effects of their union, we certainly should be pleased to discover the same feeling exercised by the people of the north in supporting their interests. While they all admit the deplorable prostration of industry, and acknowledge the ruinous tendency of the present state of things, unfortunately they differ so widely about the measures best adapted to remedy the evils, that no advance has yet been made in the work of regeneration.

The merchant confesses the present incapacity of commerce to subserve the interests of agriculture, but he is willing to rest his hopes of a propitious change on the contingency of some dire convulsion abroad, and would cheer the desponding farmer, with a flattering prospect that some season of scarcity or want will occur and give vent to the perishing fruits of his industry. The money lender has derived so much gain from the fluctuations of trade, and has contracted so ardent an attachment to his respondentia, that he too is determined to stick to the wreck while a single plank remains. Many have made themselves quite comfortable and snug with the *six*-per-cents, and are perfectly satisfied with the relative state of things. All these classes are opposed to an efficient protection of manufactures, which in their view, is only imposing a tax on the community for the benefit of a few. "*Let us alone*," "*things will find their proper level*," "*buy where you can cheapest*," are some of the terms made use of by them, to silence the claims of national industry to protection.

Outlawed in the countries which gave them birth, these magical terms claim to be naturalized in our soil; and are invested by their advocates with properties which of themselves are to effect a cure of our present embarrassments. Whatever *virtues* learned theory may ascribe to these famed aphorisms, most certainly those virtues are yet to have a practical demonstration in our country; and wishing the experiment every success, it cannot be considered criminal to express a fear of its ultimate failure, and to hazard an opinion that we may all be compelled to exclaim when it is too late,—" *Curse on their virtues, they've undone us.*"

It is evident, from the hostility to manufactures manifested in the States whose interest it is to encourage them, that no efficient measures will be adopted to protect them, and that without such protection they cannot provide employment for the superabundant unproductive labour of the country. The prosperity of a nation depends on its disposable produce, fetching such a price as to encourage re-production. The present prices of produce in the northern states are not adequate to promote re-production, and a new direction must be given to industry to make it profitable. Our rich brethren of the South are not disposed to lend us a helping hand: they are perfectly satisfied with the present state of things, and are determined, so far as their agency can effect it, that they shall continue. We must endeavour, then, to take a lesson from their experience, and to profit by their example. Cotton has ever been the most valuable product of the soil; its general consumption, and increasing demand give it advantages over every other agricultural product. Flax—wool is the article which bears the nearest resemblance to cotton; it is capable of being converted into more agreeable and durable fabrics, and in many respects is entitled to a preference. The expense and labour of producing it in the raw material by the old system of water steeping and dew retting, offered insurmountable difficulties to its general cultivation. The same obstacles stood in the way of the cotton culture on its first introduction. The process of separating the seed from the cotton, was equally tedious and laborious as the operation of the water and dew retting of flax. The invention of the cotton gin removed this difficulty in the culture of cotton, and the flax breakers on the new system of preparing flax

offer to it similar results. The practicability of preparing flax without having recourse to the former process of dew or water retting is fully demonstrated, and with the additional advantages of the quality of the fibre, being greatly improved and its quantity doubled. This important improvement in the preparation of flax has been the subject of parliamentary investigation; and the report of the select committee of the house of commons, furnishes the most satisfactory proofs in its favour. However offensive this interference of government in the promotion of national industry, may be to the advocates of the "*let alone system,*" it has ever been accompanied with the happiest effects on the prosperity of British industry; and when the same attention shall be given by our government to the encouragement of useful discoveries, calculated to increase the resources of the country, the most important improvements may be effected in a few years, which, under the torper of the "*let alone system,*" ages might pass away without accomplishing.

"*Extract from a report of the select committee of the House of Commons on petition's relating to machinery for manufacturing of flax, dated May 23,* 1817.

Your committee in obedience to the directions of the house, proceeded to take into consideration the petition of Messrs. Hill and Bundy, on their improved method of preparing flax and hemp in a dry state, without undergoing the former process of water steeping or dew retting.

Your committee received satisfactory proof, that the preparing flax or hemp, in a dry state, for spinning, answered most completely, and was likely to prove a great and valuable improvement both to the grower and manufacturer; the cost of preparing being less, avoiding the risk of steeping, which is considerable, a great saving also in time and material.

It was proved also to your committee, that the strength and quality of cloth, manufactured from flax thus prepared, are much superior to that produced from flax which has been water-steeped or dew-retted.

Your committee are fully impressed with the great national advantages likely to result from this discovery; by which it would appear that a saving, in the proportion of ninety to thirty-three,

would be obtained on the annual growth of flax and hemp in the empire, computed at 120,000 acres; affording an increase of employment to many thousands, and an augmentation of the national wealth to the amount of many millions, as will more fully appear by reference to the evidence, in corroboration of the allegations set forth by said petitioners.

It appeared also in evidence before your committee, that the flax prepared by Messrs. Hill and Bundy's machines was superior to any dew-retted flax; and that large orders had already been given for flax thus prepared, by the house of Messrs. Berryon and Co. at Leeds, one of the most considerable manufactures of flax in the kingdom.

Your committee must also call the attention of the house, to the essential benefit that will be derived to the cultivators of flax, from the quantity of valuable food for cattle obtained from the new method of preparing flax.

It has been given in evidence, that the boon, or outer coat of flax, contains one sixth of the gluten of oats."

From the evidence exhibited to the committee accompanying their report, it appears that the improved system of preparing flax would be productive of incalculable advantage to the industry of Great Britain. From the same evidence, it would appear, that the average quantity of stem produced on an acre of land, was from two and a half to three tons. That the proportion of fibre expected to be obtained from dew-retted flax, was about one in ten or eleven, that dew-retting affects the fibre; and a considerable loss of flax is attendant upon removing it from the field to the pit where it is steeped, and again in spreading it and taking it back. That the quantity of fibre produced by Hill and Bundy's machines, was one-fourth of the weight of the stem; and that this fourth was in a fine state ready for the hackles. That flax was not at all an *impoverishing crop*, and the great prejudice against it among the farmers arose from its not making any return to the soil, inasmuch as it is pulled up by the root, instead of being cut; and by the old process, all that was nutritious in it was wasted or washed away by the process of water-steeping. That from the analysis of Mr. Brand of the Royal Institution, it appears that the boon or outer coat contains one-eighth of actual

nutritious matter, and is capable therefore of making a greater return to the soil than any other plant. According to the statements of one of the witnesses, the unexhausted chaff and seed saved by the dry method of preparing flax, is fully equivalent in food for cattle, to a crop of oats, and consequently the whole of the flax fibre produced from the stem, may be considered as costing nothing. These are not the suggestions of theorists, they are facts attested before a committee of the House of Commons, and which justified their inference, that this important discovery would be productive of "great national advantages, would afford an increase of employment to many thousands, and an augmentation of national wealth to the amount of many millions."

The following estimate exhibits in a clearer point of view, the immense benefits to be afforded to industry from the growth of flax by the improvement of Hill and Bundy's machines in preparing it. On a supposition that there are 120,000 acres of flax and hemp annually grown in Great Britain and Ireland, and that on an average, 3 tons of stem are produced from each acre, this will be 360,000 tons of stem.

By the operation of Hill and Bundy's machines, one quarter of the above quantity is obtained of fibre or 90,000 tons of fibre.

But by the old process of dew retting, only one-eleventh part of the above 360,000 tons is produced of fibre or 32,727 tons of fibre.

Giving an excess of fibre saved by the new process, from the same number of acres, amounting to 57,273 tons of fibre.

This number of tons when produced in pounds, gives an excess of fibre by the new process, amounting to 128,291,520 lbs.

If this estimate be extended to a comparison of the relative products of flax and cotton, it will exhibit a difference of results in favour of flax, which cannot fail to establish the practicability of bringing it into successful composition with cotton.

Quantity of fibre on 120,000 acres of flax produced by Hill and Bundy's machines, 90,000 tons, which produced in pounds amounts

to 201,000,000 lbs. of flax.

Quantity of cotton on 120,000 acres allowing the greatest average of 300 lbs. to the acre is 36,000,000 lbs. cotton.

Difference in favour of flax on the same quantity of land is 165,000,000 lbs. flax.

Now, granting that the estimate made in England of the product of flax by the new process of preparing it, is overrated fourfold, there would still remain an enormous difference in favour of the flax. This most important discovery of the new process of preparing flax, obviates all the difficulties which hitherto rendered its general cultivation profitable, and certainly could not have been made at a more propitious period to give it a fair experiment in this country. The great magnitude of the object may excite doubts of its accomplishment, but if reference is made to the introduction of the cotton culture in the United States, it will be found that the same doubts were entertained of its success.

In 1789, a member from South Carolina stated in the house of representatives of the United States, *that the southern states intended to cultivate cotton*, and added, "*if good seed could be procured he hoped they might succeed!*" In 1790, the growth of American cotton wool was problematical. In 1791, the first parcel of cotton of American growth was exported from the United States, and amounted only to 19,200 lbs.* In the mean time, the cotton gin was invented to facilitate the labour of separating the seed from the cotton, and in 1817, the export of cotton amounted to 85,649,328 lbs. By the new process of preparing flax, the product is fourfold greater than cotton from the same quantity of land, and the water-steeping and dew retting, which may be compared to the operation of separating of the seed from the cotton, are no longer required. It only remains to be proved that flax can be manufactured as cheap as cotton wool to establish its claims to preference. Without the invention of Arkwright's machinery for spinning cotton, the consumption of cotton wool could

* Seybert's Statistics.

never have been so universal; and it is to this invention that the growth of cotton is principally indebted for its present value and importance. Machinery is now in operation for spinning flax wool with the same effect, and equal facility as the cotton machinery, in the neighbourhood of Frankford, and in Patterson, New Jersey. Nothing therefore is wanting, but public encouragement and individual exertions to make the cultivation and manufacture of flax wool, sources of equal profit with the cotton. It is at all times of importance to a country, increasing in population to be active in increasing the sources of its productive labour; but at the present moment, it is a measure of vital importance to the prosperity of the northern states, to avail themselves of the benefits of an important discovery, which promises to be a greater source of profitable industry, than they have ever yet enjoyed. To cherish and increase the domestic sources of industry, are objects of far more concern to the future permanent welfare and happiness of the northern states, than any extension of commerce or any acquisition of distant territory can ever be. The consequences of a continuance of the present state of things in the north to our political interests and prosperity, cannot but prove highly detrimental. The temptations which the great profit of the cotton culture offers, cannot be resisted by a people suffering under the most distressing privations, occasioned by the present depression of the value of all the products of their labour. If the growth of flax is capable of the same extension as cotton with the certain prospect of equal profit, the inducement to emigration will no longer exist; and the increase of our population instead of serving to enlarge the political interests of the south, will form an equipoise to their increase. The discussion of the Missouri question has unfortunately sown the seeds of separate interests, and the final decision of that question, the compromise notwithstanding, it is to be feared,

> "Makes enemies of nations who had else,
> Like kindred drops, been mingled into one."

The extension of slavery in the numerous states hereafter to be admitted into the union, is a *sine qua non* with the people of the south; and is deemed by them essential to their political welfare.

Within the last two years, Alabama has been made a state, Missouri has secured her adoption, and the Arkansas are filling up, and will soon claim the same privilege. The Floridas have lately been acquired, and will in a short time be carved into states, and not satisfied with all this, the avarice of the cotton culture craves the Texas, as possessing *the finest cotton lands in the world.*

The beneficial effects of the introduction into the northern states of a rival commodity to the great staple of the south, may readily be conceived. By furnishing the means of profitable employment at home, and increasing the sources of domestic industry, it would check the spirit of emigration, and weaken, if not destroy, the great impetus to the settlement of the immense territory to the south, given by the tempting profits of the cotton culture; and would finally lead to a development of the physical capacities of the northern states for entire independence, *a consumption devoutly to be wished.* The means by which the cultivation and manufacture of flax wool may be made to add to the resources and wealth of the northern states, to the utmost extent of their capacity, deserve the most serious attention of the public. Individual efforts, require public munificence and encouragements to aid and accelerate them: The Philadelphia Society for promoting agriculture, have invited the public attention to the important advantages of the new system of preparing flax without having recourse to the former process of water steeping and dew-retting, and have contributed their mite of encouragement.

Public inquiry has been partially excited, but not to the extent to which the magnitude of the object to be gained, demands. Much has been said in favour of the distinguished liberality of the citizens of Philadelphia in patronizing a cattle show for the supposed improvement of the breed of cattle. If such would be the tendency of the late *splendid exhibition,* it certainly was an unfortunate selection of bad means to promote a good end. This costly and extravagant spectacle to celebrate the ponderous virtues of an ox, may have been highly gratifying to the feelings of the butchers of the city; it never can be considered creditable to the discernment and taste of the boasted Athens of America. The *stuffing* of an animal, without regard to any good qualities of breed, and without relation to profitable return, when made the pastime of a

wealthy individual, *may be** perfectly harmless and inoffensive; but when such experiments demand public munificence to encourage them, as subservient to the improvement of agriculture, their ruinous tendency cannot be too severely reproved. The present times are fruitful in expedients to make a rich man poor; public encouragements should be directed to promote experiments calculated to make a poor man rich. If the foregoing observations, on the great advantages likely to result to the northern states from the important discovery of preparing flax without water-steeping and dew-retting, are not founded on gross error and miscalculation, the means of introducing these improvements, which in the language of the report of the committee of the house of commons are capable of affording an increase of employment to many thousands, and an augmentation of the national wealth to the amount of many millions, are deserving of the most serious consideration and liberal encouragement. D.

Art. XVII.—*Iron Coffins.*

In the month of March, 1819, application was made at one of the burial grounds in London, by Bridgman, the patentee, to bury the corpse of Mary, the wife of John Gilbert, in an iron coffin; and on the sexton refusing to receive it, a forcible entry was effected by the undertakers and others. After much altercation, interment being still refused, they carried off the corpse, and deposited it in the church-yard. The church wardens would not permit it to remain in that place, but ordered it to be taken to the bone-house; and the interment being still withheld, proceedings were commenced in the consistory court, by *Gilbert* against *Buzzard* and *Boyer*, church wardens. Dr. Arnold appeared for the promoter,

* We have taken the liberty of substituting this phrase for the admission which is made by our intelligent correspondent; because we think that in a christian community it will not be considered a harmless amusement to augment the magnitude of an animal, until its very existence becomes painful, without producing a single positive good. We mean no disrespect to the individuals who amuse themselves in this way, but we shall not hesitate in declaring that we regard it as a wanton expenditure of those means which were provided for the support of man.—Editor.

and the parish was defended by Drs. Swabey, Lushington, and Doven. As the substance of their arguments is comprised in the decision of Sir William Scott, it is unnecessary to repeat them in this report of the case, which is not intended for professional readers.

The judge began by stating, that the suit was brought by John Gilbert, against the church-wardens of the parish of St. Andrew, Holborn, for obstructing the interment of the body of his wife. The criminatory articles stated, that Mrs. Gilbert was a parishioner; that she died in March, 1819; that her body was deposited in an iron coffin; that due notice was given of her intended interment, and the fees paid; but that notwithstanding, the church-wardens refused to permit the interment of the body. In reply to these articles, a defensive allegation had been given in, in which it was stated, that the facts set forth in the allegations were, in great part, erroneous; for that, on application being made by Gilbert, for the interment of the body, no mention was made of its being intended in an iron coffin, although notice was given him that such would not be received; but that the usual fees being paid by him, it was then stated, that the corpse would be brought in an iron coffin —that a select vestry was convened, when a resolution was passed, refusing the admission of iron coffins, and a copy of such resolution was duly served upon Bridgman, the patentee;—that notwithstanding a forcible entry was afterwards effected, and upon the refusal being persisted in, the body was ultimately deposited in the bone-house; that the parish was very numerous, containing upwards of 30,000 inhabitants; and that the burials exceeded 800 every year; that in addition to the church-yard, there were three burial grounds, that these would soon be rendered useless by the introduction of iron coffins; and that the church-wardens, in the measures they had adopted, had been directed by the select vestry, and the parish at large.

Such were the circumstances brought to the notice of the court; time had now been allowed for the angry feelings of both parties to subside; and they had agreed to take the opinion of the court, on the dry question of *right*. In this act of amnesty, the court was glad to concur, and would therefore abstain from any observations upon the foreign matters into which the case had been

suffered to wander. Before entering on the immediate question, it might not be foreign, briefly to state, that the two most ancient modes of disposing of the body after death, as recorded in history, were by burial and burning; of which methods, that of burials was the more ancient, and frequent mention of it was made in sacred history. The divine founder of our religion had also sanctioned the indulgence of that natural feeling, against the sudden destruction of the body after death, which was now so universal. Sir Thomas Browne remarks, that the wisest nations have rested in *inhumation* and *burning*, and that christianity gave a final extinction to the practice of *burning*. With respect to the mode of interment, very ancient mention was made of *sepulchral chests*, and it was recorded of the patriarch Joseph, that he was deposited in a coffin, and his body embalmed; but these marks of distinction we have every reason to presume, were only paid to the most illustrious characters; and indeed it is intimated in Scripture, that such were in use among the Jews. But the two polished nations do not appear to have made use of any coffins for their dead, which may be inferred from neither of them having any term in their languages, synonymous with our word coffin; but rather to the feretrum, or bier, on which the body was conveyed to the place of interment. The practice of interment seemed greatly to have varied, also with respect to situation: in ancient times, private graves and inclosures were the favourite depositories; but in modern times church-yards came into very general use. In our own country, the burying in churches was much anterior to the burying in church-yards; but this was a privilege reserved for men of eminence, as those of ordinary characters were buried in inclosed places, at a considerable distance from the church; and it was only in more recent times that church-yards became attached to their respective churches. In what state we were to be conveyed to our last home, no positive rule appears to have been laid down: the authority must therefore be found in our manners and accustomed usage, rather than in our laws. The right to sepulture was undisputed; but the admission of chests containing the bodies, did not plead the same universal use. In the eastern parts of Europe, open biers were used to convey the bodies, which were thence transferred to the grave; such also was the practice

in South America: whereas in the western parts of Europe, chests were found to be pretty general. In our own country the use of coffins was extremely ancient; they had been made at various times of various forms and materials, wood, stone, metals, marble, and even glass; as would appear on a reference to Mr. Gough's learned work on Sepulchral Monuments. Dr. Johnson also says, "coffins are made of wood, and other materials." In modern practice, wood or lead were made use of at the choice of the relatives, and sometimes both; the poorer classes were usually interred in shells, which were an inferior kind of wooden coffin, but he was not aware, that by law any coffin at all was required. The statute of 30th of Charles II. required that coffins should be lined with wool, but did not enforce the use of the coffins themselves. In the funeral service, no mention was made of the wood coffin: it would be found that the word *corpse* was invariably used; for instance, dust is to be strewed, not on the *coffin*, but on the *corpse*. It is also singular to remark, that in some old tables of fees, a distinction was made in their charges, *coffined* funerals and *uncoffined* funerals; from whence we should draw the conclusion, that such funerals were by no means unfrequent. The law is undoubted, that every parishioner has a right to be buried in the church-yard; but his being buried in a chest or trunk forms no part of this abstract right: it is not to be denied that our feelings naturally prompt us to something like the protection of the body, and few have hardness of mind enough to contemplate without pain, the utter extinction of the remains of those near and dear to them; this feeling has given birth to those various methods of embalming, &c. that have been invented for preserving the remains of the deceased, even beyond the natural extent of affection. In later times, the feelings of most people had been wounded by the frequent spoliation of the dead, for the purposes of anatomical dissection; these iron coffins had been invented for the purpose of preventing such depredations by some mechanical contrivance; to this no possible objection could be made; but it was the metal of which they were composed that occasioned their being refused; and he must say, that not knowing of any rule that prescribed the materials of which coffins were to be made, and knowing that lead was admitted, he found considerable difficulty

in declaring that the use of iron was unlawful; from their being composed of thin laminæ also, they must necessarily occupy less space, and the objection that had been made of their being hereafter increased in size, applied no more to them than to those made of wood. But it was contended, that they should be admitted on the same terms as those of wood; this must either be on the ground of there being no difference in their duration, or that if there be, it should make no difference in the terms of admission. Upon the first point, it was not without a violent revolt to all the ideas he had formed upon the subject, that he heard it affirmed, that coffins formed of iron would not keep longer possession of the soil than those of wood; to him it appeared, without pretending to any experimental knowledge on such subjects, that it must be otherwise. Rust was the process by which iron travelled to decomposition. Excluded from the air, it remained unimpaired; if it did from internal moisture, or any small admission of external air, contract rust, that rust, until it scales off, protects the interior from further decay; whereas, wood corrupts internally, and thus hastens its own destruction. It was the fault of the complaining party, by leaving him without information on these points, if he had formed erroneous notions on the subject. The pretension of these coffins must therefore resort to the second point, that the difference of duration made no difference in the right; that such right was unalienable, and that the introduction of another corpse was an intrusion. But surely there cannot be a right of perpetuity in a perishable body; and the *eterna domus*, that had been mentioned, was a mere flourish of rhetoric. It was objected, that no precise time could be fixed for a complete dissolution of the body; certainly such was the case, as it depended on the nature of the soil, the climate, and the seasons; founded on these facts, the legal doctrine was, that the cemetry was not the exclusive property of one set of persons, but was the property of ages yet unborn. It was only with the ordinary to give an alienation of this common right; even a brick grave was an aggression, which the ordinary only could legally authorise at his discretion. All contrivance, therefore, to prolong the duration of the body, was an act of injustice, unless compensation was made for such encroachment. In country places, this was of lit-

tle or no consideration; but in populous cities, unless the right was limited, the most serious evils would result: as it was, the usual period of decay did not arrive fast enough to evacuate the ground for the use of succeeding families. In most parishes, new grounds had been found necessary, which had been purchased at enormous expense. In this parish, with the present mode of burial, it had become necessary to purchase three additional grounds, and the evil would become intolerable, if once the iron coffins were generally admitted, a comparatively small portion of the dead would shoulder out the living, and a circumvallation of church-yards round the city would be the inevitable results. If the use of iron coffins were thus to occasion additional church-yards, the persons wishing them, should bring proportionate compensation, and should pay for a longer lease of the ground they were to occupy. Coffins of lead were subjected to this, and he knew not what was to exempt iron. The individuals, and not the parishes, must pay for the consequences. Parishes were left to their own discretion in their quantum of fees, but they were subject to the approval and confirmation of the ordinary, who would then subject these coffins to such fees as in his discretion should seem meet; it had been said that such a measure would act as a prohibition to their use; but that was better than that parishes should be robbed of their cemetry. Patent rights must be held by the same rights as all other rights, *ita utere jure tuo alieno ne lædas;* they must not infringe on more ancient rights.

The learned judge then concluded by recommending that the body in question should be interred without any extra fees, at the same time without prejudice to the rights of the parish.

ART. XVIII.—*Review of New Music.*

How happy once; a Ballad.—Words and Music by Thomas Moore, Esq. London. Power.

For Thee; an Ariette, with an Accompaniment for the Piano Forte; by J. F. Burrowes. London. Chapelle & Co.

Love in Winter; a Ballad, with an Accompaniment for the Piano Forte; by J. F. Burrowes. London. Chapelle & Co.

Dearest Ellen, awake; a Serenade, composed by John Emdin, Esq. London. Power.

Tell me, ye little melancholy Tears; a favourite Canzonet, with an Accompaniment for the Harp or Piano Forte, composed by G. Lanza. London. Chapelle & Co.

Sweet are the stolen Hours of Love; a favourite Ballad, composed by M. P. King. London. Clementi and Co.

Edward; a Ballad, composed by S. Webbe, jun. London. Goulding and Co.

To avoid, as far as we can, the irksomeness of repetition, we have here classed together a whole batch of ballads; they are all in the modern fashion, though it is not very easy to describe exactly what this modern fashion is. To constitute the modern ballad, it seems, however, essential—first, that the subject should be *love*, or some passion proceeding from love: hope, hope gratified, delight, rapture, ecstasy, doubt, apprehension, jealousy, despair, are all fitting themes; but whatever shape the ballad assumes, there is a chivalrous devotion to the fair object, and to the doom her bright eyes pronounce, which is almost worthy of the heroic ages. From this general classification, however, there is one species which differs essentially, namely, *the licentious.* These substitute the pleasures of sense for sentiment, and inculcate what in the theory of love has been rarely before admitted, that variety and change are not only very endurable, but exceedingly common, exceedingly venial, and upon the whole more stimulant and agreeable than that eternal fidelity so often sworn, and so seldom kept. This species aims to bring us back by a continual exposition of the effects of an overwrought system of enjoyment, proceeding upon the abstract notion of individual gratification, a system wholly selfish, to the employment of the intellectual powers as an incentive to the natural appetites, thus taking no account of their moral uses, and in that particular, degrading humanity below even the earliest and rudest state of natural society. The second constituent of the modern ballad is melody, which must be either expressive or elegant; it must also either allow to the singer scope for passionate eloquence, both musical, rhetorical, and in some sort dramatic, or afford room for the freest use and interpolation of ornaments. Thirdly, except when sentiment wholly precludes the application of such an expedient, the

melody must be heightened and set off with such an accompaniment as may satisfy the fancy and disarm the judgment. This we should call *the machinery* of the ballad. Fourthly, the air must not exceed a compass of nine or ten notes, and present no difficulties in execution, that are not to be overcome by moderate powers. If allowance can be given and provision made for light and shade through indefinite breaches of the time, protracting single notes, slackening or accelerating entire musical phrases, and for strong contrast, the composition will be rendered the more universally acceptable and effective. These appear to us to be the ingredients, and in proportion to the success with which they are either collectively or individually employed, the ballad takes rank in the public estimation.

The first on our list, from the pen of Mr. Moore, has much of his sweetness, with none of the sometimes offensive pruriency of his muse. His mood is constant but despairing, and though nothing can be more hacknied than the general and the particular ideas which he has put together, their want of novelty will be thought to be redeemed by the tenderness which he, none so well as he, knows how to infuse. The air commences with the exact notes of an Hungarian air, used as a fashionable waltz, and set to words also, which we are persuaded has given the spark that inflamed the whole train of thought. It is very curious to observe how the mind, captivated by the unperceived influence of a particular strain, continues to parody the leading ideas. Mr. Moore's ballad is open to this remark, although the structure of his melody is very different from that of its probable parent. The song will not want admirers, if it should fail to reach the extensive popularity at which some of his compositions have arrived.

Mr. Burrows's two ballads are of a different species. "*For Thee*," the first and the best, is very showy and very effective; it is of the kind in which the melody itself and the accompaniment is still more brilliant, though by no means difficult of execution. The whole is very light and spirited. "*Love in Winter*" is of a simpler cast, but not without the employment of *machinery*. The opening symphony is intended, we apprehend, to be musically descriptive, and to convey something like the shuddering which Purcell has so finely and so appropriately given to his "*Frost*

Scene," *in King Arthur.* The ballad itself is more simple than the other, though not absolutely *the simple* of this order. It is rather a composite.

"*Dearest Ellen, awake,*" by Mr. Emdin, an amateur well known by some former beautiful compositions, is also of the animated, airy, and ornamented kind. We regard this as a very pleasing and even a very interesting song. There is opportunity of various sorts for the singer to display himself, and indeed, we think it hardly possible in any hands to be otherwise than agreeable.

"*Tell me ye little melancholy tears,*" is more Italian and more graceful than either of those we have spoken of; the music is in the style of Haydn's canzonets, and is really good; but the words are somewhat mawkish, and remind us of Pope's celebrated "*Fluttering spread thy purple pinions.*"

Mr. King's "*Sweet are the stolen hours of Love,*" is more simple in its structure than any of the rest, except the first, so simple indeed that it does not once modulate. It is, however, a very pretty little song. Mr. Webbe's *Edward* is of the same cast, and rises to about the same degree.

We cannot quit these compositions without remarking how the professor and the amateur travel on, passibus æquis, side by side. It is a moot point whether the latter has not been the most successful.

Anacreontic Air, with an Introduction and Variations for the Piano Forte; by J. F. Burrowes. London. Chappell and Co.

To discover any path that deviates from the vulgar track, particularly in the broad and beaten way of writing variations upon a given theme, is no small proof of invention and of a fertile fancy. Mr. Burrowes has given us this proof in the piece before us. We do not mean positively to assert that every possible combination of notes, in the manner of variation, is exhausted, for the world will bear an immense quantity of repetition before the want of novelty is discovered. Perhaps there is hardly another person in the three kingdoms so unfortunately situated in this respect as ourselves, for our eyes light upon all, while the field

of the public vision is of necessity limited and partial. For this reason our judgments are frequently liable to be too strong for the general understanding. It will, however, scarcely be credible to the many, how near exhaustion this particular branch of art seems to us to approximate. While, therefore, we claim allowance for ourselves on the ground of a more universal acquaintance with modern composition than is attainable by most amateurs or even professors, we are quite ready to grant that we may probably appear to others to perceive too strongly what is to them, from their comparatively limited range, absolutely imperceptible. For the same reason when we do meet with novelty, the impression it makes upon us is proportionally deeper. This explanation we feel that we may have deferred too long, for in the estimate of opinion, critics are but too apt to omit the consideration of the circumstances peculiar and proper to themselves, and if those circumstances were fairly taken into account, agreement would be far more common than it usually seems. Critical discrepancies arise more frequently from the qualities of those who judge than from those who are judged.

We therefore consider that we bestow no mean portion of praise upon Mr. Burrowes, when we say that both in the choice of his theme and in his treatment of it he has found, if not an absolutely new path, one which is by no means frequented. By *Anacreontic* we understand song and jest, wine and roses, and the fair,

> " Midnight shout and revelry,
> Tipsy dance and jolity;
> * * * * * * * * *
> Quips and cranks and wanton wiles,
> Nods and becks and wreathed smiles."

It rejects scarcely any idea that is connected with sport and festivity. From these allowances we can admit into a composition founded upon an air of such a species, passages of strong and joyous expression, passages that by their frequent use have come to be characteristic of particular instruments, and therefore bear the name of such instruments, as " horn passages," &c. and with the name awaken the sentiments associated with their particular

tone and attributes. Of these combinations Mr. Burrowes has availed himself, and of the latter most especially in the introduction. The variations are not common-place, though it is hard to say in what their peculiarity consists—principally we believe in marked accentuation. In the third there is a series of powerful replications between the treble and the bass, of an Anacreontic cast, which confers great strength. Even in the quadruplets and arpeggios, which make up the chiefest part of the rest, there is an energy and a freedom that asks a novel style of execution, and give a character essentially different to the common run of variations.

While we are upon the subject of this composer's productions, we may mention that he has published two more of his Caledonian Airs—"*Auld Robin Gray*," and "*Auld Lang Syne*." The pathos of the one is well preserved, and the other is heightened by the brilliancy of the variations. The series improves as it proceeds.

Art. XIX.—*Wornum's Patent Piano Forte.*

Mr. Wornum, of London, has lately obtained a patent for improvements in the method of stringing the piano forte. It is to this gentleman's ingenuity, we believe, that the world is indebted for many adaptations of the cabinet instruments now in such vogue. We have made inquiry into the nature of Mr. Wornum's new discovery, and the following may be relied upon as rendering a fair account of his improvement.

The object and nature of the invention are to reduce all the strings to one size and tension. Its origin, progress, and effects, may be thus explained.—All piano fortes are subject to a falling of the middle and upper octaves; and so much are most manufacturers accustomed to this circumstance, that it is now scarcely considered in any other light than that of a failing in the tuning. But it seems that Mr. Wornum did not so regard it, but in the light of a distinct evil, and as one of a most disagreeable character, especially where two performers are engaged at one instrument. In the year 1819, he was led to make particular inquiry into the subject; and his first effort in the cause was to examine minutely the construction and parts of a cabinet piano forte. The materials were evidently well selected, the workmanship was good, the construction of the case perfectly mechanical, and the action neat, simple, and efficient. To these parts, therefore, it did not appear that any portion of the defect could possibly attach. He then directed his attention to the stringing, where he

scarcely expected to make any progress in his pursuit, the scale having been laid down on the most approved principle, and the strings being all of Berlin steel. However, for inquiry's sake he proceeded, laid aside the approved character of the scale, and argued that, as the effect was imperfect, it was probable that the cause was incorrect. Thus presuming, he tried the octaves, and found them, as usual, all flat—less so in the bass than the treble; the unisons, generally speaking, were in tune. His next proceeding was to examine the octaves and unisons in their relative construction and circumstances. The construction of the octaves he found to be of unequal tension, and, at certain distances, of unequal size; but the construction of the unisons were of equal tension invariably and the same in size. And here at once was discovered the seat and cause of the defect under inquiry; for it was evident that the superior accordancy of the unisons arose from their being of equal size and tension, and that the defective state of the octaves arose from their want of similar uniformity. Mr. Wornum now transferred his inquiry to the monochord, where, by taking the length of the longest plain string, and subdividing that length, according to a given temperament, into all the ascending degrees of the scale, he graduated an entirely new scale for the piano forte; in which all the plain strings were reduced to one size and tension, and such as required covering, were severally weighted with covering wire until they arrived at the same force. The instruments constructed from this scale answered most satisfactorily, and were an ample reward for the labours of the experiment. Their tones were firm, sonorous, and brilliant, and their standing warranted the highest opinion of the principle. On comparing the best common method of laying down scales for the strings of the piano fortes with the one above described, a very great difference will be observable. By the equal tension, the octaves are all doubled, and the other intervals are severally taken as given by the length and tension of the octaves. In the common method the octaves are not doubled, but are successively reduced, and larger sized wire employed, at certain distances, to correct the bad effects of that reduction; and the other intervals receive the lengths that may fall to them by the accidental circumstance of an easy sweep from one octave to another in the formation of the patterns. Now, in the new method, we have perfect equality; in the old, systematic inequality. The former is the dictate of nature, consequently of pure science; but for the latter we are indebted entirely to mechanical convenience, which, in the present enlightened state of society, is rather a compromise, than an attainment of the object.*

* The Pianos of this ingenious person are in the highest repute in Philadelphia, to which place they are regularly imported by Mr. George Schetky, 71 Locust street.

Art. XX.—*Washington Irving, Esq.*

It is not without lively emotions of satisfaction that we transcribe, from one of the most popular foreign journals, the following tribute to the genius and character of our friend Washington Irving. The sentiments which it breathes are worthy of the subject, and honourable to the author. The friendly critic may be assured that all the best men of this country are anxious to preserve that cordial feeling which he commends, and that none but those of vicious principles are engaged in the execrable office of exciting and cherishing that hostility which is so well denominated, "a treason of the heart."

To estimate the value of such a man as Irving, in our literary ranks, we need only remember what was the character of the Analectic Magazine, when his compositions attracted the reader to its pages; or compare the Salmagundi, which was served up when he presided over the mess, with the miserable dish which has been recently brought to table under the same name. The first was seasoned with learning and gentleness; while good humour, playfulness and wit sparkled around it; but its successor is not enlivened with the slightest sprinkling of any of these ingredients. It is bitter,* and tough; rarely palatable, and often nauseous. It is dry as a remainder biscuit, and stale as the lees of an old porter bottle. Instead of being piquant, it is malignant; and there is a certain odour about it which always induces us to believe that the author thought he was catering for ballad-mongers and milliners' girls; full grown dandies and office clerks. It has been lauded most sturdily by some critics. Bless the mark! "Many people," says a certain writer, "would with reason, prefer the griping of hunger to those dishes which are a feast to others."

But to proceed to our promised extract:—

We are delighted to observe, that "the Sketch Book of Geoffrey Crayon, Gent." has at last fallen into the hands of Mr. Murray, and has been republished in one of the most beautiful octavos that ever issued from the fertile press of Albemarle street. The

* "*Bitter* is an equivocal word; there is *bitter* wormwood, there are *bitter* words, there are *bitter* enemies, and a *bitter* cold morning." Locke.

That the wit of the new Salmagundi is *bitter* poor, the following examples will sufficiently avouch. Mr. Paulding introduces one Ichabod Fungus as declaring "*point blank*, that the author of the miscellany was one of the critics of the Port Folio, discharged for writing common sense."

On another occasion the death of Pindar Cockloft gives him an opportunity of having a gird at s, with which he is so much pleased that we are informed he has

work, indeed, is still going on at New York; but we trust some arrangement has been entered into, by virtue of which the succeeding numbers of this exquisite miscellany may be early given to the English public, who, we are sure, are at least as much inclined to receive them well as the American. Mr. Washington Irving is one of our first favourites among the English writers of the present age—and he is not a bit the less for having been born in America. He is not one of those Americans who practise what may be called a treason of the heart, in perpetual scoffs and sneers against the land of their forefathers. He well knows that his "thews and sinews" are not all, for which he is indebted to

repeated it several times in the course of his book. A single recital of it, however, will be quite as much as our readers would tolerate. "One warm afternoon he was found leaning with his face on his arms, that were crossed upon a book which lay open before him. At first *we naturally concluded, he had fallen asleep, as the book turned out to be a number of the Port Folio;* but he never awoke again," &c.

If we have never been witty ourselves, it is some consolation that we have been the cause of wit in other men. We should readily acknowledge that these were palpable hits, and throw up the foils to Mr. Paulding, if we had had any hand in a certain literary *felo de se*, which took place at the conclusion of last year, and in which we believe no one had a greater share than the author of the new Salmagundi. The unlucky bibliopole, who in an evil hour assembled this galaxy of "eminent talents," soon found to his cost that he had grasped many

an empty Joseph for a John,

when he proclaimed to the eager expectants

Stand forth, my BRAYERS, and the welkin rend.

Alas! for the departed spirits of the Analectic!

Sons of a day! just buoyant on the flood,
Then numbered with the puppies in the mud.
Ask ye their names? I could as soon disclose
The names of these blind puppies as of those.
Fast by, like Niobe, (her children gone)
Stands mother Osborne, stupified to stone,
And monumental brass this mournful record bears;
'*These are, ah, no!* THESE WERE, *the Gazetteers.*'

POPE'S DUNCIAD.

his English ancestry. All the noblest food of his heart and soul have been derived to him, he well knows, from the same fountain; and he is as grateful for his obligations as he is conscious of their magnitude. His writings all breathe the sentiment so beautifully expressed in one of Mr. Coleridge's Sybilline Leaves:—*

Though ages long have past
Since our fathers left their home,
Their pilot in the blast,
O'er untravell'd seas to roam;

Yet lives the blood of England in our veins,
And shall we not proclaim
That blood of honest fame
Which no tyranny can tame
By its chains?

While the language free and bold
Which the bard of Avon sung,
In which our Milton told
How the vault of heaven rung,
When Satan, blasted, fell with all his host;
While these with reverence meet,
Ten thousand echoes greet,
And from rock to rock repeat,
Round our coast.

While the manners, while the arts
That mould a nation's soul,
Still cling around our hearts,
Between let ocean roll,
Our joint communion breaking with the sun;—
Yet still from either beach,
The voice of blood shall reach,
More audible than speech,
"We are one."

* These fine verses were not written by Mr. Coleridge, but by an American gentleman, whose name he has concealed, though he calls him a dear and valued friend." His name should *not* have been concealed.

The great superiority over too many of his countrymen, evinced by Mr. Irving on every occasion, when he speaks of the manners, the spirit, the faith of England, has, without doubt, done much to gain for him our affection. But had he never expressed one sentiment favourable to us or to our country, we should have still been obliged to confess that we regard him as by far the greatest genius that has arisen on the literary horizon of the new world. The Sketch Book has already proved to our readers, that he possesses exquisite powers of pathos and description; but we recur, with pleasure, to this much earlier production, to show that we did right when we ascribed to him, in a former paper, the possession of a true old English vein of humour and satire—of keen and lively wit—and of great knowledge and discrimination of human nature.

We cannot, at present venture upon any more extracts; and yet we have done nothing to give our readers a due notion of what Knickerbocker's book contains. We shall return to the volumes again, for we suppose we may consider them, in regard to almost all that read this Magazine, "as good as manuscript." Enough, however, has been quoted to show of what sort of stuff Mr. Irving's comic pencil is composed; and enough to make all our readers go along with us in a request which we have long meditated, viz. that this author would favour us with a series of novels, on the plan of these of Miss Edgeworth, or, if he likes that better, of the author of Waverly, illustrative of the present state of manners in the United States of America. When we think for a moment on the variety of elements whereof that society is every where composed; the picturesque mixtures of manners derived from German, Dutch, English, Scotch, Swedish, Gothic, and Celtic settlers, which must be observable in almost every town of the republican territories; the immense interfusion of different ranks of society from all these quarters, and their endless varieties of action upon each other; the fermentation that must every where prevail among these yet unsettled and unarranged atoms; above all, on the singularities inseparable from the condition of the only half-young, half-old people in the world, simply as such, we cannot doubt, that could a Smollet, a Fielding, or a Le Sage, have seen America as she is, he would at once have abandoned

every other field, and blessed himself on having obtained access to the true *terra fortunata* of the novelist. Happily for Mr. Irving, that *terra fortunata* is also to this hour a *terra incognita;* for in spite of the shoals of bad books of travels that have inundated us from time to time, no European reader has ever had the smallest opportunity of being introduced to any thing like one vivid portrait of American life. Mr. Irving has, as every good man must have, a strong affection for his country; and he is therefore, fitted to draw her character *con amore* as well as *con gentilezza.* The largeness of his views, in regard to politics, will secure him from staining his pages with any repulsive air of bigotry; and the humane and liberal nature of his opinions in regard to subjects of a still higher order, will equally secure him from still more offensive errors.

To frame the plots of twenty novels can be no very heavy task to the person who wrote the passages we have quoted above; and to fill them up with characteristic details of incidents and manners, would be nothing but an amusement to him. He has sufficiently tried and shown his strength in sketches; it is time that we should look for full and glowing pictures at his hands. Let him not be discouraged by the common place cant about the impossibility of good novels being written by young men. Smollet wrote Roderick Random before he was five-and-twenty, and assuredly he had not seen half so much of the world as Mr. Irving has done. We hope we are mistaken in this point; but it strikes us that he writes, of late, in a less merry mood than in the days of Knickerbocker and the Salmagundi. If the possession of intellectual power and resources ought to make any man happy, that man is Washington Irving; and people may talk as they please about "the inspiration of melancholy," but it is our firm belief that no man ever wrote any thing greatly worth the writing, unless under the influence of buoyant spirits. "A cheerful mind is what the Muses love," says the author of *Ruth and Michael,* and *The Brothers;* and in the teeth of all asseverations to the contrary, we take leave to believe that my Lord Byron was never in higher glee than when composing the darkest soliloquies of his Childe Harolde. The capacity of achieving immortality, when called into vivid consciousness by the very act of composition and passion of inspiration,

must be enough, we should think, to make any man happy. Under such influence he may, for a time, we doubt not, be deaf even to the voice of self reproach, and hardened against the memory of guilt. The amiable and accomplished Mr. Irving has no evil thoughts or stinging recollections to fly from; but it is very possible that he may have been indulging in a cast of melancholy, capable of damping the wing even of *his* genius. *That*, like every other demon, must be wrestled with, in order to its being overcome. And if he will set boldly about *An American Tale, in three volumes, duodecimo*, we think there is no rashness in promising him an easy, a speedy, and a glorious victory.

ART. XXI.—*Odes, and other Poems.* By Henry Neele. London, 1817.

MR. HENRY NEELE is another instance of early excellence in the field of poetry; these poems having been written between the age of fourteen and seventeen.

Perhaps no branch of poetry demands a rarer junction of taste and talent than the greater ode; for, towards the attainment of excellence in this department, it is vitally necessary that to the most lofty enthusiasm and creative fancy, be added the utmost purity, and choice of expression, together with every graceful variety, and felicitous adaptation, of melody and rythm; requisites which are often too conflicting for coalescence, and are, at all times, indeed, with great difficulty blended. Well, therefore, might Mr. Neele say in his preface, that "to tread in the steps" of those who have thus encircled their brows with the wreaths of immortality, "is a bold attempt." It is one, indeed, which has seldom been justified by any considerable degree of success; but, in the present instance, so much has been attained; so many passages in the true tone and spirit of lyrical inspiration are scattered through the collection, as to warrant the assumption, or, at least, the pleasing reflection, that nothing but maturer years, and further practice, will be required to place this young disciple of the muses in the rank which his genius and ambition seem to claim.

Among those masters of the lyre whom he appears to have worshipped as the guides and companions of his course, he most nearly approaches to Collins, both in the cast of his composition,

and the general colour of his sentiment. The same love of allegory, the same plaintive mildness of fancy, and not seldom the same simple and touching pathos which have immortalized the bard of Avon may be traced in the compositions of Mr. Neele.

A character so high, and applied moreover to the effusions of a youth of sixteen, will necessarily require very decisive proofs for its substantiation; yet we proceed with little doubt or fear, to place these before our readers, confident that with those who are most competent to judge will be found the most favourable award.

The *Odes*, which are twelve in number, are, like those of Collins, chiefly employed on subjects of an abstract nature, and may, on that account, as was the case with that exquisite poet, more slowly attract the popular attention; but their beauties will assuredly in time be felt and understood.

That melancholy which so often pervades the higher efforts of poetical genius, and which was intimately blended with almost every thought of Collins and Kirke White, has shed its sombre tints over nearly the whole of Mr. Neele's poetry; and the *Ode to Time*, which opens his little volume, furnishes him with a subject but too productive of materials for the indulgence of this predisposition; nor is that addressed to *Hope*, which immediately follows it, though on a theme less likely to admit of mournful associations, of a more consolatory complexion. Yet the opening stanza admits in its fullest extent, the delightful, but too often delusive influence of this flattering passion, and it is impressed upon us in terms of great energy and beauty:

> Sun of another world, whose rays
> At distance gladden ours;
> Soul of a happier sphere, whose praise
> Surpasses mortal powers;
> Mysterious feeling, taught to roll
> Resistless o'er the breast,
> Beyond embrace, above control,
> The strongest, sweetest of the soul,
> Possessing, not possest.

It is the purport, however, of the subsequent stanzas to detect the fallacies of this never-failing yet ever-necessary deluder, till,

at length, the poet is reduced, as the only source of consolation, to exclaim,

> Why mourn the absence of that light,
> That only led astray?

Yet allowing, at the same time, with the experience which attaches to us all, that this light, though deceptive, had been, nevertheless, bright and cheering, and had "gilded all our way;" a confession which naturally introduces the following mildly plaintive, yet highly poetical close:

> Yes; he who roams in deserts bare,
> That were not always wild,
> Will sigh to think how sweetly there
> Full many a flow'ret smil'd;
> Will pause to mark th' uncherish'd beam
> The tree uprooted torn;
> And sit immers'd in pensive dream,
> By many a now deserted stream,
> To meditate and mourn.

The succeeding poem, which is inscribed *To Memory*, proceeds upon the same plan of recording the pains rather than the pleasures of the subject; and, after painting in strong colours the misery which awaits the retrospect of guilt,

> When to the heart untam'd, will cling
> The memory of an evil thing,
> In life's departing hour,

he laments that, even the loveliest pages in Memory's book "which past enjoyment can bestow," are unavailing in their power to mitigate the pangs of present pain or sorrow. Mournfully sweet as are the lines which illustrate this remark, we wish the young poet had endeavoured to dispel some portion of the gloom which now totally envelops his lyre, by some record of the consolation which ever follows the remembrance of good deeds. The contrast would have been morally as well as poetically delightful, as not only opposed to the reminiscences of guilt and despair, but to the insufficiency of mere recollected pleasure; the passage is, however, pre-eminently beautiful:

For e'en in thought's serenest hour,
When past delights are felt,
And memory shines on scenes of wo,
'Tis like the moon-beams on the snow,
That gilds but cannot melt:
That throws a mockery lustre o'er,
But leaves it cheerless as before.
Her sweetest song will only tell
Of long departed noon;
Of things we lov'd, alas! how well;
And lost, alas! how soon.
For feelings blasted, hope deferr'd
And secret woes unseen, unheard,
By the cold crowd around,
Will rise, and make their plaintive moan,
And mingle with her softest tone,
Till in their murmurs drown'd,
Her lyre shall lose its soothing flow,
And only tell a tale of wo.

Of the three remaining Odes of the first book, which are entitled *To Horror*, *To Despair*, and *To the Moon*, the first and third are finely contrasted in their subject, their imagery, and their style. Mr. Neele, like his great predecessor, sacrifices at the shrines both of pity and terror, and his notes awakening fear are not less potent than those which call forth the tears of sympathy and sorrow. He is one of those gifted mortals

——— to whom the world unknown,
With all its shadowy shapes, is shown;

and he evidently possesses the faculty of communicating in all their primal strength and heart-withering force, the appalling impressions resulting from this visionary intercourse. Had the following lines from the "Ode to Horror," been found in the pages of Collins, they would not have been thought to derogate from the genius of that powerful bard:

—Yonder come the spectre guard
Who gibber in the dark church-yard,
Obscure the moon's refulgent ray,
And scare the traveller from his way.

And now they come, a sweeping train,
From fell, from flood, from fire, from rain,
Around the mystic fire to trip,
Lay the lean finger on the lip,
To look the tale that none must speak,
To hide the deed that none must seek.—
These, Horror, these the circle dire,
Who form around thy midnight fire,
Where side by side a withering band,
Plying their mystic trade they stand,
Thy influence on those nights of fear,
Binds high and low spreads far and near,
Thy step is seen on every glade,
Thy voice is heard from every shade,
The timid weep, the pensive sigh,
The infant starts it knows not why;
The dreamer wakes from pangs so deep,
So fierce, he fears again to sleep,
The traveller, trembling, totters on,
Breathes many a prayer, heaves many a groan,
Fears all he hears, doubts all he sees,
And starts and shakes with every breeze.

The sweet and short repose which characterizes the greater poet of the "Ode to the Moon," is, with great propriety, clothed in the chaste and solemn cadences of the blank ode, a form of metre in which our young poet seems to move with peculiar grace and facility. This is the more fortunate, as even among our best lyrical bards, it is rarely that an attempt of the kind has succeeded. With the exception, indeed, of the well-known ode of Collins, and one or two subsequent attempts in the same metre, we have nothing which can be offered as a model of blank lyrical rhythm. With what taste and skill Mr. Neele has overcome the difficulties attending this not very popular species of the English ode, will be seen with some surprise, and no little pleasure, from the opening of his poem, in which every ear must feel how accordant is the march and construction of the verse with the sublime, yet tranquil imagery of which it forms so happy a medium.

How beautiful on yonder casement pane
The mild Moon gazes! Mark
With what a lonely and majestic step
She treads the heavenly hills;
And oh! how soft, how silently, she pours,
Her chasten'd radiance on the scene below,
And hill, and dale, and tow'r
Drink the pure flood of light.

II.

Roll on, roll thus, Queen of the midnight hour,
For ever beautiful!

The poet then, after descanting on the misery and wretchedness of the orb which his favourite planet so sweetly illumines, employs the last three stanzas in the far more grateful task of inquiring into the ultimate object and utility of a world, at present known only to man by its peaceful and benignant light.

There is something inexpressibly soothing and consolatory in imagining the surface of this lovely planet to be trodden by beings, innocent, and happy, and immortal; in conceiving it to be the chosen abode of angels and disembodied spirits, as a place of refuge and repose for those who have suffered much and undeservedly on earth, who have perished the silent victims of penury, contumely, and neglect. Hopes such as these are naturally felt and cherished by him, who, alive to all the finer sensibilities of our nature, looks up to this tranquil luminary while sinking beneath the pressure of unmerited calamity; and occasionally have such feelings and aspirations met with powers of expression commensurate to their worth, and capable of arresting their evanescency. Among this happy few, will the lines we are about to quote, most assuredly place our poet.

VI.

What art thou? from thy orbit come those hordes
Of wild fantastic forms,
(Their crowns of pearly evening dew, their robes
Wrought by the gossamer,)

Who sport beneath thy beam? or is it there
That angels strike their silver harps, and call
The listening spheres around,
To join the mazy dance?

VII.

Perhaps thou art the future residence
Of genius wretched here:
Perhaps the poet and the minstrel, who
Have suffered, sunk, and died,
Releas'd from mortal shackles flee to thee,
And warbling soft seraphic melodies
Their gentle spirits rove
At peace in thy mild sphere.

VIII.

If so, oh for some lunar paradise
Where I may think no more
Of earth and earthliness, unless, perchance,
When evening glooms below,
Sometimes to wander downward on thy beam,
To flit across the scenes I once admir'd,
And hover, and protect
The heads of those I lov'd.

The second series of our author's lyrical effusions embraces subjects of a much less sombre hue than the first; for, with the exception of an Ode to Pity, it consists of addresses to *Enthusiasm*, to *The Harp*, to *Fancy*, to *The Power of Poetry*, and to *Allegory;* themes which require a master's hand and glowing touch; and though occasionally the soul-subduing notes of sorrow are heard to breathe their wildly-plaintive measure, the general tone of the volume is, as it ought to be, of a more lofty and daring character.

Lyric poetry may be said to live and breathe but in the atmosphere of enthusiasm, and to take her station, therefore, with epic and dramatic poetry in the highest regions of Parnassus. The personification, consequently, of an element so essential to the art, might be expected to awaken all the ardour of the gifted bard; nor will the strains which Mr. Neele has devoted to the subject

be found wanting in that light from heaven which burns forever at the shrine of this creative power. He invokes her from her "wild aerial home," and she attends his call:—

Hark! with what ecstatic fire
She strikes the deep resounding lyre:
Wake! all ye powers of earth and air,
Or great, or grand, or wild or fair,
Wake, winds and waters; vocal be,
And mingle with the melody.—
On every rock the echo rung,
On every hill the cadence hung,
And universal nature smil'd
On scenes so fair, on notes so wild.
So soft she sung, she smil'd so fair,
So sweetly wav'd her radiant hair,
The Passions ling'ring on their way,
Hung o'er the soft seraphic lay;
Mirth stopp'd his circle's giddy round,
To listen to the solemn sound;
And Rapture rais'd her hands on high,
And roll'd her eyes in ecstacy.

Come then, Enthusiasm, dwell
A heavenly guest with me;
And many a plaintive tale I'll tell,
And song I'll sing to thee.

When morning gilds the eastern skies,
Of thee the strain shall be,
And when the shades of evening rise,
I'll tune my harp to thee.

Warmed by the presence of the goddess, her votary now flies to his beloved *Harp;* but, in the ode which he has consecrated to its praises, scarcely has he touched the strings ere they melt into a requiem over the departed spirit of his admired Collins;

Where is thy heaven-strung lyre?
Oh! but to sweep a transient strain,
Or strike a wandering wire.—

"Yes," thy seraphic lay is o'er,
Thy airy reed shall sound no more,
Beneath the sod that covers thee,
Sleep all the powers of harmony.

He then mournfully inquires if there be none to emulate this hallowed bard; breathes tremblingly a wish to touch himself the neglected chords, and concludes his "Ode to the Harp" with a noble eulogium on the mighty and unrivalled genius of Milton. Most assuredly the Muses frowned not on their youthful votary whilst he chanted to his harp these lines:

And is there none to sweep the string,
Not one to rise on rapture's wing,
And shall the heavenly harp be found
Unstrung, and useless on the ground?
Oh! might a trembling votary dare
To touch the chords neglected there,
Methinks one moment to beguile,
  Success the daring deed should crown,
And though the Muses did not smile,
  They could not, would not wear a frown.

Then wake, wild harp, thy boldest strain,
And bid the poet live again;
Oh bid revive that sacred lay,
Which tun'd creation's natal day,
Which spread the earth from pole to pole,
And taught the planets how to roll.
Alas! that heavenly strain is gone,
On wings of wind the Muse is flown,
The song is sung, the lay is o'er,
The harp has slept, to wake no more.
Yes, it has slept to wake no more,
No more to all that charm'd before.
No more to strains the heavens inspire,
No more to all the poet's fire.
Some still with feet unhallowed tread
The chambers of the illustrious dead,
And, unreflecting where they stray,
Mimic the mighty master's lay.

But these are mortal, these are men,
Their harps but wake to sleep again.
While his has shook the dome of fame,
And crown'd him with a lofty name,
Which, proudly register'd on high,
Shall never perish, never die.

The "Power of Poetry," furnishes another congenial theme for the display of Mr. Neele's talents. The same energy of feeling, and vigour of numbers which distinguish his Address to the Harp, are to be found in this eulogium of the noblest of the arts of man. After personifying the influence of poetry, and describing her descent, he paints her surrounded by the passions, who, obedient to her magic call, had hastened to enjoy her smile or own her power, and who, accompanied by a thousand fantastic forms and air-born shapes, burst into songs of joy or grief, of rapture or despair, till the poet, perceiving all nature prostrate at the throne of this subduing power, adds his voice to the universal chorus, avows his uncontrollable attachment, and lanches into a glowing and enthusiastic encomium on the fate and fortune of the genuine bard, on the honour which awaits him whilst living, and on the consecration of his memory when dead:

How does all nature honour thee
Oh! heaven-descended poesy!
The hill, the dale, the heath, the grove,
The voice of nature and of love,
The burning thought, the breathing line,
That melts, that thrills, all, all, are thine!
In every shape, in every vest,
Come, welcome to a votary's breast.
Come as a goddess, parent, king,
I'll worship, honour, homage, bring:
A helpless weeping foundling be,
A foster dear I'll prove to thee;
Or come a wandering harper wild,
By night and pathless pains beguil'd,
Strike at my soul for entrance fair,
And love and joy shall greet thee there.
The poet! hallow'd, honour'd name,
The dearest, eldest child of fame,

While life remains green laurels grow
A garland for the poet's brow,
But oh! what fairer flowers shall bloom
Eternal round the poet's tomb;
The fairies all shall leave their cells,
Where love with peace and plenty dwells,
The mossy cave and sylvan grot,
To weep around the hallowed spot;
The seasons as they wander by,
With liberal hand and sparkling eye,
Shall pause to gaze on scene so fair,
And strew their sweetest garland there;
And oft amid the night profound,
When solemn stillness reigns around,
The mystic muses of the spheres
Reveal'd alone to gifted ears,
In dirges due and clear, shall toll
The knell of that departed soul.

We have already noticed Mr. Neele's fondness for allegorical poetry; a predilection undoubtedly springing from his warm and justly-founded admiration for the poet

Who touch'd the tend'rest notes of pity's lyre.*

And we are not surprized, therefore, to find him closing his second book of odes with one in praise of Allegory, and exclaiming in all the fervour of attachment,

Enchantress! who thy charms can tell?
Dark smiling maid! I love thee well.

The leading object of this beautiful address is to picture the prevailing influence of Allegory in reconciling the conflicting powers of truth and fiction. This is managed with uncommon skill and grace, and with a sweetness and delicacy of finishing, both in metre and manner, which reflects no small credit on the taste and judgment of the author.

Th' enchantress came, she came in power,
Mistress of that transforming hour,
She breath'd a mild mysterious lay,
And sang and smil'd their hate away.

* Vide Hayley's Epitaph on Collins.

O'er Truth's fair form a robe she threw,
To clothe her with attraction new,
And pluck'd from Fiction's pinions gay,
The vainer, gaudier plumes away:—
Each paus'd, each strange affection knew,
And wonder'd whence their hatred grew,
Felt fresh delight, beheld new charms,
And sunk into each other's arms:
Since then together will they stray,
And sing the same impassion'd lay,
The flower that Fiction's garden dress'd,
Blushes on Truth's celestial breast;
The wires that Truth has strung rejoice,
In unison with Fiction's voice;
They seek the same romantic groves,
Each loves the haunts the other loves:
They climb the steep, explore the dell
Together roam, together dwell.—

Then, invoking the magic power of Allegory, he concludes the ode with the following emphatic lines:—

There's many a willing tribute paid,
In virtue's bane and vice's aid;
There's many a garland gay supplied
For baseness, luxury, and pride,
For me, the song I raise shall be
Devoted to the muse and thee:
My garlands shall not, cannot twine
Around a brighter brow than thine.
I'll breathe thy praise, while praise has breath,
I'll love and cherish thee till death;
Till then I'm garlanding thy brow,
Till then I'll honour thee as now,
And then,—farewell dissolving spell,
Dark smiling maid! farewell, farewell!

The next division of Mr. Neele's volume, includes four sonnets, a species of composition difficult of execution, and in which many of our poets have failed. The specimens before us belong to the elegiac department, and do not exhibit the peculiar arrangement of what has been termed the legitimate Italian sonnet. Their construction, however, is not limited to mere alternate rhyme with a couplet at the close, the usual form of the English sonnet

of this class, but is varied with considerable skill and effect. The fourth, especially, not only presents a pleasing metrical system, but seems to possess a claim to originality, both in the choice and application of its imagery.

Traveller, as roaming over vales and steeps,
Thou hast, perchance, beheld in foliage fair,
A willow bending o'er a brook—it weeps
Leaf after leaf into the stream, till bare
Are the best boughs, the loveliest and the highest;
Oh sigh, for well thou mayest, yet as thou sighest
Think not 'tis o'er imaginary wo;
I tell thee, traveller, such is mortal man,
And so he hangs on fancied bliss, and so,
While life is verging to its shortest span,
Drop one by one his dearest joys away,
Till hope is but the ghost of something fair,
Till joy is mockery, 'till joy is care,
Till he himself is unreflecting clay.

The *Miscellaneous Poems* which close the collection, are in no degree inferior to those which have preceded them. The same beauty of expression and tenderness of feeling which have interested us so deeply in the odes, continue to attract and delight us throughout the whole of this division. Yet it is, with but two exceptions, though consisting of not less than twelve poems, of a complexion still more pensive and desponding than any other part of the volume.

The tones, however, which issue from the harp of this youthful complainant, are of such peculiar sweetness, so dwell upon the ear and touch the heart, that the effect, though depressing, is, at the same time, singularly grateful and soothing, producing, in fact, that mixed emotion which has been so happily designated by Ossian under the expression of "The Joy of Grief."

The plaintive flow of the versification of the subsequent stanzas from "*The Wanderer's Roundelay,*" and the mournful sense of destitution which they convey, cannot but impress with sensations of sympathy the most thoughtless and volatile reader:

II.

There was a time when joy ran high
And every sadder thought was weak,

Tears did not always dim this eye,
Or sorrow always stain this cheek;
And even now I often dream,
When sunk in feverish broken sleep,
Of things that were, and things that seem,
And friends that love, then wake to weep
That few must be
The tears for mè
When I am lain beneath the tree.

III.

——— no dirge for me will ring,
No stone will mark my lowly spot,
I am a suffering withering thing,
Just seen, and slighted, and forgot,
And few shall be
The tears for me
When I am lain beneath the tree.

IV.

Yet * * * *
Yet * * * there's room
For sorrow in the arms of death,
For disappointment in the tomb:
What though the slumbers there be deep,
Though not by kind remembrance blest,
To slumber is to cease to weep,
To sleep forgotten is to rest;
Oh sound shall be
The rest for me
When I am lain beneath the tree.

We shall conclude these specimens of early excellence by a passage from the poem entitled *Disappointment*, in which, whether the pathos, the imagery, or the expression be regarded, the most fastidious will find little to reprove, and the friends of opening genius much that will excite admiration.

III.

Life is a fair, nay charming form,
Of nameless grace, and tempting sweets,
But disappointment is the worm,
That cankers every bud she meets;
And when she finds a flower, the chief
Of others; more divine, more fair,

She crawls upon its loveliest leaf,
And feeds, and breeds, and riots there.

IV.

O heart! it is a sad employ,
The flowers we dare not cull to count,
From deserts gaze at feasts of joy,
Barred from approach by main and mount;
To dream of bliss to come or past,
Of cheerful hearths and peopled halls,
Then wake and hear the hollow blast
Mean mournful through the ruined walls.

Such are the compositions which Mr. Neele has given to the world, as written between the fourteenth and seventeenth year of his age.

That they are possessed of great merit independent of any consideration of the early period at which they were produced, will not be denied by those who have attentively perused the preceding extracts; but when viewed in connexion with the youth and inexperience of the author; when beheld as the very firstlings of his earliest years, they cannot but be deemed very extraordinary efforts, indeed, both of taste and genius, and as conferring no slight celebrity on their author, as the name next to be pronounced perhaps after those of Chatterton and Kirke White.

ART. XXII.—*The Letters of Mrs. Elizabeth Montague, with some of the letters of her correspondents.*

WOMEN, it has often been observed, write better letters than men. They take more interest in little things, and do not affect to despise the every-day business of life. They indulge, without scruple, in details which would be supposed to imply, in the other sex, a trifling taste, or a frivolous leisure. They have time to make a rough scrawl of their gossip, and then to write it out neatly; which, without impairing its unaffected cordiality, commonly curtails any idle superfluity. Indeed, the best printed letters are precisely those which have been published without other alteration than omissions.

Cicero edited his own letters, which form the earliest collection of good epistolary models; they are admirable for every thing

but frankness; they are parade letters, which display all the versatilities of eloquence, except a sincere familiarity, and the natural talk of a writer in the negligence of undress. Pliny is often insipidly diffuse; Seneca is affectedly stimulant; and the Alexandrian sophists, who forged letters in the names both of famous philosophers and of courtezans, have failed in the imitation of those personal and local allusions, which give to letters their sympathetic action and dramatic effect.

The moderns have deluged us with letters. One observation deserves to be enforced, that only those letters continue to amuse, which have a business and a purpose. Chit-chat prosings undertaken to dispel individual tedium, however wittily expressed, fade on the interest; and there must be a topic more enduring than family chronicles, or daily news. Unless they relate to the great characters or the great questions of the times, they rarely retain a claim on our notice. Geographical letters form, perhaps, an exception. The wanderer, who describes the scenery, or the society, or the monuments, of a remarkable district, may acquire with posterity, a value for having copied the traces of phenomena which have since yielded to time and vicissitude.

Among the English letter writers, the poet Gray is one of the best; he writes from the spot and from the heart. A letter that could be dated any where, and addressed to any place or person, is ill conceived; yet how many of Pope's letters, full as they are of witty turns, admirable thoughts, and penetrating sagacity, could spare both the superscription and date?—The post-mark should always be legible in the contents. Letter-writing ought to have the ease, but never the diffuseness, of conversation; out of what we would say to a friend, we should pick the best things to send him. The old letter-writers were very tedious; Sir Matthew Hale, writing to his children, Sir William Temple to the Countess of Essex, and Dr. Doddridge to a young lady going into the east, have penned long sermons of advice which would excite a yawn even if heard from the pulpit.

After all, letter-writing is too often time poorly spent. Unless there be business to transact, intelligence to communicate, or inquiries to make, why write? For two minds to play at battledoor and shuttlecock, in punctual alternation, without any other

object than to beat back with brilliant sublimity, a loaded feather, is barely allowable as exercise for youth, or pastime for confinement; manhood should have something weightier at which to strike.

An inkspot is no ornament to the finger or the apron of a female—not but that we would have our wives learn to write to us when we are from home, and are contented that our sisters also, in that view, should practise writing to one another. They would do well, therefore, to peruse the best specimens of epistolary art. Lady Russel's letters have rather a moral and political than a beautiful value. Miss Talbot and Mrs. Carter are frequently as tiresome as Tillotson and Atterbury. Mrs. Rowe's piety has more of feeling and of grace; but even her letters are fitter for the pulpit than the post-office. Those of Mrs. Elizabeth Montagu will afford amusement, and excite admiration. If this lady, having read much, had something of pedantry in her manner, still she had rare accomplishments, habits of the high world, and the felicity to live and move among the intellectually eminent. Her attachments, if cold, are judicious; and her choice of acquaintance, as of books, has less in it of feeling than of prudence. Without that sylphid lightness of the French woman of fashion, which affects to be superficial and capricious, only in order to be select and discriminating, Mrs. Montague has the patience to observe, and the justice to value merit, and unites the taste of polished life with the dignity of virtue. Her correspondence introduces us to celebrated persons, records the fashionable opinion concerning books of the time, and frequently paints the private manners of men who are illustrious in literature or history.

Mrs. Montague was the daughter of Matthew Robinson, Esq. who married at the age of eighteen, while a fellow commoner in the University of Cambridge, and became the father of twelve children. His large family made it prudent for him to spend much of his time at his country-seats, while his heart secretly sighed for literary conversation, social pleasures, and the metropolis. He is described as a man of great literary endowments, and admirable colloquial talents; which are supposed to have received, however, some tincture of sarcasm from the *ennui* that was inspired by the dulness of a country neighbourhood. His

economy and his taste were in some degree reconciled by a frequent intercourse with the University, where he was familiarly acquainted with Dr. Middleton, and several other distinguished characters.

Of his numerous offspring, it seems probable that his daughter Elizabeth was the most conspicuous, both for wit and beauty: parents, therefore, will hear without surprise that he was proud of exhibiting her talents and her charms, that he laboured to cultivate her mind, and that he loved to encourage and applaud her lively sallies. Her brothers were also fond of literary pursuits; and the whole family were accustomed to exercise themselves in frequent and spirited debates, except the mother, who was fortunately more prone to listen than to speak, and was placed *hors de combat* by the unenvied preeminence of presiding, under the title of Speaker, at the discussions of the domestic forum:

"Elizabeth's uncommon sensibility and acuteness of understanding, as well as her extraordinary beauty as a child, rendered her an object of great notice and admiration in the University, and Dr. Middleton was in the habit of requiring from her an account of the learned conversations at which, in his society, she was frequently present; not admitting of the excuse of her tender age as a disqualification, but insisting that although at the present time she could but imperfectly understand their meaning, she would in future derive great benefit from the habit of attention inculcated by this practice."

Is it matter of great astonishment, or severe censure, that a young person so educated, so endowed, and so stimulated, should cherish some fondness for a studious display of wit, should sometimes indulge a natural and highly improved talent for satirical representation, or even should sometimes be betrayed by vivacity into what might be called a little pertness and petulance? Is it extraordinary that the ambition to shine as a correspondent should appear in the letters of such a person at the age of fourteen, or even earlier, when she probably knew that they were desired only to be exhibited? That she has in general been most successful in the attempt, that most of her pictures are highly

brilliant, and that most of her remarks are at once shrewd and playful, it were not merely want of candour, but want of discernment to deny.

In the ruling passions of her father, his love of literature, society, and London, and his hatred of dulness and the country, the young lady appears to have cordially sympathized. The following specimen occurs in her fourteenth year:

"Horton, 27th Jan. 1733-4, I hope I shall have the pleasure of paying my respects to your Ladyship soon, for though I am tired of the country, to my great satisfaction, I am not so much so as my papa; he is a little vapoured, and last night, after two hours silence, he broke out into a great exclamation against the country, and concluded in saying, that living in the country was sleeping with one's eyes open; if he sleeps all day, I am sure he dreams very much of London. What makes this place more dull is, my brothers are none of them here: two of them went away about a fortnight ago, and ever since, my papa has ordered me to put a double quantity of saffron in his tea. I beg you would not mention a word of this to my papa, when he has the honour of seeing you, for fear he should think I make too free with him."

We interpose a little harmless caricature, from a letter written in the same year to the Duchess of Portland:

"I am surprised that my answer to your Grace's letter has never reached your hands. I sent it immediately to Canterbury, by the servant of a gentleman who dined here, and I suppose he forgot to put it in the post. I am reconciled to the carelessness of the fellow, since it has procured to me so particular a mark of your concern. If my letter were sensible, what would be its mortification, that, instead of having the honour to kiss your Grace's hands, it must lie confined in the footman's pocket, with greasy gloves, rotten apples, mouldy nuts, a pack of dirty cards, and the only companion of its sort, a tender epistle from his sweet-heart, "tru tell Deth." Perhaps, by its situation, subject to be kicked by his master every morning, till at last, by ill usage and rude company, worn too thin for any other use, it may make its exit in lighting a tobacco pipe. I believe the fellow who lost my let-

ter knew very well how ready I should be to supply it with another."

In the very next page, the business of a country life returns in all its horrors, and is instantly turned into a mirth-moving jest:

"I am extremely glad Lady Oxford has found so much benefit by the Bath waters; we talked of going to Bath, but my papa is so well that it is laid aside. I am very glad my papa has recovered his health, or rather his spirits, for that was all he wanted; but I should have been better pleased if he had gone to Bath first, to have attributed his cure to that circumstance. One common objection to the country is, one sees no faces but those of one's own family; but my papa thinks he has found a remedy for that, by teaching me to draw; but then he husbands these faces in so cruel a manner, that he brings me sometimes a nose, sometimes an eye at a time; but on the King's birth-day, as it was a festival, he brought me out a whole face with its mouth wide open. If I could draw well enough, I would send Miss W. her own musty face. I am sorry Le Brun has not seen it, that he might have put it in his book of drawings among the faces that express the several passions; but he has none that express mustiness."

The last conceit is pursued with great humour at the nineteenth page:

"I should be much obliged to your Grace if you would do me the honour to send me some decent limb of your drawing. If you design to make any proficiency in that art, I would advise you not to draw old men's heads. It was the rueful countenance of Socrates or Seneca that first put me out of conceit with it; had my papa given me the blooming faces of Adonis and Narcissus, I might have been a more apt scholar; and when I told him I found those great beards difficult to draw, he gave me St. John's head in a charger; so to avoid the speculation of dismal faces, which by my art I dismalized ten times more than they were before, I threw away my pencil. If I drew a group of little figures, I made their countenances so sad, and their limbs so distorted, that from a set of laughing Cupids, they looked like the tormented infants in Herod's cruelty, and smiling Venus like Rachel weeping for her children. Though my happy genius chiefly led me to the draw-

ing tragic-comic countenances, for I drew down the eyes till they looked as if they were weeping, and turned up the ends of the mouth, which gave an amiable simper to the lower part of the face; with some vanity I say it, nobody drew a compound passion such as grief and joy, and pain and pleasure, better than myself: like my famed predecessor, Apelles, I have drawn as well with a happy stroke of my pencil as it has fallen out of my hand, as ever I did with pains and study. I have heard of some who have been famous landscape painters; others who have been famous battle painters; but I take myself to have been the best hospital painter; for I never drew a figure that was not lame or blind, and they had all something of the horrible in their countenances; and by the arching of their eye-brows, and the opening their mouths, they looked so frightened, you would have thought they had seen their own faces in the glass."

Thus when only fourteen years old she could talk of Venus and Cupid; and at eighteen we find her thus laughing at the loves and graces of mature age:

"Lord Winchelsea has ceased his douceurs to Miss Palmer, which I was sorry for; I always think a languishing swain of forty next to a credulous virgin of thirty years old) the most diverting sight in the world; Solomon said well when he said there was a time for all things; there is a time to sigh, and a time to smile, but a sigh in an old man is a groan, and the smile of an old maid is a grin. There is a time to flatter, and a time to believe it; but there is a time when flattery is fulsome, and belief ridiculous; there is a time to ogle, and a time to look through spectacles, but to do both together is squinting through a glass; a moving, not a melting sight."

From Bath, from London, and from Canterbury, a vast number of entertaining observations and lively anecdotes are despatched by the fair writer to her various correspondents: but the innocence of a young and curious mind is occasionally betrayed into a slight and unconscious violation of decorum. The Duchess of Portland, who was either much more frequently addressed by her, or was much more careful of her letters than any other person, appears indeed to have been the object of her sincere attach-

ment. Illiberal minds, apt to regard persons in a higher sphere of life, as "pigeons to be plucked," are proportionally ready to suspect the meanness of flattery and circumvention in all who communicate with their superiors in rank; but it is only justice to Miss Robinson to state that her letters to the Duchess do not contain a single expression of esteem or affection which might not have been naturally expected from equal friends; and though the phrases of formal respect are, after the fashion of those days, sometimes more numerous than they would be at present, at others the young lady's letters are almost deficient in these points, and, when admitted, such ceremonials are now and then made still more solemn for the purpose of heightening the humour. She often adopts, without acknowledging, the language of Shakspeare, and often reminds us of the style of Beatrice.

To return to the volumes themselves. The next extract is from a letter to her sister:

"I dined yesterday at Mr. C——'s. It was a family party, and it was very entertaining to see how they contradicted each other in every word and action, so that not even the wing of a fowl could be cut off *nemine contradicente*. If one thought he could perform well, the other imagined he could teach better; and contests were ready to arise about the precedency of the liver and gizzard. B—— complained of the vapours, and wished to be in the country to cure his cough, which the old man observed came upon him by keeping late hours. The young one in return scoffed at the laborious sons of day-light. This reminded me of the reading of my youth, when the butterfly in the fable despising the caterpillar, the worm tells him that all his gaudy colours are the produce of the dirt he scorns. B—— seems to hate money, as a young prince hates the prime minister, because it is his father's favourite. I have often wondered why nature made a drone, but I suppose it is in the common course of things, the son of an alderman bee, whose providence has precluded his son's industry."

In 1741, Miss Robinson, then twenty years of age, was separated from her family in order to avoid the small-pox. The scene of her seclusion is admirably described in several epistles, half merry and half mournful:

"I live here very easy, and have as much time to myself as I please; and I have got books, and all the necessaries and comforts, though not the pomps and pleasures of life. The family are civil and sensible people. As for the master of the house, he is indeed to a tittle Spenser's meagre personage called Care: his chief accomplishment, as to behaviour, is silence. I never see him but at dinner and supper, and then he eats his pudding and holds his tongue. I believe his learning amounts to knowing that four pennies make a groat, and the sooner the groat becomes sixpence, he thinks, the better. To give your Grace a notion of my way of life, I must inform you of the sort of persons who compose the drama, and their rank of life. They are above farmers considerably, have been possessed in the family, for aught I know, since the Conqueror, of about four hundred pounds a year; they have a good old house neatly furnished; but there is nothing of modern structure to be seen in it. I am now sitting in an old crimson velvet elbow chair, I should imagine to be elder brother to that which is shown in Westminster abbey, as Edward the Confessor's. There are long tables in the room that have more feet than the caterpillar you immured at Bullstrode. Why so many legs are needful to stand still, I cannot imagine, when I can fidget upon two. My toilette, I fancy, was worked by one of Queen Maud's maids of honour. There is a goodly chest of drawers in the figure of a cathedral, and a looking-glass which Rosamond or Jane Shore may have dressed their heads in."—

"To follow the order of Providence in my story, I will begin with the mother of the family, a venerable matron of grave deportment, who was well educated, and moves in the form of antique ceremonies, but is really a sensible woman: the daughters are very good house-wives, and I like some other qualities in them, which I understand better than their œconomy. I only wish they could sleep in their beds in the morning, and wake in a chair in the evening: the youngest is very conversable, and the eldest, for mature deliberation, I really believe incomparable; but as I rather want conversation than advice, she is not so agreeable to me as her sister; but considering how well the youngest and I love talking, it is very happy the other does not, or we might want an audience which she gives us at any time."

In another letter, discoursing on the merits of Atticus, whose life she has just studied in Plutarch, she proceeds:

"Perhaps I am partial to all those characters who have amused me in my time of distress. I cannot extract the least grain of entertainment out of the good family I am with; my best friends among the living are a colony of rooks who have settled themselves in a grove by my window. They wake me early in the morning, for which I am obliged to them for some hours of reading, and some moments of reflection, of which they are the subject! I have not yet discovered the form of their government, but I imagine it is democratical. There seems an equality of power and property, and a wonderful agreement of opinion; I am apt to fancy they are wise for the same reason I have thought some men and some books so, because they are solemn, and because I do not understand them. If I continue here long I shall grow a good naturalist. I have applied myself to nursing chickens, and have been forming the manners of a young calf, but I find it a very dull scholar."—

"There are some squires here who would make admirable Polyphemus's; one of them drank tea here yesterday, and complimented me with all the force of rural gallantry; but for some fault in the flattery or the flatterer, I liked neither him nor myself any better for all the fine things he said. After he was gone, I did but relieve my spleen with some laughter on the subject, when I was told by the matron of the family he would be a good match for a woman with twenty thousand pounds. And indeed, could one lend out one's liking upon land security, I think one might very well settle it upon him; till that can be done I think him much the more comical subject for being rich. To laugh at a poor man is barbarous. He is a great friend to the family I am with, and I fear will come often; and in spite of his respectable manors, and fee-simple, and ancient mansion, both great and good, I shall not be able to give a serious attention to his discourse. I wish you could see my habitation; a right reverend and venerable one it is; the staircase that leads to my chamber is hung with the funeral escutcheons of my grandfathers, grandmothers, aunts, and uncles, that I seem to be entering the burying vault of the family, to sleep with my fathers. It is a comfort, no doubt, to think

one's ancestors have had Christian burial, but of what use are these tawdry escutcheons?"—

"I want just such a companion as you would be, and how happy would your kind compliance with that wish make me, if the good old folks here could accommodate you; but they are so fearful of strangers, I know it impossible to persuade them to it. They are not very fine people; they have a small estate, and help it out with a little farming; are very busy and careful, and the old man's cautiousness has dwindled into penuriousness, so that he eats in fear of waste and riot, sleeps with the dread of thieves, denies himself every thing, for fear of wanting any thing. Riches give him no plenty, increase no joy, prosperity no ease; he has the curse of covetousness to want the property of his neighbours, while he dares not touch his own; the harpy Avarice drives him from his own meat; the sum of his wisdom and his gains will be, by living poor to die rich. To want what one has not is a necessity must be submitted to, but to want what one has, is strange policy. I would fain write the history of a miser upon his monument, as, Here lies one, who lived unloved, died unlamented, denied plenty to himself, assistance to his friends, and relief to the poor; starved his family, oppressed his neighbours, plagued himself to gain what he could not enjoy; at last Death, more merciful to him than he to himself, released him from care, and his family from want; and here he lies with the muckworm he imitated, and the dirt he loved, in fear of a resurrection, lest his heirs should have spent the money he left behind, having laid up no treasure where moth and rust do not corrupt, nor thieves break through and steal."—

"The woes of my friend l'Avare divert me prodigiously. The other day, meeting him in a grove, for want of something better to say, I took notice we were under the shade of fine trees; he said, yes, indeed they were brave timber, and would sell well. I said they would afford a comfortable habitation to a colony of rooks. To which, in the same vein, he answered, he loved the creatures well enough, but that they would eat the corn. I then proposed a smaller sort of guests, and said I liked a concert of little birds better: he was of opinion they would be hard put to it to get a living these hard winters. In short, I found he would

not give a piece of cabbage-leaf for the support of a caterpillar. I verily believe he would annihilate half God's works to have his granary the fuller. What a disposition of mind is this! more apt to receive pain than pleasure from every thing that is good and valuable; if in their own possession it is another cause of anxiety, if in another's, of envy. The glorious sun gives him no pleasure, because, while it ripens ten acres of corn for him, it does as much for twenty acres of his neighbours."

If these pictures be rather overcharged, they are admirably drawn, and powerfully coloured, and they make us regret that the author of them never exerted her dramatic talents in their proper place. The present publication is sufficient to place its author in the very first rank of English letter-writers, and nearly on a level with her namesake, Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, whom she excels in sprightliness and fancy, though she indisputably falls short of some of her other qualities.

ART. XXIII.—*Kenilworth; by the author of Waverly.* 2 vols. 12mo. Carey and Son. Philadelphia, 1821. Two editions.

ALTHOUGH the *Monastery* and the *Abbot*, were inferior to the other productions from the pen of this richly-gifted writer, yet they did not materially impair his reputation. The confidence of those who were bound in the witchery of his spells continued with little abatement. While every one admitted, that the two novels, which we have just named, were the inspiration of Homer, it was confessed that they had been written when Homer slumbered.

It has been contended that the writings of this author have a tendency to disturb the land-marks of history. Admitting this to be true, we are rather of opinion that historical novels produce a different effect. Many are induced to compare the devices of imagination with the narrative of the historian, and without such a stimulus they might never be induced to consult the chroniclers of the age, but would dose away their existence in sympathising over the sorrows of the Adelaides and Cynthelias of the Minerva press.

This, however, is not a valid objection against the author of these matchless compositions. Selecting some important event, in order

to give substance to the creations of his genius, he has engrafted upon it a series of interesting fictions. On the loom of history, he has contrived to weave a tissue of romance, in which he misrepresents nothing that is important; and all his lights and shades are precisely such as they would be portrayed in the customs and manners of the age. It is in this harmonious alliance between fancy and fact that we may discover one of the causes of that brilliant reputation which awaits the name of this anonymous magician.

In the commencement of his career he confined himself to the legends of Scotish story; but in Ivanhoe and Kenilworth he has manifested a hearty good will towards the velvet meadows of bonny old England and her royal oaks. He has a kindred feeling with those who revelled, in olden time, on Christmas cheer and quaffed October ale. He handles the quarterstaff and the bow with the familiarity of one who practised in those feats from infancy. He presents to our eyes the moated castle, the lofty turrets, and the storied tapestry of English chivalry, until we feel ourselves cotemporary with his heroes. Kenilworth is a stage on which we behold the majesty of Elizabeth, the restless ambition of Leicester, and the gallantry of Sir Walter Raleigh in living action. There is nothing in thought, or word, or action, which is not in keeping with those times; the whole exhibiting an exquisite combination of the *carvings of cunning imagery** with the acquisitions of careful research and profound reflection. In the last novel the most interesting hues in the character of the unfortunate queen of Scots were shadowed forth with a friendly pencil; and that of the English Elizabeth is portrayed in the present work. With talents of the highest order, Elizabeth was a slave to the most inglorious passions. It was under their influence, that Mary was deprived of existence, and the annals of England were stained with a deed not less atrocious than the murder of the duke d'Engheim.

Kenilworth, though scarcely equal to the best productions of the same magical pen, contains much of its characteristic excellences. We perused it with breathless interest. The author ex-

* Fairy Queen.

ercises a complete dominion over his characters; he has given us an interesting story, a variety of personages and an animated dialogue. The story is brief, and occupies, comparatively, a small part of the volumes; the dialogues are very numerous and sometimes rather tedious, because they are carried on, for the most part, by persons who are vile and vulgar to a disgusting degree. We have much of the author's wonted eloquence, and the style is generally in that free, bold and striking manner, which has captivated all classes of readers; the old and the young; the gloomy, the grave and the gay.

The fable may be comprised in a few words: Leicester, the favourite of Elizabeth, and regarded by the people as her intended husband, had thrown an impediment in his march to the crown, by a private marriage with an obscure, but uncommonly lovely young lady. His great importance at court, and the splendid schemes of ambition in which he was involved, rendered this a dangerous secret, which he could not divulge to his high-spirited queen. The lady is therefore concealed in a remote mansion, under the charge of Varney—an unprincipled dependant on the earl, who reposed, however, the greatest confidence in his honour and fidelity. Seldom visited by her husband, the secluded bride becomes impatient of his absence and anxious to be publicly acknowledged, in order to remove the reproach which is connected with her name in consequence of her flight from her father's house. Notwithstanding the fervent affection which Leicester feels for his beautiful countess, the rapid advances which he is daily making in the queen's favour, prevents him from sharing with her the splendour of his exalted state. The throne itself seems to be within his reach, and he more than half regrets his hasty union with the still beloved recluse. While his heart is thus torn by conflicts between love and ambition, he receives an intimation from the queen of her intention to visit him at Kenilworth, and great preparations are made at this princely seat for her reception. The residence of the countess is discovered by Tresilian, a rejected lover and devoted friend to her father, who is still ignorant of her marriage. Supposing that she is living in infamy with Varney, he entreats her to return to her father, whose heart is nearly broken by her elopement. This she promises to do as soon as she can

obtain the proper permission, but she dares not disclose her situation. Tresilian uses harsh language in reference to Varney, which she applies to her lord, and he is indignantly dismissed by the lady. Soon after this she is so much alarmed by the conduct of Varney, and an attempt which had been made to poison her, that she escapes from her confinement and flies to Kenilworth to claim the protection of her husband. The queen arrives at the same place, and after several embarrassing and highly interesting scenes, the earl is compelled to dare the wrath of his sovereign, by acknowledging his marriage. This, however, does not occur until his unhappy lady had been seen by the queen, who, under the belief that she is insane, had ordered her to be delivered to Varney, by whom she was claimed as his wife. The wretched peer, distracted between his ambition, and the vile slanders of Varney against the character of his wife, to whom he is still fondly devoted, had assented to the proposal of this unprincipled minion to put her to death. The sentence, indeed, is recalled, when he is undeceived by Tresilian; but it is too late. The beautiful Amy is already murdered! Murdered in a manner so shocking as to leave the most painful feelings upon the mind of the reader!

It is bold to talk of defects in estimating the merits of this writer; but we must complain that we are left in ignorance of every circumstance respecting the courtship of Leicester, excepting that Varney was the agent. Curiosity cannot but inquire how Amy Robsart, living in a remote county, was discovered by the most powerful nobleman of the realm; a man who was absorbed in the golden dreams of ambition and pressing himself forward with equal and anxious solicitude at the court, the cabinet and the camp. He was not admitted as a visiter at her father's house, nor was he ever seen by one of her family. No place is mentioned at which he might have been seen, nor is a suspicion created of any other suitor than the confident of her real lover. We are at a loss to account for this oversight in one who understands so well the art of affecting the heart and delighting the imagination. Surely the high-souled and affectionate Amy Robsart was not persuaded by ordinary means, to leave a fond and declining parent in ignorance of her destiny, to break her plighted faith

with the amiable Tresilian, whose high honour and unalterable affection are alike conspicuous; and above all, to incur the scandal which must be the inevitable consequence of her suspicious flight. How must her gentle bosom have been agitated between the conflicting claims of love and duty;—the principles of honour and the dread of infamy! The neglect of all this is the more unaccountable, because this writer is never more fascinating than in his delineations of the female character. The heroic wife of Rob Roy, the excellent Jeanie Deans and, above all, the sublime Rebecca,—had he failed in every other portrait, would have ranked him among the first of painters.

The stately maiden queen is drawn in faithful keeping with historical record,—as kind and affable to her subjects, yet never forgetting for a moment her descent from Henry. Perhaps the license of the poet has ascribed to her rather a superabundance of,—what we bachelor-critics would call,—*female* weakness. Such strains of fulsome adulation are poured in her ear, as would have disgusted an understanding much below that of Elizabeth. Her reign, indeed, was the age of extravagance, and to our republican apprehensions, the gallantry of her court is more like tinsel and rhodomontade than reality. Witness the following passage, in which Varney artfully withdraws the queen's attention from a subject on which he is not very desirous to be examined, by telling her of Leicester's love for her.

"Ah! madam, since he received that fatal packet!"

"What packet, and from whence?" said the queen eagerly.

"From whence, madam, I cannot guess; but I am so near to his person, that I know he has ever since worn, suspended around his neck, and next to his heart, that lock of hair which sustains a small golden jewel, shaped like a heart—he speaks to it when alone—he parts not from it when he sleeps—no heathen ever worshipped an idol with such devotion."

"Thou art a prying knave, to watch thy master so closely," said Elizabeth, blushing, but not with anger; "and a tattling knave to tell over again his fooleries.—What colour might the braid of hair be, that thou pratest of?"

Varney replied, "A poet, madam, might call it a thread from the golden web wrought by Minerva; but, to my thinking, it was

paler than even the purest gold—more like the last parting sunbeam of the softest day of spring."

"Why, you are a poet yourself, master Varney," said the queen; smiling; "but I have not genius quick enough to follow your rare metaphors—Look round these ladies—is there—(she hesitated, and endeavoured to assume an air of great indifference) —Is there here, in this presence, any lady, the colour of whose hair reminds thee of that braid? Methinks, without prying into my lord of Leicester's amorous secrets, I would fain know what kind of locks are like the thread of Minerva's web, or the—what was it?—the last rays of the May-day sun."

Varney looked round the presence-chamber, his eye travelling from one lady to another, until at length it rested upon the queen herself, but with an aspect of the deepest veneration. "I see no tresses," he said, "in this presence worthy of such similies, unless where I dare not look on them."

"How, sir knave," said the queen, "dare you intimate"——

"Nay, madam," replied Varney, shading his eyes with his hand, "it was the beams of the May-day sun that dazzled my weak eyes."

"Go to—go to," said the queen; "thou art a foolish fellow"— and turning quickly from him she walked up to Leicester.

Perhaps not one of these novels can boast of so few scenes that are surpassingly fine.—We have nothing so deeply pathetic as the death of Steenie Mucklebackit in the fisherman's cottage: nothing so terrific as the escape of Sir Arthur Wardour and his daughter on the beach: nothing so appalling as the gentle Rebecca, wound up to a pitch of phrenzied terror by Bois Guilbert and ready to precipitate herself from the lofty battlements. There are, in short no powerful exhibitions of passion, if we except that in which is described the indignation of Amy, at the proposition of her husband that she should appear as Varney's wife, and one or two others.

'The countess Amy, with her hair and her garments dishevelled, was seated upon a sort of couch, in an attitude of the deepest affliction, out of which she was startled by the opening of the door. She turned hastily round, and fixing her eye on Varney, exclaimed, "Wretch! art thou come to frame some new plan of villainy?"

'Leicester cut short her reproaches by stepping forward, and dropping his cloak, while he said in a voice rather of authority than of affection, "It is with me madam, you have to commune, not with Sir Richard Varney."

'The change effected on the countess's look and manner was like magic. "Dudley!" she exclaimed, "Dudley! and art thou come at last?" And with the speed of lightning she flew to her husband, clung around his neck, and unheeding the presence of Varney, overwhelmed him with caresses, while she bathed his face in a flood of tears; muttering at the same time, but in broken and disjointed monosyllables, the fondest expressions which love teaches his votaries.

'Leicester, as it seemed to him, had reason to be angry with his lady for transgressing his commands, and thus placing him in the perilous situation in which he had that morning stood. But what displeasure could keep its ground before these testimonies of affection from a being so lovely, that even the negligence of dress, and the withering effects of fear and grief, which would have impaired the beauty of others, rendered her's but the more interesting. He received and repaid her caresses with fondness, mingled with melancholy, the last of which she seemed scarcely to observe, until the first transport of her own joy was over; when, looking anxiously in his face, she asked if he was ill.

"Not in my body, Amy," was his answer.

"Then I will be well too.—O Dudley! I have been ill!—very ill, since we last met!—for I call not this morning's horrible vision a meeting. I have been in sickness, in grief, and in danger—But thou art come, and all is joy, and health, and safety."

"Alas! Amy," said Leicester, "thou hast undone me!"

"I, my lord," said Amy, her cheek at once losing its transient flush of joy—'how could I injure that which I love better than myself."

"I would not upbraid you, Amy," replied the earl; "but are you not here contrary to my express commands—and does not your presence here endanger both yourself and me?"

"Does it, does it indeed!" she exclaimed eagerly; "then why am I here a moment longer? O if you knew by what fears I was urged to quit Cumnor Place!—but I will say nothing of myself—

only that if it might be otherwise, I would not willingly return *thither;*—yet if it concern your safety"——

"We will think, Amy, of some other retreat," said Leicester; "and you shall go to one of my northern castles, under the personage—it will but be needful, I trust, for a very few days—of Varney's wife."

"How, my lord of Leicester!" said the lady, disengaging herself from his embraces; "is it to your wife you give the dishonourable counsel to acknowledge herself the bride of another—and of all men, the bride of that Varney?"

"Madam, I speak it in earnest—Varney is my true and faithful servant, trusted in my deepest secrets. I had better lose my right hand than his service at this moment. You have no cause to scorn him as you do."

"I could assign one, my lord," replied the countess: "and I see he shakes even under that assured look of his. But he that is necessary as your right hand to your safety, is free from any accusation of mine. May he be true to you; and that he may be true, trust him not too much or too far. But it is enough to say, that I will not go with him unless by violence, nor would I acknowledge him as my husband, were all"——

"It is a temporary deception, madam," said Leicester, irritated by her opposition, "necessary for both our safeties, endangered by you through female caprice, or the premature desire to seize on a rank to which I gave you title, only under condition that our marriage, for a time, should continue secret. If my proposal disgust you, it is yourself has brought it on both of us. There is no other remedy—you must do what your own impatient folly hath rendered necessary—I command you."

"I cannot put your commands, my lord," said Amy, "in balance with those of honour and conscience. I will NOT, in this instance, obey you. You may achieve your own dishonour, to which these crooked policies naturally tend, but I will do nought that can blemish mine. How could you again, my lord, acknowledge me as a pure and chaste matron, worthy to share your fortunes, when, holding that high character, I had strolled the country the acknowledged wife of such a profligate fellow as your servant Varney!"

"My lord," said Varney interposing, "my lady is too much prejudiced against me, unhappily, to listen to what I can offer; yet it may please her better than what she proposes. She has good interest with Master Edmund Tresilian, and could doubtless prevail on him to consent to be her companion to Lidcote-hall, and there she might remain in safety until time permitted the development of this mystery."

Leicester was silent, but stood looking eagerly on Amy, with eyes which seemed suddenly to glow as much with suspicion as displeasure.

The countess only said, "Would to God I were in my father's house!—When I left it, I little thought I was leaving peace of mind and honour behind me."

Varney proceeded with a tone of deliberation. "Doubtless this will make it necessary to take strangers into my lord's counsels; but surely the countess will be warrant for the honour of Master Tresilian, and such of her father's family"——

"Peace, Varney," said Leicester; "by Heaven I will strike my dagger into thee, if again thou namest Tresilian as a partner of my counsels!"

"And wherefore not?" said the countess; "unless they be counsels fitter for such as Varney, than for a man of stainless honour and integrity. My lord, my lord, bend no angry brows on me—it is the truth, and it is I who speak it. I once did Tresilian wrong for your sake—I will not do him the further injustice of being silent when his honour is brought in question. I can forbear," she said looking at Varney, "to pull the mask off hypocrisy, but I will not permit virtue to be slandered in my hearing."

There was a dead pause. Leicester stood displeased, yet undetermined, and too conscious of the weakness of his cause; while Varney, with a deep and hypocritical affectation of sorrow, mingled with humility, bent his eyes on the ground.

It was then that the countess Amy displayed, in the midst of distress and difficulty, the natural energy of character, which would have rendered her, had fate allowed, a distinguished ornament of the rank which she held. She walked up to Leicester with a composed step, a dignified air, and looks in which strong

affection assayed in vain to shake the firmness of conscious truth and rectitude of principle. "You have spoke your mind, my lord," she said, "in these difficulties with which, unhappily, I found myself unable to comply. This gentleman—this person I would say—has hinted at another scheme, to which I object not but as it displeases you. Will your lordship be pleased to hear what a young and timid woman, but your most affectionate wife, can suggest in the present extremity?"

Leicester was silent, but bent his head towards the countess, as an intimation that she was at liberty to proceed.

"There hath been but one cause for all these evils, my lord," she proceeded, "and it resolves itself into the mysterious duplicity with which you have been induced to surround yourself. Extricate yourself at once, my lord, from the tyranny of these disgraceful trammels. Be like a true English gentleman, knight and earl, who holds that truth is the foundation of honour, and that honour is dear to him as the breath of his nostrils. Take your ill-fated wife by the hand, lead her to the footstool of Elizabeth's throne—Say, that in a moment of infatuation, moved by supposed beauty, of which none perhaps can now trace even the remains, I gave my hand to this Amy Robsart.—You will then have done justice to me, my lord, and to your own honour; and should law or power require you to part from me, I will oppose no objection —since I may then with honour hide a grieved and broken heart in those shades from which your love withdrew me."

There was so much of dignity, so much of tenderness in the countess's remonstrance, that it moved all that was noble and generous in the soul of her husband. The scales seemed to fall from his eyes, and the duplicity and tergiversation of which he had been guilty, stung him at once with remorse and shame.

"I am not worthy of you Amy," he said, "that could weigh aught which ambition has to give against such a heart as thine. I have a bitter penance to perform, in disentangling, before sneering foes and astounded friends, all the meshes of my own deceitful policy.—And the queen—but let her take my head, as she has threatened."

"Your head, my lord!" said the countess; "because you used the freedom and liberty of an English subject in choosing a wife?

For shame; it is this distrust of the queen's justice, this apprehension of danger, which cannot but be imaginary, that, like scarecrows, have induced you to forsake the straight-forward path, which, as it is the best, is also the safest."

"Ah, Amy, thou little knowest!" said Dudley; but instantly checking himself, he added, "Yet she shall not find in me a safe or easy victim of arbitrary vengeance.—I have friends—I have allies—I will not, like Norfolk, be dragged to the block, as a victim to sacrifice. Fear not, Amy; thou shalt see Dudley bear himself worthy of his name. I must instantly communicate with some of those friends on whom I can best rely; for, as things stand, I may be made prisoner in my own castle."

"O, my good lord," said Amy, "make no faction in a peaceful state! There is no friend can help us so well as our own candid truth and honour. Bring but these to our assistance, and you are safe amidst a whole army of the envious and malignant. Leave these behind you, and all other defence will be fruitless—Truth, my noble lord, is well painted unarmed."

"But wisdom, Amy," answered Leicester, "is arrayed in panoply of proof. Argue not with me on the means I shall use to render my confession—since it must be called so—as safe as may be; it will be fraught with enough of danger, do what we will.—Varney, we must hence.—Farewell, Amy, whom I am to vindicate as mine own, at an expense and risk of which thou alone could'st be worthy. You shall soon hear farther from me."

He embraced her fervently, muffled himself as before, and accompanied Varney from the apartment. The latter, as he left the room, bowed low, and, as he raised his body, regarded Amy with a peculiar expression, as if he desired to know how far his own pardon was included in the reconcilation which had taken place betwixt her and her lord. The countess looked upon him with a fixed eye, but seemed no more conscious of his presence, than if there had been nothing but vacant air on the spot where he stood.

"She has brought me to the crisis," he muttered—"She or I are lost. There was something—I wot not if it was fear or pity, that prompted me to avoid this fatal crisis. It is now decided—She or I must perish."

This proposition had been made to her previously by Varney, and the manner in which it was then received, may be quoted here as a proper companion-piece to the fine picture which we have just presented to the contemplation of our readers. We do not know of any passage where the energy and indignation of a virtuous and high-spirited woman is depicted in a more powerful strain.

———"Presently after the voice of the countess was heard exclaiming, at the highest pitch to which indignation could raise it, 'Undo the door, sir, I command you!—Undo the door!—I will have no other reply!' she continued, drowning with her vehement accents the low and muttered sounds which Varney was heard to utter betwixt whiles. 'What ho! without there!' she persisted, accompanying her words with shrieks, 'Janet, alarm the house!—Foster, break open the door—I am detained here by a traitor!—Use axe and lever, master Foster—I will be your warrant!'

"It shall not need, madam," Varney was at length distinctly heard to say. "If you please to expose my lord's important concerns and your own to the general ear, I will not be your hindrance."

'The door was unlocked and thrown upon, and Janet and her father rushed in, anxious to learn the cause of these reiterated exclamations.

'When they entered the apartment, Varney stood by the door grinding his teeth, with an expression in which rage, and shame, and fear, had each their share. The countess stood in the midst of her apartment like a juvenile Pythoness, under the influence of the prophetic fury. The veins in her beautiful forehead started into swoln blue lines through the hurried impulse of her articulation—her cheek and neck glowed like scarlet—her eyes were like those of an imprisoned eagle, flashing red lighting on the foes whom it cannot reach with its talons. Were it possible for one of the graces to have been animated by a fury, the countenance could not have united such beauty with so much hatred, scorn, defiance, and resentment. The gesture and attitude corresponded with the voice and looks, and altogether presented a spectacle which was at once beautiful and fearful; so much of the sublime had the energy of passion united with the countess Amy's natural loveliness. Janet, as soon as the door was open, ran to her mistress;

and more slowly, yet with more haste than he was wont, Anthony Foster went to Richard Varney.

"In the truth's name, what ails your ladyship?" said the former.

"What in the name of Satan, have ye done to her?" said Foster to his friend.

"Who, I?—nothing," answered Varney, but with sunken head and sullen voice; "nothing but communicated to her her lord's commands, which, if the lady list not to obey, she knows better how to answer it than I may pretend to do."

"Now, by heaven, Janet!" said the countess, "the false traitor lies in his throat! He must needs lie, for he speaks to the dishonour of my noble lord—he must needs lie doubly, for he speaks to gain ends of his own, equally execrable and unattainable."

"You have misapprehended me, lady," said Varney, with a sulky species of submission and apology; "let this matter rest till your passion be abated, and I will explain all."

"Thou shalt never have an opportunity to do so," said the countess.—"Look at him Janet. He is fairly dressed, hath the outside of a gentleman, and hither he came to persuade me it was my lord's pleasure—nay, more, my wedded lord's commands, that I should go with him to Kenilworth, and before the queen and nobles, and in presence of my own wedded lord, that I should acknowledge him—*him* there—that very cloak-brushing, shoe-cleaning fellow—*him* there, my lord's lacquey, for my liege lord and husband; furnishing against myself, great God! whenever I was to claim my right and my rank, such weapons as would hew my just claim from the root, and destroy my character to be regarded as an honourable matron of the English nobility!"

"You hear her, Foster, and you, young maiden, hear this lady," answered Varney, taking advantage of the pause which the countess had made in her charge, more for lack of breath than for lack of matter—"You hear that her heart only objects to me the course which our good lord, for the purpose to keep certain matters secret, suggests in the very letter which she holds in her hands."

Foster here attempted to interfere with a face of authority, which he thought became the charge entrusted to him, "Nay, lady, I must needs say you are hasty in this—Such deceit is not utterly

to be condemned when practised for a righteous end; and thus even the patriarch Abraham feigned Sarah to be his sister when they went down to Egypt."

"Ay, sir," answered the countess; "but God rebuked that deceit even in the father of his chosen people, by the mouth of the heathen Pharaoh. Out upon you, that will read scripture only to copy those things, which are held out to us as warnings, not as examples!"

"But Sarah disputed not the will of her husband, an it be your pleasure," said Foster, in reply; "but did as Abraham commanded, calling herself his sister, that it might be well with her husband for her sake, and that his soul might live because of her beauty."

"Now, so heaven pardon me my useless anger," answered the countess, "thou art as daring a hypocrite as yonder fellow is an impudent deceiver. Never will I believe that the noble Dudley gave countenance to so dastardly, so dishonourable a plan. Thus I tread on his infamy, if his indeed it be, and thus destroy its remembrance for ever!"

So saying, she tore in pieces Leicester's letter, and stamped, in the extremity of impatience, as if she would have annihilated the minute fragments into which she had rent it.

"Bear witness," said Varney, collecting himself, "she has torn my lord's letter, in order to burthen me with the scheme of his devising; and although it promises nought but danger and trouble to me, she would lay it to my charge, as if I had any purpose of mine own in it."

"Thou liest, thou treacherous slave!" said countess Amy, in spite of Janet's attempts to keep her silent, in the sad foresight that her vehemence might only furnish arms against herself. "Thou liest," she continued—"Let me go, Janet—Were it the last word I have to speak, he lies—he had his own foul ends to seek, and broader he would have displayed them, had my passion permitted me to preserve the silence which at first encouraged him to unfold his vile projects."

"Madam," said Varney, overwhelmed in spite of his effrontery, "I entreat you to believe yourself mistaken."

"As soon will I believe light darkness. Have I drank of oblivion? Do I not remember former passages, which, known to Leicester, had given thee the preferment of a gallows, instead of the honour of his intimacy.—I would I were a man but for five minutes! It were space enough to make a craven like thee confess his villainy. But go—begone—Tell thy master, that when I take the foul course to which such scandalous deceits as thou hast recommended on his behalf must necessarily lead me, I will give him a rival something worthy of the name. He shall not be supplanted by an ignominious lacquey, whose best fortune is to catch his master's last suit of clothes ere it is thread-bare, and who is only fit to seduce a suburb-wench by the bravery of new roses in his master's old pantofles. Go, begone, sir.—I scorn thee so much, that I am ashamed to have been angry with thee."

The most interesting scene in the whole work is that in which the countess is discovered in the garden of Kenilworth, waiting an opportunity to speak to Leicester, who was yet ignorant of her escape from Cumnor Place.

'Horses in the meanwhile neighed, and champed the bitts with impatience in the base court: hounds yelled in their couples, and yeomen, rangers, and prickers, lamented the exhaling of the dew, which would prevent the scent from lying. But Leicester had another chace in view, or, to speak more justly towards him, had become engaged in it without premeditation, as the high-spirited hunter which follows the cry of the hounds that have crossed his path by accident. The queen—an accomplished and handsome woman—the pride of England, the hope of France and Holland, and the dread of Spain, had probably listened with more than usual favour to that mixture of romantic gallantry with which she always loved to be addressed; and the earl had, in vanity, in ambition, or in both, thrown in more and more of that delicious ingredient, until his importunity became the language of love itself.

"No, Dudley," said Elizabeth, yet it was with broken accents —"No, I must be the mother of my people. Other ties, that make the lowly maiden happy, are denied to her sovereign—No, Leicester, urge it no more—Where I as others, free to seek my

own happiness—then, indeed—but it cannot—cannot be.—Delay the chace—delay it for half an hour—and leave me, my lord."

"How, leave you, madam!" said Leicester,—"Has my madness offended you?"

"No, Leicester, not so!" answered the queen hastily; "but it is madness, and must not be repeated. Go—but go not far from hence—and meantime let no one intrude on my privacy."

'While she spoke thus, Dudley bowed deeply, and retired with a slow and melancholy air. The queen stood gazing after him, and murmured to herself—"Were it possible—were it *but* possible!—but no—no—Elizabeth must be the wife and mother of England alone."

'As she spoke thus, and in order to avoid some one whose steps she heard approaching, the queen turned into the grotto in which her hapless, and yet but too successful rival lay concealed.

'The mind of England's Elizabeth, if somewhat shaken by the agitating interview to which she had just put a period, was of that firm and decided character which soon recovers its natural tone. It was like one of those ancient druidical monuments, called Rocking-stones. The finger of Cupid, boy as he is painted, could put her feelings in motion, but the power of Hercules could not have destroyed their equilibrium. As she advanced with a slow pace towards the inmost extremity of the grotto, her countenance, ere she had proceeded half the length, had recovered its dignity of look, and her mein its air of command.

It was then the queen became aware, that a female figure was placed beside, or rather partly behind, an alabaster column, at the foot of which arose the pellucid fountain, which occupied the inmost recess of the twilight grotto. The classical mind of Elizabeth suggested the story of Numa and Egeria, and she doubted not that some Italian sculptor had here represented the Naiad, whose inspirations gave laws to Rome. As she advanced, she became doubtful whether she beheld a statue, or a form of flesh and blood. The unfortunate Amy, indeed, remained motionless, betwixt the desire which she had to make her condition known to one of her own sex, and her awe for the stately form which approached her, and which, though her eyes had never before beheld, her fears instantly suspected to be the personage she really

was. Amy had risen from her seat with the purpose of addressing the lady, who entered the grotto alone, and she at first thought, so opportunely. But when she recollected the alarm which Leicester had expressed at the queen knowing aught of their union, and became more and more satisfied that the person whom she now beheld was Elizabeth herself, she stood with one foot advanced and one withdrawn, her arms, head, and hands, perfectly motionless, and her cheek as pallid as the alabaster pedestal against which she leaned.

Elizabeth remained in doubt, even after she had approached within a few paces, whether she did not gaze on a statue so cunningly fashioned, that by that doubtful light, it could not be distinguished from reality. She stopped, therefore, and fixed upon this interesting object her princely look with so much keenness, that the astonishment which had kept Amy immoveable, gave way to awe, and she gradually cast down her eyes, and drooped her head under the commanding gaze of the sovereign. Still, however, she remained in all respects, saving this slow and profound inclination of the head, motionless and silent.

From her dress, and the casket which she instinctively held in her hand, Elizabeth naturally conjectured that the beautiful but mute figure which she beheld, was a performer in one of the various theatrical pageants which had been placed in different situations to surprise her with their homage, and that the poor player, overcome with the awe at her presence, had either forgot the part assigned her, or lacked courage to go through it. It was natural and courteous to give her some encouragement; and Elizabeth accordingly said in a tone of condescending kindness,—"How now, fair nymph of this lovely grotto—art thou spell-bound and struck with dumbness by the charms of the wicked enchanter whom men term Fear?—We are his sworn enemy, maiden, and can reverse his charm. Speak, we command thee."

Instead of answering her by speech, the unfortunate countess dropped on her knee before the queen, let her casket fall from her hand, and clasping her palms together, looked up in the queen's face with such a mixed agony of fear and supplication, that Elizabeth was considerably affected.

"What may this mean?" said she; "this is a stronger passion

than befits the occasion. Stand up, damsel—what wouldst thou have with us?"

"Your protection, madam," faultered forth the unhappy petitioner.

"Each daughter of England has it while she is worthy of it," replied the queen; "but your distress seems to have a deeper root than a forgotten task. Why, and in what, do you crave our protection?"

Amy hastily endeavoured to recal what she were best to say, which might secure herself from the imminent dangers which surrounded her, without endangering her husband; and plunging from one thought to another, amidst the chaos which filled her mind, she could at length, in answer to the queen's repeated inquiries, in what she sought protection, only faulter out, "Alas I know not."

"This is folly, maiden," said Elizabeth impatiently; for there was something in the extreme confusion of the suppliant, which irritated her curiosity as well as interested her feeling. "The sick man must tell his malady to the physician, nor are WE accustomed to ask questions so oft, without receiving an answer."

"I request—I implore," stammered forth the unfortunate countess,—"I beseech your gracious protection—against—against one Varney." She choaked well nigh as she uttered the fatal word, which was instantly caught up by the queen.

"What, Varney—Sir Richard Varney—the servant of lord Leicester!—What, damsel, are you to him, or he to you?"

"I—I—was his prisoner—and he practised on my life—and I broke forth to—to"——

"To throw thyself on my protection, doubtless," said Elizabeth. "Thou shalt have it—that is, if thou art worthy; for we will sift this matter to the uttermost.—Thou art," she said, bending on the countess an eye which seemed designed to pierce her very inmost soul,—"thou art Amy, daughter of Sir Hugh Robsart of Lidcote-Hall?"

"Forgive me—forgive me—most gracious princess!" said Amy, dropping once more on her knee, from which she had risen.

"For what should I forgive thee, silly wench?" said Elizabeth; "for being the daughter of thine own father? Thou art brain-

sick, surely. Well, I see I must wring the story from thee by inches—Thou did'st deceive thine old and honoured father—thy look confesses it—cheated Master Tressilian—thy blush avouches it—and married this same Varney."

Amy sprung on her feet, and interrupted the queen eagerly, with, "No, madam, no—as there is a God above us, I am not the sordid wretch you would take me! I am not the wife of that contemptible slave—of that most deliberate villain! I am not the wife of Varney! I would rather be the bride of destruction!"

The queen, overwhelmed in her turn by Amy's vehemence, stood silent for an instant, and then replied, "Why, God ha' mercy! woman—I see thou can'st talk fast enough when the theme likes thee. Nay, tell me, woman," she continued, for to the impulse of curiosity was now added that of an undefined jealousy that some deception had been practised on her,—"tell me, woman—for by God's day, I WILL know—whose wife or whose paramour art thou? Speak out, and be speedy—Thou wert better dally with a lioness than with Elizabeth."

Urged to this extremity, dragged as it were by irresistible force to the verge of the precipice, which she saw but could not avoid, —permitted not a moment's respite by the eager words, and menacing gestures of the offended queen, Amy at length uttered in despair, "the earl of Leicester knows it all."

"The earl of Leicester!" said Elizabeth, in utter astonishment —"The earl of Leicester!" she replied, with kindling anger;— "Woman, thou art set on to this—thou doest belie him—he takes no keep of such things as thou art. Thou art suborned to slander the noblest lord, and the truest hearted gentleman in England! But were he the right hand of our trust; or something yet dearer to us, thou shalt have thy hearing, and that in his presence. Come with me—come with me instantly!"

As Amy shrunk back with terror, which the incensed queen interpreted as that of conscious guilt, Elizabeth hastily advanced, seized on her arm, and hastened with swift and long steps out of the grotto, and along the principal alley of the Pleasance, dragging with her the terrified countess, whom he still held by the arm, and whose utmost exertions could but just keep pace with those of the indignant queen.

Leicester was at this moment the centre of a splendid group of lords and ladies, assembled together under an arcade, or portico, which closed the alley. The company had drawn together in that place, to attend the commands of her majesty when the hunting-party should go forward, and their astonishment may be imagined, when instead of seeing Elizabeth advanced towards them with her usual measured dignity of motion, they beheld her walking so rapidly, that she was in the midst of them ere they were aware; and then observed, with fear and surprise, that her features were flushed betwixt anger and agitation, that her hair was loosened by her haste of motion, and that her eyes sparkled as they were wont when the spirit of Henry VIII, mounted highest in his daughter. Nor were they less astonished at the appearance of the pale, extenuated, half dead, yet still lovely female, whom the queen upheld by main strength with one hand, while with the other she waved aside the ladies and nobles who pressed towards her, under the idea that she was taken suddenly ill. "Where is my lord of Leicester?" she said, in a tone that thrilled with astonishment all the courtiers who stood around—"Stand forth, my lord of Leicester!"

If, in the midst of the most serene day of summer, when all is light and laughing around, a thunderbolt were to fall from the clear blue vault of heaven, and rend the earth at the very feet of some careless traveller, he could not gaze upon the smouldering chasm, which so unexpectedly yawned before him, with half the astonishment and fear which Leicester felt at the sight that so suddenly presented itself. He had that instant been receiving, with a political affectation of disavowing and misunderstanding their meaning, the half uttered, half intimated congratulations of the courtiers upon the favour of the queen, carried apparently to its highest pitch during the interview of that morning; from which most of them seemed to augur, that he might soon arise from their equal in rank to become their master. And now, while the subdued yet proud smile with which he disclaimed those inferences was yet curling his cheek, the queen shot into the circle, her passions excited to the uttermost; and, supporting with one hand, and apparently without an effort, the pale and sinking form of his almost expiring wife, and pointing with the finger of the other to her

half dead features, demanded in a voice that sounded to the ears of the astounded statesman like the last dread trumpet call, that is to summon body and spirit to the judgment seat, "Knowest thou this woman?"

As at the blast of that last trumpet, the guilty shall call upon the mountains to cover them, Leicester's inward thoughts invoked the stately arch which he had built in his pride, to burst its strong conjunction, and overwhelm them in its ruins. But the cemented stones, architrave and battlement, stood fast; and it was the proud master himself, who, as if some actual pressure had bent him to the earth, kneeled down before Elizabeth, and prostrated his brow to the marble flag-stones on which she stood.

"Leicester," said Elizabeth, in a voice which trembled with passion, "could I think thou hast practised on me—on me thy sovereign—on me thy confiding, thy too partial mistress, the base and ungrateful deception which thy present confusion surmises —by all that is holy, false lord, that head of thine were in as great peril as ever was thy father's!"

Leicester had not conscious innocence, but he had pride to support him. He raised slowly his brow and features, which were black and swoln with contending emotions, and only replied, "my head cannot fall but by the sentence of my peers—to them I will plead, and not to a princess who thus requites my faithful service."

"What! my lords," said Elizabeth, looking around, "we are defied, I think—defied in the castle we have ourselves bestowed on this proud man!—My lord Shrewsbury, you are marshal of England, attach him of high treason."

"Whom does your grace mean?" said Shrewsbury, much surprised, for he had that instant joined the astonished circle.

"Whom should I mean, but that traitor, Dudley, earl of Leicester!—Cousin of Hunsdon, order out your band of gentlemen pensioners, and take him into instant custody.—I say, villain, make haste!"

Hunsdon, a rough old noble, who, from his relationship to the Boleyns, was accustomed to use more freedom with the queen than almost any others, replied bluntly, "And it is like your grace

might order me to the tower to-morrow, for making too much haste. I do beseech you to be patient."

"Patient—God's life!" exclaimed the queen,—"name not the word to me—thou know'st not of what he is guilty!"

Amy, who had by this time in some degree recovered herself, and who saw her husband, as she conceived, in the utmost danger from the rage of an offended sovereign, instantly, (and, alas! how many women have done the same,) forgot her own wrongs, and her own danger, in her apprehensions for him, and throwing herself before the queen, embraced her knees, while she exclaimed, "He is guiltless, madam—he is guiltless—no one can lay aught to the charge of the noble Leicester."

"Why, minion," answered the queen, "did'st not thou, thyself, say that the earl of Leicester was privy to thy whole history?"

"Did I say so?" repeated the unhappy Amy, laying aside every consideration of consistency, and of self-interest; "O, if I did, I foully belied him. May God so judge me, as I believe he was never privy to a thought that would harm me!"

"Woman!" said Elizabeth, "I will know who has moved thee to this; or my wrath—and the wrath of kings is a flaming fire—shall wither and consume thee like a weed in the furnace."

As the queen uttered this threat, Leicester's better angel called his pride to his aid, and reproached him with the utter extremity of meanness which would overwhelm him for ever, if he stooped to take shelter under the generous interposition of his wife, and abandoned her, in return for her kindness, to the resentment of the queen. He had already raised his head, with the dignity of a man of honour, to avow his marriage, and proclaim himself the protector of his countess, when Varney, born, as it appeared, to be his master's evil genius, rushed into the presence, with every mark of disorder on his face and apparel.

"What means this saucy intrusion?" said Elizabeth.

Varney, with the air of a man altogether overwhelmed with grief and confusion, prostrated himself before her feet, exclaiming, "Pardon, my liege, pardon!—or at least let your justice avenge itself on me, where it is due; but spare my noble, my generous, my innocent patron and master!"

Amy, who was yet kneeling, started up as she saw the man whom she deemed most odious, place himself so near her, and was about to fly towards Leicester, when, checked at once by the uncertainty and even timidity which his looks had re-assumed as soon as the appearance of his confident seemed to open a new scene, she hung back, and uttering a faint scream, besought of her majesty to cause her to be imprisoned in the lowest dungeon of the castle—to deal with her as the worst of criminals—"but spare," she exclaimed, "my sight and hearing, what will destroy the little judgment I have left—the sight of that unutterable and most shameless villain!"

"And why, sweetheart?" said the queen, moved by a new impulse; "what hath he, this false knight, since such thou accountest him, done to thee?"

"Oh, worse than sorrow, madam, and worse than injury—he has sown dissention where most there should be peace. I shall go mad if I look longer on him."

"Beshrew me, but I think thou art distraught already," answered the queen.—"My lord Hunsdon, look to this poor distressed young woman, and let her be safely bestowed, and in honest keeping, till we require her to be forthcoming."

We may also transcribe the scene in which the queen discovers the marriage of Leicester, after the earl, in a very tender interview with her majesty, had ventured to declare his aspiring hopes, and had been gently but affectionately and respectfully refused. Her mingled grief and rage are thus described.

'Upon entrance, Tressilian found himself not without a strong palpitation of heart in the presence of Elizabeth, who was walking to and fro in a violent agitation, which she seemed to scorn to conceal, while two or three of her most sage and confidential counsellors, who exchanged anxious looks with each other, but seemed to delay speaking till her wrath had abated. Before the empty chair of state in which she had been seated, and which was half pushed aside by the violence with which she had started from it, knelt Leicester, his arms crossed, and his brows bent on the ground, still and motionless as the effigies upon a sepulchre. Beside him stood the lord Shrewsbury, then earl marshal of En-

gland, holding his baton of office—the earl's sword was unbuckled, and lay before him on the floor.

"Ho, sir!" said the queen, coming close up to Tressilian and stamping on the floor with the action and manner of Henry himself; "you know this of fair work—you are an accomplice in this deception which has been practised on us—you have been a main cause of our doing injustice." Tressilian dropped on his knee before the queen, his good sense showing him the risk of attempting any defence at that moment of irritation. "Art dumb, sirrah!" she continued; "thou knowest of this affair, dost thou not."

"Not, gracious madam, that this poor lady was countess of Leicester."

"Nor shall any one know her for such;" said Elizabeth. "Death of my life! Countess of Leicester—I say dame Amy Dudley—and well if she have not cause to write herself widow of the traitor Robert Dudley."

"Madam," said Leicester, "do with me what it may be your will to do—but work no injury on this gentleman—he hath in no way deserved it."

"And will he be the better for thy intercession," said the queen, leaving Tressillan, who slowly arose, and rushing to Leicester, who continued kneeling,—"the better for thy intercession, thou doubly false—thou doubly forsworn?—of thy intercession, whose villainy hath made me ridiculous to my subjects, and odious to myself—I could tear out mine own eyes for their blindness!"

Burleigh here ventured to interpose.

"Madam," he said, "remember that you are a queen—queen of England—mother of your people. Give not way to this wild storm of passion."

Elizabeth turned round to him, while a tear actually twinkled in her proud eye and angry eye. "Burleigh," she said, "thou art a statesman—thou doest not, thou canst not comprehend half the scorn—half the misery, that man has poured on me."

With the utmost caution—with the deepest reverence, Burleigh took her hand at the moment he saw her heart was at the fullest, and led her aside to an oriel window, apart from the others.

"Madam," he said, "I am a statesman, but I am also a man—a man already grown old in your councils, who have not and cannot have a wish on earth but your glory and happiness—I pray you to be composed."

"Ah, Burleigh," said Elizabeth, "thou little knowest"—here again her tears fell in despite of her.

"I do—I do know, my honoured sovereign. O, beware that you lead not others to guess that which they know not."

"Ha!" said Elizabeth, pausing as if a new train of thought had suddenly shot across her brain. "Burleigh, thou art right—thou art right—any thing but disgrace—any thing but a confession of weakness—any thing but seem the cheated—slighted—'Sdeath! to think on it is distraction."

"Be but yourself, my queen," said Burleigh; "and soar far above a weakness which no Englishman will ever believe his Elizabeth could have entertained, unless the violence of her disappointment carries a sad conviction to his bosom."

"What weakness, my lord?" said Elizabeth haughtily; "would you too insinuate that the favour in which I held yonder proud traitor, derived its source from aught"—But here she could no longer sustain the proud tone which she had assumed, and again softened as she said, "But why should I strive to deceive even thee, my good and wise servant?"

Burleigh stooped to kiss her hand with affection, and—rare even in the annals of courts—a tear of true sympathy dropped from the eye of the minister on the hand of his sovereign.

It is probable that the consciousness of possessing this sympathy, aided Elizabeth in supporting her mortification, and suppressing her extreme resentment; but she was still more moved by fear that her passion would betray to the public the affront and the disappointment, which, alike as a woman and a queen, she was so anxious to conceal. She turned from Burleigh, and sternly paced the hall till her features had recovered their usual dignity, and her mien its usual stateliness of regular motion.

"Our sovereign is her noble self once more," whispered Burleigh to Walsingham; "mark what she does, and take heed you thwart her not."

She then approached Leicester, and said, with calmness, "My lord Shrewsbury, we discharge you of your prisoner—My lord of Leicester, rise and take up your sword—A quarter of an hour's restraint, under the custody of our marshal, my lord, is, we think, no high penance for months of falsehood practised upon us. We will now hear the progress of this affair."—She then seated herself in her chair, and said, "You, Tressilian, step forward, and say what you know."

Tressilian told his story, generously suppressing as much as he could what affected Leicester, and saying nothing of their having twice actually fought together. It is very probable that in doing so, he did the earl good service; for had the queen at that instant found any thing which she could vent upon him, without laying open sentiments of which she was ashamed, it might have fared hard with him. She paused when Tressilian had finished his tale.

"We will take that Wayland," she said, "into our own service, and place the boy in our secretary office for instruction, that he may use direction towards letters. For you, Tressilian, you did wrong in not communicating the whole truth to us, and your promise not to do so was both imprudent and undutiful. Yet, having given your word to this unhappy lady, it was the part of a man and a gentleman to keep it; and on the whole we esteem you for the character you have sustained in this matter. My lord of Leicester, it is now your turn to tell us the truth, an exercise to which you seem of late to have been too much a stranger."

Accordingly, she extorted by successive questions, the whole history of his first acquaintance with Amy Robsart—their marriage—his jealousy—the causes on which it was founded, and many particulars besides. Leicester's confession, for such it might be called, was extorted from him piece-meal, yet was upon the whole accurate, excepting that he totally omitted to mention that he had, by implication, or otherwise, assented to Varney's designs upon the life of his countess. Yet it was what at that moment lay nearest to his heart; and although he trusted in great measure to the very positive counter-orders which he had sent by Lambourne, yet it was his purpose to set out for Cumnor-Place in person, so soon as he was dismissed from the presence of the queen, who, he concluded, would presently leave Kenilworth.

But the earl reckoned without his host. It is true, his presence and his communications were gall and wormwood to his once partial mistress. But barred from every other and more direct mode of revenge, the queen perceived that she gave him torture by these inquiries, and dwelt on them for that reason, no more regarding the pain which she herself experienced, than the savage cares for the searing of his own hands with the hot pincers with which he tears the flesh of his captive enemy.

At length, however, the haughty lord, like a deer that turns to bay, gave intimation that his patience was failing. "Madam," he said, "I have been much to blame—more than even your just resentment has expressed—Yet, madam, let me say that my guilt, if it be unpardonable, was not unprovoked; and that if beauty and condescending dignity could seduce the frail heart of a human being, I might plead both, as the causes of my concealing this secret from your majesty."

The queen was so much struck by this reply, which Leicester took care should be heard by no one but herself, that she was for the moment silenced, and the earl had the temerity to pursue his advantage. "Your grace, who has pardoned so much, will excuse my throwing myself on your royal mercy for those expressions which were yester-morning accounted but a light offence."

The queen fixed her eyes on him while she replied, "Now, by heaven, my lord, thy effrontry passes the bounds of belief, as well as patience. But it shall avail thee nothing.—What ho! my lords, come all and hear the news—My lord of Leicester's stolen marriage has cost me a husband, and England a king. His lordship is patriarchal in his taste—one wife at a time was insufficient, and he designed us the honour of his left hand. Now, is not this too insolent,—that I could not grace him with a few marks of court-favour, but he must presume to think my hand and crown at his disposal?—You, however, think better of me, and I can pity this ambitious man, as I could a child, whose bubble of soap has burst between his hands.—We go to the presence chamber—My lord of Leicester, we command your close attendance on us."

All was eager expectation in the hall, and what was the universal surprise, when the queen said to those next her, "The revels

of Kenilworth are not yet exhausted, my lords and ladies—we are to solemnize the noble owner's marriage."

There was an universal expression of surprise.

"It is true, on our royal word," said the queen; "he hath kept this a secret even from us, that he might surprise us with it at this very place and time. I see you are dying of curiosity to know the happy bride—It is Amy Robsart, the same who, to make up the May-game yesterday, figured in the pageant as the wife of his servant Varney."

"For God's sake, madam," said the earl, approaching her with a mixture of humility, vexation, and shame in his countenance, and speaking so low as to be heard by no one else, "take my head, as you threatened, in your anger, and spare me these taunts —urge not a falling man—tread not on a crushed worm."

"A worm, my lord," said the queen, in the same tone; "nay, a snake is the nobler reptile, and the more exact similitude—the frozen snake you wot of, which was warmed in a certain bosom."

"For your own sake—for mine, madam," said the earl—"while there is yet some reason left in me."

"Speak aloud, my lord," said Elizabeth, "and at farther distance, so please you—your breath thaws our ruff. What have you to ask of us?"

"Permission," said the unfortunate earl, humbly, "to travel to Cumnor-Place."

"To fetch home your bride belike?—Why, ay,—that is but right—and, as we have heard, she is indifferently cared for there. But, my lord, you go not in person—we have counted upon passing certain days in this castle of Kenilworth, and it were slight courtesy to leave us without a landlord during our residence here. Under your favour, we cannot think to incur such disgrace in the eyes of our subjects. Tressilian shall go to Cumnor-Place instead of you, and with him some gentleman who hath been sworn of our chamber, lest my lord of Leicester should be again jealous of his old rival."

Nature and affronted majesty would seem to have dictated her instant departure from the castle, and the banishment of the aspiring and unworthy nobleman from her presence; but she remained at the castle of the very man who had endeavoured to

perpetrate a flagitious wrong upon her, and commands his personal attendance for the "sole purpose of mortifying and taunting" him; in which, says the novelist, she "showed herself as skilful in that *female* art of vengeance, as she was in the science of wisely governing her people."

We object to the agency of Flibbertigibbet as altogether too paltry an expedient for those purposes in which the interposition of another agent is required. It is a blot on the canvas.

One of the greatest merits of this writer consists in the appropriateness of the language which is employed by all his actors.—A striking instance of this occurs in the first volume, where the impotent attempt of a noisy brawler to intimidate, is silenced at once by the coolness and contempt of a man of real courage.

'In the evening he appeared again in the public room, where Michael Lambourne, who had been on the watch for him, agreeably to his engagement to his old friend and associate Foster, endeavoured to renew his acquaintance with him, and hoped he retained no unfriendly recollection of the part he had taken in the morning's scuffle.

But Tressilian repelled his advances firmly, though with civility—"Master Lambourne," said he, "I trust I have recompensed to your pleasure the time you have wasted on me. Under the show of wild bluntness which you exhibit, I know you have sense enough to understand me, when I say frankly, that the object of our temporary acquaintance having been accomplished, we must be strangers to each other in future."

"*Voto!*" said Lambourne, twirling his whiskers with one hand, and grasping the hilt of his weapon with the other; "If I thought that this usage was meant to insult me"——

"You would bear it with discretion, doubtless," replied Tressilian, "as you must do at any rate. You know too well the distance that is betwixt us, to require me to explain myself farther; good evening."

So saying, he turned his back upon his former companion, and entered into discourse with the landlord.

The conduct of the person, whose acquaintance is thus rejected, is in exact unison with his character.

'Michael Lambourne felt strongly disposed to bully; but his

wrath died away in a few incoherent oaths and ejaculations, and he sank unresistingly under the ascendancy which superior spirits possess over persons of his habits and description. He remained moody and silent in a corner of the apartment, paying the most marked attention to every motion of his late companion, against whom he now began to nourish a quarrel.'

The manner in which the familiar anecdote of Sir Walter Raleigh is related, affords a lively picture of the chivalric spirit which pervaded the court of Elizabeth:

'The young cavalier we have so often mentioned, had probably never yet approached so near the person of his sovereign, and he pressed forward as far as the line of warders permitted, in order to avail himself of the present opportunity. His companion, on the contrary, cursing his imprudence, kept drawing him backwards, till Walter shook him off impatiently, and letting his rich cloak drop carelessly from one shoulder; a natural action, which served, however, to display to the best advantage his well-proportioned person. Unbonneting at the same time, he fixed his eager gaze on the queen's approach, with a mixture of respectful curiosity, and modest yet ardent admiration, which suited so well with his fine features, that the warders, struck with his rich attire and noble countenance, suffered him to approach the ground over which the queen was to pass, somewhat closer than was permitted to ordinary spectators. Thus the adventurous youth stood full in Elizabeth's eye,—an eye never indifferent to the admiration which she deservedly excited among her subjects, or to the fair proportions of external form which chanced to distinguish any of her courtiers. Accordingly, she fixed her keen glance on the youth, as she approached the place where he stood, with a look in which surprise at his boldness seemed to be unmingled with resentment, while a trifling accident happened which attracted her attention towards him yet more strongly. The night had been rainy, and just where the young gentleman stood, a small quantity of mud interrupted the queen's passage. As she hesitated to pass on, the gallant, throwing his cloak from his shoulders, laid it on the miry spot, so as to insure her stepping over it dry-shod. Elizabeth looked at the young man, who accompanied this act of devoted courtesy with a profound reverence, and a blush that over-

spread his whole countenance. The queen was confused, and blushed in her turn, nodded her head, hastily passed on, and embarked in her barge without saying a word.

"Come along, sir Coxcomb," said Blount; "your gay cloak will need the brush to-day, I wot. Nay, if you had meant to make a footcloth of your mantle, better have kept Tracy's old drab-de-buree, which despises all colours"

"This cloak," said the youth, taking it up and folding it, "shall never be brushed while in my possession."

"And that will not be long, if you learn not a little more economy—we shall have you in *cuerpo* soon, as the Spaniard says."

Their discourse was here interrupted by one of the band of pensioners.

"I was sent," said he, after looking at them attentively, "to a gentleman who hath no cloak, or a muddy one.—You, sir, I think," addressing the younger cavalier, "are the man; you will please to follow me."

"He is in attendance on me," said Blount, "on me, the noble earl of Sussex's master of horse."

"I have nothing to say to that," answered the messenger; "my orders are directly from her majesty, and concern this gentleman only."

So saying, he walked away, followed by Walter, leaving Blount behind, with his eyes almost starting from his head with the excess of his astonishment. At length he gave vent to it in an exclamation—"Who the good jere would have thought this!"—And shaking his head with a mysterious air, he walked to his own boat, embarked, and returned to Deptford.

The young cavalier was, in the meanwhile, guided to the waterside by the pensioner, who showed him considerable respect; a circumstance which, to persons in his situation, may be considered as an augury of no small consequence. He ushered him into one of the wherries which lay ready to attend the queen's barge, which was already proceeding up the river, with the advantage of that flood-tide, of which, in the course of their descent, Blount had complained to his associates.

The two rowers used their oars with such expedition at the signal of the gentleman pensioner, that they very soon brought their

little skiff under the stern of the queen's boat, where she sate beneath an awning, attended by two or three ladies, and the nobles of her household. She looked more than once at the wherry in which the young adventurer was seated, spoke to those around her, and seemed to laugh. At length, one of the attendants, by the queen's order apparently, made a sign for the wherry to come along-side, and the young man was desired to step from his own skiff into the queen's barge, which he performed with graceful agility at the fore part of the boat and was brought aft to the queen's presence, the wherry at the same time dropping into the rear. The youth underwent the gaze of majesty, not the less gracefully that his self-possession was mingled with embarrassment. The mudded cloak still hung upon his arm, and formed the natural topic with which the queen introduced the conversation.

"You have this day spoiled a gay mantle in our service, young man. We thank you for your service, though the manner of offering it was unusual, and something bold."

"In a sovereign's need," answered the youth, "it is each liege-man's duty to be bold."

"God's pity! that was well said, my lord," said the queen, turning to a grave person who sate by her, and answered with a grave inclination of the head, and something of a mumbled assent. "Well, young man, your gallantry shall not go unrewarded. Go to the wardrobe keeper, and he shall have orders to supply the suit which you have cast away in our service. Thou shalt have a suit, and that of the newest cut, I promise thee, on the word of a princess."

"May it please your grace," said Walter, hesitating, "it is not for so humble a servant of your majesty to measure out your bounties; but if it became me to choose"——

"Thou would'st have gold, I warrant me," said the queen, interrupting him; "fie, young man! I take shame to say, that in our capital such and so various are the means of thriftless folly, that to give gold to youth is giving fuel to fire, and furnishing them with the means of self-destruction. If I live and reign, these means of unchristian excess shall be abridged. Yet thou may'st be poor," she added, "or thy parents may be—It shall be gold, if thou wilt, but thou shalt answer to me for the use on't."

Walter waited patiently until the queen had done, and then modestly assured her, that gold was still less in his wish than the raiment her majesty had before offered.

"How, boy!" said the queen, "neither gold, nor garment? What is it thou would'st have of me, then?"

"Only permission, madam, if it is not asking too high an honour, permission to wear the cloak which did you this trifling service."

"Permission to wear thine own cloak, thou silly boy!" said the queen.

"It is no longer mine," said Walter; "when your majesty's foot touched it, it became a fit mantle for a prince, but far too rich a one for its former owner."

The queen again blushed, and endeavoured to cover, by laughing, a slight degree of not unpleasing surprise and confusion.

It is one of the delusions of those who know much, to suppose that others are possessed of equal advantages. Thus our author concludes with the remark that "the rest of Leicester's career is well known to history." Thousands will read Kenilworth who know little of history, but, as we have already remarked, the art of this enchanting writer, has excited such an interest in the fate of this distinguished nobleman, that many will be led to consult the invaluable pages of Hume. To those whose limited researches render such resort necessary, we can offer an assurance that their industry will be richly rewarded in tracing the powerful sway of Elizabeth, and the melancholy story of the queen of Scots.

ART. XXIV.—*The Application of Christianity to the Commercial and Ordinary Affairs of Life, in a series of discourses.* By Thomas Chalmers, D. D. Minister of St. John's Church, Glasgow, 8vo. Chalmers and Collins, Glasgow. [*From Blackwood's Magazine.*]

WE know no fact, which, viewed in all its relations, speaks more highly in favour of the spirit of the present day, than the great popularity of Dr. Chalmers. Much has already been written about him in this journal, and that by many different hands—but we feel, on looking over all that has been said, as if it were

quite feeble and ineffectual, when compared with the real sense of his merits, that is spread widely, and we would hope, fixed deeply, over the whole healthy and right-thinking mass of the people. He has been eulogized abundantly for the fervour of his impassioned eloquence, and the dignified sweep of his illustration, and the enlightened wisdom of his remarks on the character and condition of the times in which he lives; but we feel as if no adequate tribute of admiration has ever yet been paid in these, or in any other pages, to that rare spirit of christian self-denial, which has been, and is every day exemplified in the uses to which, animated at once by a noble humility and an honest pride, this good and great man has thought fit to devote his powers of thought and language. There can be no doubt, that, taking oratory in the highest of its acceptations, he is the greatest of all living orators. At the bar—in the senate— (perhaps even in the church)—it may be possible to find men possessed of much more brilliancy, both of fancy and expression; and, we have no doubt, hundreds may be found far superior to him, in all the elegancies of composition, style, and delivery; but there is a certain *directness* of understanding—a certain clear thorough-going honesty of thought—a plain weight of power—and a simple consciousness of power about Dr. Chalmers, that are a thousand times more than enough to set him triumphantly over the heads of all the living speakers in the land. Perhaps, since Charles Fox died, Great Britain cannot be said to have exhibited one genuine natural orator, in any one department, except this mighty preacher. And yet, it is not the power of the man, but the purpose of the man, that stamps his mind with its truest character of greatness.

His greatest excellence, as a preacher of christianity, is, in one word, his total want of flattery—his perfect scorn of all those arts by which most popular preachers seek and obtain their popularity. He is, at once, the most evangelical and the most practical of sermon-writers—and this alone, if the matter be looked narrowly into, is sufficient to justify all that has been—all that can be said in his praise. No sensible man will ever dare, after reading his works, to use the word *evangelical* in a contemptuous sense;—he has, for ever, done away the reproach of being *a calvanist*. He is a bold original thinker—a profound metaphysician

—and a most accomplished master of declamation—and, being such, he might *easily* have raised himself to a high pitch of estimation in the church, without giving up, as he has done, all the vulgar appliances of ecclesiastical success—without despising the prejudices of both the great divisions of christian hearers alike—and so, without encountering any one of the difficulties of that adventurous, and, in some eyes at least we fear, invidious career, to which he has devoted himself. But such were not the views likely to sway the mind of such a man as Dr. Chalmers. In spite of the sneers with which his first splendid appearances were received by the leaders of both the ecclesiastical parties in Scotland, he went on rejoicing in his course; and the result has been, that while neither of these parties dare to claim him for its own—either of them would be too proud to enlist him almost at any price in its ranks. He stands, as it is, entirely by himself—a noble example of what the true minister of christianity ought to be—totally unfettered by any trammels of party-feeling, civil or ecclesiastical—the unwearied deviser of good, slowly but surely witnessing the triumph of all that he devises—without suspicion of servility, or semblance of *self-seeking*, the upright, unshaken, indefatigable advocate of every thing that tends to dignify the high, and to ennoble the low—labouring from hour to hour, and from day to day, to make men perceive wherein the true secret of all the calamities of the times consists—and to repair and replenish from at once the simplest and the loftiest of sources, all the decayed channels of sober, wise, and rational loyalty, among the unhappily estranged and alienated feelings of a once virtuous, devout and patriotic population.

The close adaptation of all that he says and writes, to the actual condition of the people he is addressing, and the circumstances of the times in which he lives, forms one most remarkable peculiarity of the works of Dr. Chalmers—and accounts, of itself, in a great measure, for the elevation to which he has attained in the public opinion. It is not, that he is singular in the wish to adapt himself in this manner, to the necessities of his auditors and readers. Hundreds, we might say thousands, of excellent, and of able men, are scattered throughout the land, and animated with the same honourable desire; and who shall doubt, that

success has been, and is, from day to day, granted to their labours? But none of those that have published sermons of late appear to us to have entered upon this part of the task, with any thing like the same felicity, whether of view or of execution, as Dr. Chalmers. We look in vain among the religious publications of the day, for any thing like that certain mastery of glance, by which he appears to scrutinize all the moving surfaces of external things around him—that boldness with which he brings the great doctrines of the Bible into close contact with every manifestation of the spirit of the age—from the fine built theories of the would-be philosopher, down to the wild, coarse raving of the mechanic reformer—that noble confidence which makes him seek and find, on every occasion, one sure remedy for every evil "sign" —and having found, to proclaim it—in one word, finally, that clear and distinct "application of christianity to the ordinary affairs of life," in which the principal merit of Dr. Chalmers' sermons and other religious writings consists; and from which, we have no doubt, their principal usefulness is derived.

We have already had frequent occasion to take notice of his quarterly publications "on the christian and civic economy of great towns," and of the beautiful speculations therein laid before the public, concerning the best, or rather only means of repairing the present alarming deficiency of every sort of education among the crowded population of such cities as that in which he resides. The present volume of sermons may be considered, in one point of view, as a part of the same work; for it is easy to see that it has originated in the same course of study and reflection —study close and searching of every species of that commercial character by which he is surrounded—and reflection deep and sincere, concerning the means of improving that character, alike in its higher and its lower walks of exhibition. We observe that this author has already been attacked by the various oracles of the mob,* on account of the zeal with which he preaches to the humble in condition the necessity of civil government, and the duty of loyal obedience to the constitution and administration of the country—doctrines on which, most surely, no preacher ever

* Statesman, Examiner, Black Dwarf, Scotsman, &c.

commented in a manner more free from all guise and semblance of courtly adulation, or mean servility of purpose, than Dr. Chalmers. We know not what misrepresentations may be given of this volume also by the same dealers in calumny—men whose hatred of such a man as this, is of course in exact proportion to their sense of his power and fear of his zeal. It will be evident to all who bring honest minds to the investigation, that the plain simple purpose of the book is chiefly to do good to the lower orders of society, by reminding the higher of their much-neglected duties towards them—to enforce the great obligation of good example—and to show how easily and how naturally the trifling faults (as they are courteously denominated) of the rich may be converted by the poor into covering and precedent, and apology, for their own coarser and more obviously and immediately pernicious offences. But as the whole strain of his arguments has the same tendency at least to promote that good against which the foul passions of these "false prophets" are enlisted, there need be little wonder if they should discover some pretence on which to display the usual allowance of bitterness and rancour, and all dishonest uncharitableness.

The truth, indeed, is, that by far the most powerful part of the volume is that which appears to have been most immediately dictated by the author's own observation of the effect which the loose and idle declamations of the disloyal press have produced upon the spirit of the lower orders in his neighbourhood; the absurd ideas which these idle declamations have engendered respecting the relative situations and obligations of the different clases of society; and the wild and visionary notions they have spread concerning the possibility of abating the necessary evils of life by any other means than these of individual industry, honesty, patience, and honourable pride. The discourse on the great christian law of reciprocity between man and man—"whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, even so do ye unto them"—seems to us to be the most masterly specimen of reasoning and illustration in the whole book. He compares the operation of this law, as rightly interpreted, to that of a governor or fly in mechanism—that happy contrivance, by which all that is defective or excessive in the motion is confined within the

limits of equability, and every tendency in any particular quarter to mischievous acceleration is coerced and restrained. Nor can any illustration be more just or happy. The ultimate evil effects of the ungenerous conduct of rich men on the interests of society at large, and therefore on their own interests, are displayed in a manner equally original and beautiful; and he then proceeds to treat the other side of the question in a way that shows no less knowledge of human nature as it actually exists, than sense of that in which its true dignity ought ever to lie. Speaking of "the ungenerous poor," whose meanness and rapacity of spirit renders him the worst enemy of the poor his brethren, he says beautifully—

"There is, at all times, a kindliness of feeling ready to stream forth, with a tenfold greater liberality than ever, on the humble orders of life; and it is he, and such as he, who have congealed it. He has raised a jaundiced medium between the rich and the poor, in virtue of which, the former eye the latter with suspicion; and there is not a man who wears the garb, and prefers the applications of poverty, that has not suffered from the worthless impostor who has gone before him. They are, in fact, the deceit and the indolence, and the low sordidness of a few, who have made outcasts of the many, and locked against them the feelings of the wealthy in a kind of iron imprisonment. The rich man who is ungenerous in his doings, keeps back one labourer from the field of charity. But a poor man who is ungenerous in his desires, can expel a thousand labourers in disgust away from it. He sheds a cruel and extended blight over the fair region of philanthropy; and many have abandoned it, who, but for him, would fondly have lingered thereupon; very many, who, but for the way in which their simplicity has been tried and trampled upon, would still have tasted the luxury of doing good unto the poor, and made it their delight, as well as their duty, to expend and expatiate among their habitations.

"We say, not this to exculpate the rich; for it is their part not to be weary in well-doing, but to prosecute the work and the labour of love under every discouragement. Neither do we say this to the disparagement of the poor; for the picture we have given is of the few out of the many; and the closer the acquaint-

ance with humble life becomes, will it be the more seen of what a high pitch of generosity even the very poorest are capable. They in truth, though perhaps they are not aware of it, can contribute more to the cause of charity, by the moderation of their desires, than the rich can by the generosity of their doings. They, without, it may be, one penny to bestow, might obtain a place in the record of heaven, as the most liberal benefactors of their species. There is nothing in the humble condition of life they occupy, which precludes them from all that is great or graceful in human charity. There is a way in which they may equal, and even outpeer, the wealthiest of the land, in that very virtue of which wealth alone has been conceived to have the exclusive inheritance. There is a pervading character in humanity which the varieties of rank do not obliterate; and as, in virtue of the common corruption, the poor man may be as effectually the rapacious despoiler of his brethren, as the man of opulence above him—so, there is a common excellence attainable by both; and through which, the poor man may, to the full, be as splendid in generosity as the rich, and yield a far more important contribution to the peace and comfort of society.

"To make this plain—it is in virtue of a generous doing on the part of a rich man, when a sum of money is offered for the relief of want; and it is in virtue of a generous desire on the part of a poor man, when this money is refused; when, with the feeling that his necessities do not just warrant him to be yet a burden upon others, he declines to touch the offered liberality; when, with a delicate recoil from the unlooked-for proposal, he still resolves to put it for the present away, and to find, if possible, for himself a little longer; when, standing on the very margin of dependence, he would yet like to struggle with the difficulties of his situation, and to maintain this severe but honourable conflict, till hard necessity should force him to surrender. Let the money which he has thus so nobly shifted from himself take some new direction to another; and who, we ask, is the giver of it? The first and most obvious reply is, that it is he who owned it: but it is still more emphatically true, that it is he who has declined it. It came originally out of the rich man's abundance; but it was the noble-hearted generosity of the poor man that handed it

onwards to its final destination. He did not emanate the gift; but it is just as much that he has not absorbed it, but left it to find its full conveyance to some neighbour poorer than himself, to some family still more friendless and destitute than his own. It was given the first time out of an overflowing fulness. It is given the second time out of stinted and self-denying penury. In the world's eye it is the proprietor who bestowed the charity. But in Heaven's eye, the poor man who waived it from himself to another is the more illurious philanthropist of the two. The one gave it out of his affluence—the other gave it out of the sweat of his brow. He rose up early, and sat up late, that he might have it to bestow on a poorer than himself; and without once stretching forth a giver's hand to the necessities of his brethren, still it is possible, that by him, and such as him, may the main burden of this world's benevolence be borne.

"It need scarcely be remarked, that, without supposing the offer of any sum made to a poor man who is generous in his desires, he, by simply keeping himself back from the distributions of charity, fulfils all the high functions which we have now ascribed to him. He leaves charitable fund untouched for all that distress which is more clamorous than his own; and we, therefore, look, not to the original givers of the money, but to those who line, as it were, the margin of pauperism, and yet firmly refuse to enter it—we look upon them as the pre-eminent benefactors of society, who narrow, as it were, by a wall of defence, the ground of human dependence, and are, in fact, the guides and the guardians of all that opulence can bestow."

There is something so truly Scotish in the feelings to which Dr. Chalmers addresses himself throughout the whole of this sermon, that we should think it must compel the assent almost as certainly as the attention of all that are not entirely degraded from the honest pride of their forefathers. After a few more paragraphs, there occurs the following beautiful and philosophical passage.

"We have no conception whatever, that, even in millennial days, the diversities of wealth and station will at length be equalized. On looking forward to the time when kings shall be the

nursing-fathers, and queens the nursing mothers of our church, we think that we can behold the perspective of as varied a distribution of place and property as before. In the pilgrimage of life, there will still be the moving procession of the few chariot-ed in splendour on the highway, and the many pacing by their side along the line of the same journey.—There will, perhaps, be a somewhat more elevated footpath for the crowd; and there will be an air of greater comfort and sufficiency amongst them; and the respectability of evident worth and goodness will sit upon the countenance of this general population. But, bating these, we look for no great change in the external aspect of society. It will only be a moral and a spiritual change. Kings will retain their sceptres, and nobles their coronets; but, as they float in magnificence along, will they look with benignant feeling on the humble way-farers; and the honest salutations of regard and reverence will arise to them back again; and, should any weary passenger be ready to sink unfriended on his career, will he, at one time, be borne onwards by his fellows on the pathway, and, at another, will a shower of beneficence be made to descend from the crested equipage that overtakes him. It is Utopianism to think, that, in the ages of our world which are yet to come, the outward distinctions of life will not all be upholden. But it is not Utopianism, it is prophecy to aver, that the breath of a new spirit will go abroad over the great family of mankind—so, that while, to the end of time, there shall be the high and the low in every passing generation, will the charity of kindred feelings, and of a common understanding, create a fellowship between them on their way, till they reach that heaven where human love shall be perfected, and all human greatness is unknown."

The two passages we have quoted occur in one and the same sermon, about the middle of the volume. Yet we think those who read the work attentively, will not hesitate to agree with us in considering them as furnishing the best key to the general purpose of the author in the whole of its speculations. It is clear that, to reconcile the poor, on the one hand, to that which is inseparable from the arrangement of all human society; i. e. to the want of much that they see possessed by others;—and, on the other hand, to impress on the minds of their superiors the vast

obligation to active benevolence and kindness which is inseparably attached to the secure possession of what circumstances have placed in their hands—has, throughout, been the chief purpose of his writing. He has looked upon the errors of rich and poor alike, with the eye of a compassionate philosopher—that is, of a christian. He has no difficulty in excusing the delusions of the ignorant who

> ——"Admire they know not what—
> And know not whom—but as one leads the other."

But he has seen through all the arts of those true and moving causes of disturbance—

> "Whose end is private hate—not help to freedom—
> Adverse and turbulent when she would lead
> To virtue——"

And yet even of these he speaks calmly—we had almost said tolerantly; for it is probable that he is of the same opinion which was twenty years ago finely expressed by Mr. Coleridge, viz. that "the great majority of democrats are persons who have attained the same sort of knowledge in politics which infidels have in religion"—a most philosophical view surely—a view of perfect truth—a view equally worthy of the high reflective genius of Coleridge, and the christian wisdom of Dr. Chalmers. It is delightful to see how well the speculations of these two great thinkers—men who have, we dare say, never seen each other—and whose tastes are so different, that they probably have never thought much of each other—it is truly delightful to see how well they harmonize in regard to this great subject of philosophical interest. —Listen to Coleridge—the words were spoken long ago—but, alas! the day is not near when they are likely to be heard out of place.

"By what means can the lower classes be made to learn their duties, and urged to practise them? The human race may perhaps possess the capability of all excellence; and truth, I doubt not, is omnipotent to a mind already disciplined for its reception; but assuredly the over-worked labourer, skulking into an ale-house, is not likely to exemplify the one, or prove the other. In that

barbarous tumult of inimical interests, which the present state of society exhibits, *religion* appears to offer the only means universally *efficient*. The perfectness of future men is indeed a benevolent tenet, and may operate on a few visionaries, whose studious habits supply them with employment, and seclude them from temptation. But a distant prospect, which we are never to reach, will seldom quicken our footsteps, however lovely it may appear; and a blessing which not ourselves but *posterity* are destined to enjoy, will scarcely influence the actions of *any*—still less of the ignorant, the prejudiced and the selfish.

"'Go preach the Gospel to the poor.' By its simplicity it will meet their comprehension, by its benevolence soften their affections, by its precepts it will direct their conduct, by the vastness of its motives ensure their obedience. The situation of the poor is perilous: they are indeed both.

> 'from within and from without
> *Unarmed* to all temptations.'

Prudential reasonings will in general be powerless with them. For the incitements of this world are weak in proportion as we are wretched—

> The world is not *my* friend, nor the world's law,
> The world has got no law to make *me* rich.

They too, who live *from hand to mouth*, will most frequently become improvident. Possessing no *stock* of happiness, they eagerly seize the gratifications of the moment, and snatch the froth from the wave as it passes by them. Nor is the desolate state of their families a restraining motive, unsoftened as they are by education, and benumbed into selfishness by the torpedo touch of extreme want. Domestic affections depend on association. We love an object if, as often as we see or recollect it, an agreeable sensation arises in our minds. But alas! how should *he* glow with the charities of father and husband, who, gaining scarcely more than his own necessities demand, must have been accustomed to regard his wife and children, not as the soothers of finished labour, but as rivals for the insufficient meal! In a man so circumstanced, the tyranny of the *Present* can be overpowered

only by the tenfold mightiness of the *Future*. Religion will cheer his gloom with her promises, and by habituating his mind to anticipate an infinitely great revolution hereafter, may prepare it even for the sudden reception of a less degree of amelioration in this world."*

But we must return to Dr. Chalmers;—and we think we cannot do better than select some of those specimens of his best style, which may be found in the discourses addressed more immediately to the other great class of hearers—the superiors, the natural superiors, but no less surely the natural guides, guardians, and benefactors of the poor. He has been speaking more generally of the immense variety of ways in which the example of the higher orders acts, so as to vitiate the moral feelings of their dependants, and, pointing with a steady finger to the evils which these in their turn have good cause to apprehend, from those whose moral feelings have—more or less, by their own neglect, or contempt, or carelessness of these feelings—become highly vitiated and depraved. On one or two specific offences of this sort, he then proceeds to dwell at great length, and with an earnestness which springs, we have good occasion to know, from direct observation of some of the most alarming symptoms by which the bad spirit of the region wherein the doctor resides, has of late been widely and openly exhibited.

"Another and still more specific offence is beginning, we understand, to be exemplified in our own city, though it has not attained to the height or to the frequency at which it occurs in a neighbouring metropolis. We allude to the doing of week-day business upon the Sabbath. We allude to that violence which is rudely offered to the feelings and the associations of sacredness, by those exactions that an ungodly master lays at times on his youthful dependants—when those hours which they wont to spend in church, they are called upon to spend in the counting-house—when that day, which ought to be a day of piety, is turned into a day of posting and of penmanship—when the rules of the decalogue are set aside, and utterly superseded by the rules of the great trading establishment; and every thing is made to give way to the hurrying emergency of orders, and clearances, and the de-

* Friend, vol. ii. p. 256.

mands of instant correspondence. Such is the magnitude of this stumbling-block, that many is the young man who has here fallen to rise no more—that, at this point of departure, he has so widened his distance from God, as never, in fact, to return to him—that, in this distressing contest between principle and necessity, the final blow has been given to his religious principles—that the master whom he serves, and under whom he earns his provision for time, has here wrested the whole interest of his eternity away from him—that, from this moment, there gathers upon his soul the complexion of a hardier and more determined impiety—and conscience once stifled now speaks to him with a feebler voice—and the world obtains a firmer lodgement in his heart—and, renouncing all his original tenderness about Sabbath, and Sabbath employments, he can now, with the thorough unconcern of a fixed and familiarized proselyte, keep equal pace by his fellows throughout every scene of profanation—and he who wont to tremble and recoil from the freedoms of irreligion with the sensibility of a little one, may soon become the most daringly rebellious of them all—and that Sabbath which he has now learned, at one time, to give to business, he, at another, gives to unhallowed enjoyments—and it is turned into a day of visits and excursions, given up to pleasure, and enlivened by all the mirth and extravagance of holiday—and, when sacrament is proclaimed from the city pulpits, he, the apt, the well-trained disciple of his corrupt and corrupting superior, is the readiest to plan the amusements of the coming opportunity, and among the very foremost in the ranks of emigration—and though he may look back, at times, to the Sabbath of his father's pious house, yet the retrospect is always becoming dimmer, and at length it ceases to disturb him—and thus the alienation widens every year, till, wholly given over to impiety, he lives without God in the world.

"And were we asked to state the dimensions of that iniquity which stalks regardlessly, and at large, over the ruin of youthful principles—were we asked to find a place in the catalogue of guilt for a crime, the atrocity of which is only equalled, we understand, by its frequency—were we called to characterize the man who, so far from attempting one counteracting influence against the profligacy of his dependants, issues, from the chair of authority

on which he sits, a commandment, in the direct face of a commandment from God—the man who has chartered impiety in articles of agreement, and has vested himself with a property in that time which only belongs to the Lord of the Sabbath—were we asked to look to the man who could thus overbear the last remnants of remorse in a struggling and unpractised bosom, and glitter in all the ensigns of a prosperity that is reared on the violated consciences of those who are beneath him—O! were the question put, to whom shall we liken such a man? or, what is the likeness to which we can compare him? we would say, that the guilt of him who trafficked on the highway, or trafficked on that outraged coast, from whose weeping families children were inseparably torn, was far outmeasured by the guilt which could thus frustate a father's fondest prayers, and trample under foot the hopes and the preparations of eternity.

"There is another way whereby, in the employ of a careless and unprincipled master, it is impossible but that offences must come. You know just as well as we do, that there are chicaneries in business; and, so long as we forbear stating the precise extent of them, there is not an individual among you, who has a title to construe the assertion into an affronting charge of criminality against himself. But you surely know, as well as we, that the mercantile profession, conducted, as it often is, with the purest integrity, and laying no resistless necessity whatever for the surrender of principle on any of its members; and dignified by some of the noblest exhibitions of untainted honour, and devoted friendship, and magnificent generosity, that have ever been recorded of our nature;—you know as well as we, that it was utterly extravagant, and in the face of all observation, to affirm, that each, and every one of its numerous competitors, stood clearly and totally exempted from the sins of all undue selfishness. And, accordingly, there are certain commodious falsehoods occasionally practised in this department of human affairs. There are, for example, certain dextrous and gainful evations, whereby the payers of tribute are enabled, at times, to make their escape from the eagle eye of the exactors of tribute. There are even certain contests of ingenuity between individual traders, where, in the higgling of a very keen and anxious negotiation, each of

them is tempted, in talking of offers and prices, and the reports of fluctuations in home and foreign markets, to say the things which are not. You must assuredly know, that these, and such as these, then, have introduced a certain quantity of what may be called shuffling, into the communications of the trading world—insomuch, that the simplicity of yea, yea, and nay, nay, is in some degree exploded; and there is a kind of understood toleration established for certain modes of expression, which could not, we are much afraid, stand the rigid scrutiny of the great day; and there is an abatement of confidence between man and man, implying, we doubt, such a proportionate abatement of truth, as goes to extend most fearfully the condemnation that is due to all liars, who shall have their part in the lake that burneth with fire and brimstone. And who can compute the effect of all this on the young and yet unpractised observer? Who does not see, that it must go to reduce the tone of his principles; and to involve him in many a delicate struggle between the morality he has learned from his catechism, and the morality he sees in a counting-house; and to obliterate, in his mind, the distinctions between sin right and wrong; and, at length, to reconcile his conscience to a which, like every other, deserves the wrath and the curse of God; and to make him tamper with a direct commandment, in such a way, as that falsehoods and frauds might be nothing more in his estimation, than the peccadilloes of an innocent compliance with the current practises and moralities of the world? Here, then, is a point, at which the way of those who conform to this world, diverges from the way of those peculiar people who are redeemed from all iniquity, and are thoroughly furnished unto all good works. Here is a grievous occasion to fall. Here is a competition between the service of God and the service of Mammon. Here is the exhibition of another offence, and the bringing forward of another temptation, to those who are entering on the business of the world, little adverted to, we fear, by those who live in utter carelessness of their own souls, and never spend a thought or a sigh about the immortality of others—but most distinctly singled out by the text as a crime of foremost magnitude in the eye of Him who judgeth righteously."

Such are the general views of this book, which cannot fail to increase, great as it has long been, the fame of Dr. Chalmers. We cannot conclude, however, without expressing our regret, that a work so admirably adapted for making a great and powerful impression on the minds of all thinking men, should have been disfigured—we can in conscience use no slighter word—by the introduction of not a few passages in which the excellent general principles of the author's reasoning are pushed to an extreme, that we should fear may be productive of no good effect whatever; but, on the contrary, tend to throw very considerable discredit on his authority. The reader, who has perused the passage last quoted with such pleasure as its beauties, both of thought and expression, are calculated to convey, will in all likelihood feel hurt and mortified, when, on turning over another page or two, he comes upon a piece of declamation, apparently quite as grave and earnest, concerning that most stale and hackneyed of all the topics of Christian Instructors, Religious Monitors, Evangelical Magazines, *et hoc genus omne*,—the *sin* of making our servants say, "*not at home*," when we happen to be disinclined for the reception of company. It is really mortifying to think, that such a man as Dr. Chalmers should permit his mind to be seriously occupied, even for the number of minutes necessary to write down the words of such a passage, with a subject, which almost every human being that reads the book, must consider so utterly unworthy of his intellect. There are enough surely, and to spare, of good simple men and women, whom there can be no harm in permitting to groan, since such is their good will and pleasure, over such enormities as this. But Dr. Chalmers should not trifle so either with himself or his readers. The person who objects to the use of a phrase, so perfectly understood on all hands, in order to preserve any appearance of consistency, should without all question become a Quaker at once. Indeed we cannot conceive upon what principle he can overlook, for a single moment, the horrible iniquity of addressing an individual by a plural pronoun—to say nothing of the gross *idolatry* implied in the use of such names as, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, Saturday—or the virtual lie told by the author's own bookseller, when he advertises, "Dr. Chalmers' New *Volume*."

It is a pity that such things should have been permitted to make their appearance, in pages of which they are so little worthy. But we have already said and quoted far more than enough, to show that these are but the "paucæ maculæ," by which no man of sense will permit himself to be discouraged from an attentive perusal of an original, philosophical, and most eloquent book.

ART. XXV.—*Interment of a Young Female.*

Elle était de ce monde ou les plus belles choses,
Ont le pire destin:
Et, rose, elle a vécu, ce que vivent les roses,
L'espace d'un matin. MALHERBE.

From the French.

SERVIUS SULPICIUS, endeavouring to consôle Cicero for the loss of his daughter, thus writes to him; "On my return from Asia, when I sat out from Ægina, on my way to Megara, my attention was forcibly arrested, by the objects that environed me; I saw Ægina before me, Megara was behind; Pyreus at my right hand, Corinth at my left. What flourishing cities, now swept from the face of the earth! "How in the midst of immense ruins can I believe," said I to myself, "that a man will suffer himself to be cast down by the loss of a child?"—These reflections so just and philosophical, did not, however, console the father of Tullia, for there are griefs, whose poignancy render reason unavailing, and tears also, which must be suffered to flow. During my career of life, I have seen fall at my side, companions, brethren in arms, whose loss I have deplored, but in thinking on those ideas of glory, on that hereditary illustration, which attaches itself to the name of warriors, who fall on the field of honour; on reflecting, that an inglorious old age perhaps awaited me, in the bosom of an obscure retreat, I could not avoid envying the lot of those, whom their death had immortalized. Every day robs me of some old friend, as far advanced in years as myself; I regret him, but I do not murmur; death is the immediate consequence of advanced years—But, that a young girl just coming into life, to whom heaven owed (if I may be allowed the expression) a long series of years, on whom nature had exhausted all her gifts, whom birth and fortune,

had environed with their most brilliant illusions, should suddenly be snatched away from the embraces of her mother, the caresses of her family, the arms of her lover;—there is in this cruel decree of destiny, a certain subversion of general laws, an assemblage of contradictory circumstances, thoughts and expressions, at the recollection of which, while the mind revolts, the heart breaks.

The title I have given to this article, will sufficiently guard my readers, against the emotions which such a subject is calculated to produce; they have the choice of reading or leaving it; but I cannot, to-day, write on any other subject. I admire that flexibility of talent, which renders a writer so much master of his feelings, that he can occupy himself with subjects, the most foreign from the ideas that predominate in his mind. This is a faculty which I do not possess: my mind is always under the influence of my feelings, and I am the less desirous of shaking off this tyranny, as I always write best (if I ever write well) while under their control. Like all men of lively dispositions, I have my days of profound melancholy, and these are not the least agreeable moments of my life. One of the finest and liveliest wits of antiquity said

——est quædam flere voluptas.

"There is sometimes a pleasure in weeping." No one has felt its correctness more than myself, and if I blush at giving way to it, I am not the less ready to apply to myself the beautiful line of Young;

Scorn the proud man who is ashamed to weep.

Great thoughts often have their origin in very affecting circumstances. It was almost in the very presence of death, that the Roman Orator, composed his treatise "On the Nature of the Gods," and that Montaigne wrote his finest chapters. How much more consoling is the mild philosophy of Socrates, of Seneca, and of Bacon, which teaches us that the tomb is only the passage between life and immortality, than that of Lucretius, of Holbach, and of Freret, who invite us to plunge without reflection into an obscure and dismal gulf, they call annihilation; "a conclusion lame and impotent," comfortless and disgusting.

Sometimes a particular circumstance becomes the object of my *sombre* meditations; such is the event alluded to in the commencement of this paper, and from which this short digression has not diverted me.

Robertine de Vilarmont was the daughter of a brave officer, a companion in arms of the celebrated Suffren, who by twenty years of glorious labours, acquired the right of enjoying in the bosom of his family, a considerable fortune, no part of which was the fruit of his services. He still reckoned among the number of his duties to his country, the obligation of raising up his son for the state, and his daughter to make the happiness of a young soldier, who by his name, his rank, and his merit, should show himself worthy of such a recompense. I knew Monsieur de Vilarmont in the Indies: much younger than myself, he had been recommended to me as a mentor, who might direct his inexperienced steps, and control the ebullitions of his youthful fancy. On our return to France, those friendly relations were not interrupted. Two years since, I accompanied him to Rochfort, to instal his son in the capacity of midshipman on board the ship, he had himself commanded, and upon which his father thirty years before, hoisted the flag of vice admiral. This filiation of glory, was a good augury, and the young Leon shortly after, received as the reward of a brave achievement, the decoration of the "*Legion of honour.*"

Mademoiselle de Vilarmont had just finished her fifteenth year; raised under the eyes, and by the care of the tenderest of mothers, she was already cited as a model of perfection. It was the first year she appeared in company; all eyes were turned upon her, and her happy mother enjoyed with too much confidence, (may I not say with too much pride) the brilliant admiration she obtained in every society, of which she was the most attractive object and ornament. The anniversary of her birth, was celebrated at her maternal grandfather's, where the charms of her person, the superiority of her talents, and her retiring modesty which displayed them with greater eclat, made her an object of universal adoration.

Monsieur de Vilarmont could not accompany his wife and daughter, and transferred to me the pleasure of conducting them.

During the ball which lasted until very late, I was the continual attendant of Robertine. I held her fan and handkerchief whilst she danced; I led her to her place, and took care to cover her with her shawl, when the dance was finished. I was under the influence of a magic spell like every other person. How speedily, how grievously was it destroyed! At two o'clock the company departed; Robertine had danced the last *Anglaise:* she was warm; her mother wished her to remain a short time, but with her shawl over a fur dress, in a carriage well closed, what danger was to be apprehended? We descended; the coachman was not with his horses, and whilst the footman went to seek him, we remained under the portico some minutes, inhaling a damp and unhealthy atmosphere. At length the carriage drew up; Madam de Vilarmont droped me at my door, and the amiable Robertine observed laughingly on parting "that she could not for the future dispense with my attendance, and that she retained me for all the balls of the succeeding year." "If I am alive," said I smiling, "for at my age that is a long way to look forward." Could I have supposed it was a perspective still longer for her?

I went the next day to Monsieur Vilarmont's; the family were assembled in the chamber of Robertine, who was confined to her bed by a violent head-ache; her eyes were sparkling, her skin hot, her respiration painful, and a frightful presentiment seized me: the air of security, that appeared on all their faces, even on that of her mother, would have surprised me, if it had not been predicated upon the assurance of a young physician, who told them (looking at himself in a mirror, and brushing off with his finger the remains of a pinch of snuff that had fallen on his cambric ruffle,) "*that the pulse had only a small febrile movement, the consequence of the agitation of the preceding evening.*" I went away, less tranquilized by the opinion of the physician, than the prudence of the mother, and the youth of the patient.

I passed the three following days in the country. On my return my servant presented me some letters; I opened one of them, and read with emotions not to be described, an invitation to attend the funeral of Robertine!—I threw myself into a carriage, and repaired to the house of Monsieur de Vilarmont; I traversed the deserted apartments; I ran to the cabinet of my dear friend: I

found him walking about with perturbed steps; on seeing me, he threw himself into my arms, without power to articulate a single word. This silence of courage contending with misfortune, repulsed all the common-place consolations of which indifference is so prodigal. "Come," said he, "I have need of you, to aid me in persuading my wife to quit this house." What a spectacle awaited me with this unfortunate mother! Never did despair present itself to my view, under an aspect more heart-rending. She was on her knees at the door of her daughter's chamber, which her friends would not permit her to enter; she wept not; her eyes were dry and fixed: "Robertine!—my daughter!" were the only words she uttered. I designedly sounded in her ear this beloved name; her tears began to flow, and presently her strength abandoning her, she fainted, and we took the advantage of this cruel moment, to carry her to the carriage, wherein her husband conveyed her to her father's. I returned to the saloon, where all the friends of the family clothed in mourning, were assembled to attend in solemn silence, the funeral ceremony. From the windows, was seen at the door below, the coffin covered with white drapery with silver fringe, and surrounded by twenty young girls clothed in white, their faces covered with long veils, and whose sobs and prayers were distinctly heard by us. The master of the ceremony informed us all was ready: we descended. The body was placed in a car, covered with the same drapery as the coffin, and on it were seated four girls, who held the corners of the pall, and reached to their companions the ends of the silver fillets, with which the coffin was surrounded. The relations envelloped in long veils of crape followed on foot, and numerous friends, in mourning carriages lengthened the procession, which was closed by the domestics of the house clad in black.

The first pause was at the church of the Mathurins, where the religious ceremony was performed, after which the procession went on in the same order, to the cemetery of Montmartre.

At our approach, the fatal gates were opened: we were conducted silently to the bottom of the valley, and under tufts of verdure, near the tomb where sleeps the "*singer of the seasons*," the earth had been opened, to receive the remains of a charming being, whom Heaven seemed only to show for a few moments on

the earth, there to leave eternal regrets for her loss. Robertine had no name to transmit to posterity; her memory belongs entirely to inconsolable relations, who therefore have simply engraved upon the stone that hides her forever from our view, the stanza of Malherbe* which serves as a motto for this paper.

ART. XXVI.—*Zuma; or, the discovery of the Peruvian Bark.* From the French of Madame de Genlis.

ABOUT the middle of the seventeenth century, the animosity of the Indians towards the Spaniards existed in all its force; tradition, too faithful, maintained among this oppressed and devoted people, the dreadful recollection of the cruelty of their conquerors. They were subjugated, but they had not submitted. The Spaniards had only conquered slaves, and their reign was merely the dominion of terror. About this period a Viceroy, more severe than all who had preceded him, excited their powerless and secret hatred to its utmost extent. His secretary, the rigorous minister of his arbitrary will, was a man of insatiable cupidity; and the Indians detested him even more than they did his master. He died suddenly, and the horrid symptoms which preceded his death, induced a universal belief that he had been poisoned by the Indians. Investigations were instituted, but the criminals remained undiscovered. This event occasioned a great sensation, for it was not the first crime of the same description which had occurred among the Indians. It was well known that they were acquainted with various mortal poisons: they had oftener than once been detected in administering them; but neither torture nor the punishment of death, had been successful in drawing from them any confession of these dreadful secrets.

In the meanwhile the viceroy was recalled; and count de Cinchon was appointed by the court of Spain to fill his place. The count was in the vigour of his age, and endowed with every ami-

* *Translation.*

She was of this world, where all things the rarest
Have still the shortest race;
A rose she liv'd, (so lives of flowers the fairest)
A little morning's space!

able quality and every virtue, calculated to conciliate the affection and win the confidence of all around him. He had, a short time before, married a charming young lady, whom he adored, and by whom he was passionately beloved. The countess had resolved on following her husband, who dreading, on her account, the perfidy and hatred of the Indians, expressed a wish that she should remain in Spain, notwithstanding the distress which the very thought of such a separation excited in his mind. But the countess was filled with terrors when she reflected, that her husband would be exposed to all the dark conspiracies of hatred and revenge. The facts attested by the late viceroy, and above all his exaggerated recitals, represented the Indians as vile slaves, who, under the mask of docility, and even attachment, were capable of plotting in secret the blackest and most criminal treachery. Surprising stories were related of the inconceivable subtilty of the poisons of South America, and indeed without exaggeration.* The alarm which these dreadful ideas excited in the mind of the countess, proved an additional motive in determining her to follow the viceroy, that she might watch over his safety with all the precautions of fear, and all the vigilance of love. She took along with her some Spanish ladies, who were to compose her court at Lima, and among them was the intimate friend of her childhood. Beatrice, (for this was her name) was only a few years older than the vice-queen; but the attachment she entertained for her was of so tender a nature, that it resembled the affection of a mother. She had used every effort to persuade the countess to remain at Madrid, but finding that her resolution was unalterably fixed, she determined to accompany her.

Though the Indians were overjoyed at being freed from the yoke of their viceroy, they were not the better disposed to receive his successor. He was a Spaniard and they consequently expected that he would be animated only with feelings of injustice and tyranny, and a thirst for wealth. In vain were they informed that the count was mild, humane, and equitable; they repeated

* From the accounts of travellers and naturalists, there are in America certain plants of so venemous a nature, that the poison takes effect on those who happen to step on them, even with shoes on their feet.

one to the other, *he is a Spaniard!* and these words conveyed the most energetic expression of hatred. Religion had not yet modified these impetuous feelings; her sublime morality was hitherto unknown to the Indians. Their rulers had merely compelled them to observe a few exterior ceremonies, and they still retained a great portion of their former superstition and idolatry.

Amidst all their misery, the Indians had exercised, ever since the conquest of America, a secret vengeance which had not yet roused the suspicion of any Spaniard; they had been forced to yield to their oppressors the gold and diamonds of the new world, but they had concealed from them treasures more precious and more useful to humanity. Though they had resigned to them all the luxury of nature, they had exclusively reserved real benefits to themselves. They alone knew the powerful counter-poisons and wonderful antidotes which cautious nature, or rather Providence has distributed over these regions, are remedies against extreme disorders. The Indians alone were aware of the admirable virtues of the bark of the Quinquina, and by a solemn and faithfully observed compact, by the most dreadful and frequently renewed oaths, they had pledged themselves never to reveal to their oppressors these important secrets.*

Amidst the rigours of slavery, the Indians had always maintained a kind of internal government among themselves; they nominated a chief whose mysterious functions consisted in assembling them together during the night, at certain periods, to renew their oaths, and sometimes for the purpose of marking out victims among their enemies. The Indians of the townships, who enjoyed greater freedom than those who were subjected to service in the palace of the viceroy, and who were employed in the public works, never failed to join these nocturnal assemblies, which were held amongst the mountains in desert places, the only access to which was by-roads which appeared impassable to the Europeans. But these retreats were to them, if not the happy asylums of liberty, at least the sole refuge which could protect them against tyranny. At this time, their secret and supreme chief, (for they had several,) was named Ximeo. Irritated by misfortune and private

* These details are all historical.

injustice, his soul, though naturally great and generous, had long since been a stranger to every mild and tender sentiment. A feeling of vehement indignation, which no principle tended to repress, had, by daily increase, at length rendered him cruel and ferocious. But the base and cowardly atrocity of poisoning was repugnant to his character. He himself had never employed this horrible instrument of revenge, he had even interdicted it to his companions, and every act of villainy committed in that way was done in contradiction to his will. Ximeo was a father; he had an only son named Mirvan, whom he fondly loved, and whom he had inspired with a portion of his hatred of the Spaniards. Mirvan was young, handsome, and generous. About three years before, he had been married to Zuma, the most beautiful of all the Indian women of the environs of Lima. The tenderness and sensibility of Zuma were equal to the charms of her person; she formed the happiness of her husband, and lived only for him and for a child, two years of age, of which she was the mother.

Another chief, named Azan, next to Ximeo, possessed the greatest ascendance over the Indians. Azan was violent and cruel, and no natural virtue tempered the instinct of fury by which he was constantly animated. These two chiefs believed themselves to be of illustrious origin; they boasted of their descent from the royal race of the Incas.

A few days after the arrival of the new viceroy, Ximeo convoked, for the following night, a nocturnal meeting on the hill of the *Tree of Health*, thus they designated the tree from which is obtained the Quinquina, or Peruvian bark. "My friends," he said, when they had all collected, "a new tyrant is about to reign over us: let us repeat our oaths of just revenge. Alas! we dare utter them only when we are surrounded by darkness! Unhappy children of the Sun, we are reduced to conceal ourselves amidst the shades of night! . . . . Let us renew, around the *Tree of Health*, the awful contract which binds us for ever to conceal our secrets." Ximeo then, in a more elevated and firm voice, pronounced the following words: "We swear never to discover to the children of Europe the divine virtues of this sacred tree, the only treasure which remains to us! Wo to the faithless and perjured Indian, who being seduced by false virtue, or fear, or weak-

ness, shall reveal this secret to the destroyers of his gods, of his sovereigns, and of his country! Wo to the coward who shall make a gift of this treasure of health to the barbarians who have enslaved us, and whose ancestors burned our temples and cities, invaded our plains, and bathed their hands in the blood of our fathers, after having inflicted on them unheard of torments! . . . . Let them keep the gold which they have wrested from us, and of which they are insatiable; that gold which has cost them so many crimes: but we will at least reserve to ourselves this gift of Heaven! . . . . . Should a traitor ever arise amongst us, we swear to pursue and to exterminate him, though he should be our father, our brother, or our son. We swear, should he be engaged in the bonds of marriage, to pursue in him his wife and children, if they have not been his accusers; and if his children are in the cradle, to sacrifice them, so that his guilty race may be for ever extinct. . . . . My friends, pronounce from your inmost souls, these formidable oaths, the formula of which was beqeathed to you by your grandfathers, and which you have already so many times repeated!" . . . . Yes, yes, the Indians exclaimed with one voice, we pronounce all these imprecations against him who shall betray this secret; we swear to keep it with inviolable fidelity, to endure the most dreadful torments, and even death itself, rather than reveal it."

"Look back," said the ferocious Azan, "on the early days of our subjection, at that terrible period when millions of Indians were put to the torture, not one would save his life by the disclosure of this secret, which our countrymen have kept locked within their bosoms for more than two hundred years! . . . Judge, then, whether we can invent a punishment sufficiently severe for him who may betray it! . . . . . For my own part, I once more swear that if there be an Indian among us capable of such a crime, that he shall perish only by my hand; and should he have a wife, and children sucking at their mother's breast, I again swear to plunge my poniard in their hearts!" . . . . .

This ferocious speech was not pronounced without a design. Azan hated the young Mirvan, the son of Ximeo, not merely because he did not carry his animosity against the Spaniards to a sufficient length, but above all, because Mirvan, the adored hus-

band of the beautiful Zuma, and the father of a charming child, was happy. The wicked are always unfortunate, and always envious. "Azan," replied Mirvan, it is possible to keep one's promise without possessing your ferocity; no one here is capable of perjury; your menaces can therefore excite no terror, and are useless. We all know that in excuse for cruelty you neither want a traitor to pursue, nor a crime to punish." Azan, irritated was about to reply; but Ximeo prevented a violent dispute, by representing the imprudence and danger of uselessly prolonging these clandestine assemblies, and all immediately dispersed.

The Indians being forced to dissemble, maintained an appearance of respect and submission. A numerous troop of young Indian women, carrying baskets of flowers, assembled at the gates of Lima, to receive the vice-queen. Zuma was at their head, and the countess was so struck with her beauty, her grace, and the gentle expression of her countenance, that in the course of a few days she expressed a wish to have her among the number of Indian slaves, who were employed in the interior of the palace for the service of the vice-queen. The countess quickly conceived such a friendship for Zuma, that she attached her to the private service of her chamber and her person. This favour seemed an act of imprudence in the eyes of Beatrice, whose mind was so prepossessed by the accounts she had heard of the perfidy of the Indians, that notwithstanding the natural generosity of her character, she yielded to every sinister alarm and every black suspicion, which gloomy distrust and terror were capable of inspiring: she was excusable; it was her friend's safety, and not her own, that excited her apprehensions! She observed with distress the friendship of the vice-queen for an Indian female, and the women of the countess conceived an extreme jealousy of Zuma. They took advantage of the weakness of Beatrice to fill her mind with prejudice: they represented Zuma as being false, dissembling, and ambitious, and one who fancied that her pleasing person would pardon every act of presumption; that she was far from loving the countess, and that she entertained an inveterate abhorrence of the Spaniards. They soon went still greater lengths, and attributed to her the most extravagant discourse. Beatrice did not indeed give credit to all that was related to her, but she

conceived a degree of inquietude and distrust, which inspired her with a real aversion for Zuma. This enmity became the stronger when she found that Zuma was immovably fixed in the good graces of the vice-queen, who daily testified more and more attachment towards the object of so much hatred, injustice, and calumny. Zuma, on her part, entertained the tenderest affection for the countess; nevertheless, to avoid disagreeable scenes, she almost wholly confined herself to her own chamber, and seldom appeared except when the countess required her services.

The viceroy spared no endeavours to render himself beloved by the Indians; but the latter had known instances of several viceroys having manifested mildness, justice, and affability at the commencement of their government, who afterwards belied all these happy promises. Thus the real goodness of the count made no favourable impression upon them. They regarded it as hypocrisy or weakness occasioned by fear on account of the sudden death of the secretary of his predecessor.

The countess had now resided about four months at Lima, and a visible decline had taken place in her health. This distressing change was at first attributed to the burning heat of the climate; but her indisposition daily augmented, alarm was entertained for her safety, and she was at length suddenly attacked with a tertian fever. Every remedy known at that period was employed without effect. The anxiety of Beatrice knew no bounds; she privately questioned the physician who had come from Spain in the suite of the viceroy, but who, regarding the case as hopeless, spoke in a mysterious way, and even hinted that he attributed the illness of the countess to some extraordinary cause, of which he could give no account. His air of dismay and apparent wish to conceal his real opinion, all tended to inspire Beatrice with the horrible idea that her friend was dying by the effect of slow poison. . . . . She enjoyed not a moment's rest: though she cautiously hid her suspicions from the countess, and even from the count, yet she found it impossible to dissemble with two of the countess's women, who used every effort to strengthen the notion she had imbibed. . . . . But who could have committed this horrible crime? . . . . . None but Zuma. . . . . Zuma, who was privileged to enter the apartment of the vice-queen at every hour. . . . . But

Zuma, whom the countess had overwhelmed with acts of bounty! . . . . . What interest could have prompted her to this atrocity? Hatred is ever ready with replies to serve her own purposes! . . . . Zuma was hypocritical, vain, and ambitious, and she moreover entertained a secret and criminal passion for the viceroy. . . . . In a word, she was an Indian, and had been familiarized from her infancy with the blackest of crimes.

Beatrice for some time laboured to repel these horrible suspicions, but she beheld the existence of her friend rapidly declining, and her terror no longer allowed her to reason and observe with her own eyes; she lent a ready ear to every accusation, and gave credit to the most extravagant calumny. In the meanwhile, the viceroy experienced the bitterest anguish of mind, and without imagining the commission of any crime, he felt the utmost alarm at the long continuation of the countess's indisposition. However, a favourable change in the state of the patient, kindled a ray of hope which beamed for the space of a day or two. The physician, overjoyed, pronounced her recovery to be almost certain, suspicion gradually slumbered, and Beatrice seemed restored to new existence. She did not, however, revoke the private orders she had given, for secretly watching Zuma, and never permitting her to enter the chamber in which were deposited the various medicinal draughts prepared for the countess.

Amidst all these different agitations, the thoughts of the innocent and sensible Zuma were turned wholly on the vice-queen, whom she loved with all the sincerity of a pure and grateful soul. She was afflicted to the utmost on reflecting that there existed an infallible remedy to which she dared not direct her. Zuma well knew the horrible oaths by which the Indians had bound themselves never to reveal this secret. Had her own life alone been marked out as the sacrifice, she would not for a moment have hesitated to divulge all she knew; but her husband and her son must have been the certain victims of such a declaration: finally, she was aware that the vindictive Ximeo, the better to insure himself of her discretion, had placed her beloved child as a hostage in the hands of the ferocious Azan and Thamis, another Indian chief, who, though less cruel than Azan, was animated by an equal hatred of the Spaniards. Zuma, therefore, dared not confide her

grief to Mirvan; she smothered her tears, and deplored her fate in silence. Her affliction was suddenly increased, for the feeble hope which had been entertained of the countess's recovery, soon vanished; the fever returned with redoubled violence, the physician declared her life to be in danger, and that the countess could not support another such attack, should it be renewed within twelve days or a fortnight! . . . . . Universal dismay prevailed throughout the palace! . . . . . This cruel declaration plunged the count and Beatrice into despair, and rent the heart of Zuma. The vice-queen, who was fully aware of her situation, manifested as much courage as gentleness and piety; the resignation of the happiest life, when accompanied by the consciousness of perfect purity, is always a calm sacrifice: she received, by her own desire, all her sacraments. She took a tender farewell of her friend and her husband, having exhorted the latter to watch over the happiness of the Indians, and particularly that of her dear Zuma; and she resigned herself wholly to the consolations of religion.—Zuma, who had been a witness to this pathetic scene, could no longer withstand the excess of her grief; her health, which had been in a declining state for the space of three months, now yielded to the weight of her affliction, and she was attacked that very evening with the disorder which threatened the life of the countess, the tertian fever. After she had sustained two or three violent attacks, Mirvan, with the consent of the Indians, secretly conveyed to her the precious powder which was to operate her cure, on condition, however, that she should not be entrusted with it in any large quantity, but should daily receive an allowance sufficient for one dose. Zuma received in the morning the first dose, which was to be taken before she retired to rest in the evening. When she was alone, she looked steadfastly on the powder, her countenance was bathed in tears, and raising her eyes to heaven, "Great God!" she exclaimed, "I am inspired by thee! . . . . . I can only save her, by sacrificing my own life;—my resolution is fixed—I will never disclose the mighty secret . . . . My death will expiate my compassion, even in their eyes: besides, they will never suspect such an act of devotion, and will attribute her cure to the help of medicine. I shall neither endanger the safety of Mirvan nor my child; I shall not betray the secrets of my countrymen: I

shall die; but the countess will live. What signifies the existence of poor Zuma? ..... and how precious is the life of that Daughter of Heaven, who has employed her power only to assist the unfortunate and console the afflicted; that generous protectress of all who pine in poverty and slavery, and whose faltering voice, but now, sent forth a prayer for the cruel Indians who suffer her to languish! Oh, my benefactress! even though surrounded by the shades of death, you did not forget your faithful Zuma! I heard your lips pronounce a blessing on her name! .... Yes, by the sacred light of the sun, I swear that I will save you." .... With these words Zuma wrapped up the powder of the Quinquina, concealed it in her bosom, and rose from her chair; then suddenly stopping, she began to reflect on the means of introducing herself unperceived into the closet where the drink intended for the countess was placed. She had no idea of the suspicions entertained against her, nor of the precautions which had been adopted to render this closet inaccessible to her as well as the rest of the Indian slaves; she merely supposed that since the illness of the vice-queen, her Spanish women had appropriated to themselves the task of attending on her person, either through fear or jealousy, or one of those customs to which she had heard them so frequently allude, and which they termed *etiquette*. She resolved to enter the closet during the night, after the maid, who slept there had retired to rest; and in case of her being discovered, she had determined to say, anxiety had induced her to quit her chamber to inquire after the state of the countess. At the same time, wishing to ascertain whether she could introduce herself into the closet without passing through the apartment of the vice-queen, she descended into a long corridor, and having looked cautiously around her, she discovered a small side door, which, as she had previously supposed, communicated with the closet: the key was in the lock, and she determinrd to enter in this way during the night. She then speedily returned to her chamber.

In conformity with the orders of Beatrice, Zuma's conduct was watched with the utmost minuteness, and the servants of the palace hastened to inform Beatrice that Mirvan had been to visit her that very day; that one of the maids who had been stationed at the door to listen to their conversation, had not been able to col-

lect a single word, in consequence of the low tone of voice in which they discoursed, but that Mirvan was excessively agitated on departing; that Zuma had descended the staircase, had searched about the corridor, examining every door, and that on discovering that which led into the closet, she indicated evident signs of fear, lest she should be surprised, and that she finally escaped to her own apartment. Beatrice shuddered at this recital; she immediately foresaw that Zuma entertained the design of introducing herself into the closet during the night; she ordered the women to warn her of the moment when Zuma should quit her chamber, and at the same time directed them to avoid entering the closet and to leave the key in the door. Beatrice, without delay communicated all she had heard, to the viceroy, who, without adopting her suspicions, was nevertheless filled with amazement at the story, and agreed to conceal himself in the closet.

About one hour after sunset, the servants came to inform Beatrice that Zuma was descending the staircase, but without any light, and with all the precautions of mystery and fear. Beatrice and the count immediately proceeded to their place of concealment. In a few moments they heard the door gently open, and Zuma appeared. She was pale and trembling; she walked slowly and with apparent effort..... She looked around the chamber with a countenance which announced distress and fear; she listened for some time at the door which communicated with the apartment of the vice-queen; all was silent! ..... Zuma then approached the table, on which a medicinal draught had been placed in a decanter of crystal, for the purpose of being administered to the countess; she drew from her bosom the paper containing the quinquina powder; opened it and shook the powder into the decanter. The viceroy seized with horror, rushed into the closet, exclaiming, "Wretched woman! what have you thrown into the liquor?" ..... At this unexpected sight, at this terrible question, Zuma started with dismay; the decanter fell from her hands, and shivered in pieces; she threw herself into a chair, uttering the words, "*I am undone!*" ..... and swooned away.

Zuma was conveyed to her chamber. The count and Beatrice deemed it prudent to conceal this supposed crime from the knowledge of the vice-queen; she, said the count, will sue for mercy

on this wretch, whom no consideration on earth can induce me to pardon; there must be an example, and I am resolved to make one. It was soon proclaimed through the palace and the city, that Zuma had been detected in an attempt to poison the vice-queen. That very evening she was delivered into the hands of justice, and conveyed to prison. Mirvan hastened in search of Azan and Thamir: the hand of death was already on his heart, and he could only utter the following words: "My son is in your power. At least promise, on condition that we keep this secret inviolably, that after our death, you will restore the child to my father."—"We swear to do so, answered Azan, but you are well aware, that his life must be the forfeit of the least indiscretion." "We know how to die," replied Mirvan. With these words, he quitted the ferocious Indian, and voluntarily committed himself to prison. He could easily guess the act which Zuma had attempted, but to explain it and justify her, would have been to abandon his child to the rage of the ferocious Azan; he therefore resolved to die with his wretched wife.

At break of day, the council assembled to examine and pass sentence on Mirvan and Zuma. The doors of the court were thrown open, and the Indians were permitted to enter; they assembled in great numbers, headed by their secret chiefs, Ximeo, Azan, and Thamir. Mirvan and Zuma were brought in loaded with chains. The latter, on beholding her husband, exclaimed with vehemence, "he is not guilty, he had no share in what I did, he was ignorant of my design." ..... "Zuma," interrupted Mirvan, "your death is certain, how then can you think of defending my life? ..... I am not accused, I voluntarily share your fate. ..... Zuma, let us die in silence, let us die with courage, and our child will still live." ..... Zuma understood the real meaning of these words; she made no reply, but her face was bathed in tears. The examination then commenced.

Zuma was unable to deny the facts to which Beatrice and the viceroy had been witnesses. She was asked from whom she had obtained the powder. She received it from me, exclaimed Mirvan. Zuma denied this, still protesting that her husband was entirely ignorant of her designs. And what were your designs? inquired the judge? Did you not intend to poison the vice-queen?

Why else did you make use of this powder? Did you fancy that you were employing a salutary remedy? ..... At this question, Zuma trembled; her eyes, at this moment, met those of the cruel Azan, his threatening glance filled her with horror; she fancied she beheld him strangling her child. No, no, she exclaimed, in a distracted tone, I know of no salutary remedy.—It was poison, then? ..... You confess it?—I confess nothing.—Answer then,—Alas! I am compelled to be silent. At these words, Ximeo advanced and placed himself between Mirvan and Zuma; let me likewise be chained, said he, I will die along with them. Oh my father! live for our child's sake! they exclaimed with one voice. But Ximeo persisted.

The judges had been directed neither to employ torture nor to make any inquiry respecting accomplices; they removed Ximeo, and Mirvan and Zuma were conveyed back to prison. The countess's physician appeared, and was examined. He declared that the illness of the vice-queen having baffled the most efficacious remedies, and being accompanied by extraordinary symptoms, horrible suspicions at length arose in his mind, and that the action in which Zuma had been detected, leaving no room to doubt the atrocity of her design, had confirmed him in an idea which he had long endeavoured to repel; that finally he no longer doubted that this perverse slave had administered a slow poison to the vice-queen, and that finding herself excluded from the service of the chamber, and fearing lest the youth of the countess, and the attention which was devoted to her, might in course of time overcome the effects of a poison, which had been sparingly administered, she intended to consummate her crime by a powerful dose. At this detail, the judges were nearly petrified with horror; they collected the votes and condemned Mirvan and Zuma to perish amidst the flames of a pile, that very day at noon. They were again brought into the court. Mirvan heard his sentence with heroic firmness. Zuma, bathed in tears, threw herself at his feet: I have sacrificed you, she exclaimed: that thought fills me with remorse: dare I hope for your forgiveness! ..... Let us not accuse our judges of cruelty, he replied, the tyrants who condemn us, deliver us from a horrible yoke; a few hours will free us from the bonds of slavery! ..... These words

moved the obdurate heart of Azan himself: Mirvan, said he, be not concerned for the fate of your son, he shall be as dear to me as if he were my own.

It was now nine in the morning, and orders were given for erecting the fatal pile.

The vice-queen was dying; the physician announced to the viceroy that every hope had vanished, that it was impossible she could support three more fits of fever, and that six or seven days, at most, would terminate her existence. The count, in a paroxysm of despair, could entertain no thought of mercy: besides, regarding Zuma as the most execrable monster that nature had ever produced, he was devested of all feeling of compassion for her. He gave orders that a pardon should be offered to Mirvan, on condition of his making a sincere confession of his crime.—"Tell the viceroy," answered Mirvan, "that even though he promised me the life of Zuma, he should never draw from me another syllable."

The viceroy did not wish to be in Lima during this dreadful execution. He therefore departed for one of his pleasure-houses, situated about half a league from the city, intending not to return until the evening.

The wretched Ximeo vainly devised a thousand different projects, all tending to save Mirvan and Zuma; he anxiously wished to assemble his friends, but during the whole of the morning, the Indians were so closely watched, that he found no possibility of secretly conversing with Azan and Thamir. A proclamation was issued, ordering all the Indians in Lima to attend the execution. They were without arms; the Spanish guard was doubled and ranged round the pile; in addition to this, the unfortunate victims were escorted by two hundred soldiers. Ximeo found himself compelled to submit to his fate, he was overwhelmed with despair, and resolved to throw himself on the pile with his children.

Whilst the whole city, filled with consternation, awaited this dreadful spectacle, the vice-queen, still ignorant of the tragical event, was stretched upon her bed of sickness, weaker and more afflicted than ever. Since six in the morning, all her attendants had evinced the utmost agitation. This at length attracted the notice of the countess; she made inquiries, and plainly perceived

that Beatrice wished to conceal something from her, and that she imposed silence on the rest of her women. Beatrice frequently quitted the apartment, that she might, without constraint give vent to her sorrow. In one of these moments, the countess strictly questioned one of her maids, and so imperatively enjoined her to tell the truth, that the girl informed her of all, and added that Mirvan and Zuma, far from denying the imputation laid to their charge, had gloried in their crime. The surprise of the countess was equal to the horror with which she was inspired by this dreadful communication. "Oh, supreme Mercy!" she exclaimed, "I can now invoke thee with more confidence than ever." ..... She immediately ordered her servants to prepare an open litter, and with the assistance of her women she rose, and was dressed in a loose robe of muslin. In spite of the tears and entreaties of the Spanish ladies and Beatrice, the countess threw herself upon the litter, which was borne by four slaves, a fifth carrying over her head a large parasol of taffety: in this manner, with her face concealed by a long white veil, she departed..... Twelve o'clock struck! .... At this moment Mirvan and Zuma, on foot, loaded with chains, quitted their prison to undergo the execution of their sentence. Zuma, who was scarcely able to support herself, rested on the arm of a priest, and was guarded by two soldiers; immense crowds had collected to see them. Amidst the multitude, she perceived Azan, bearing her child in his arms, and making an effort to attract her observation. At this sight she uttered a piercing shriek, a maternal shriek, which vibrated through every heart ..... but collecting her strength, that she might once again embrace the adored child, she disengaged herself from the hands of the priest and the soldiers, and darted towards Azan ..... Azan placed the child on the palpitating bosom of Zuma. The wretched mother, amidst a torrent of tears, gave her child the last maternal kiss. "Zuma," said Azan, in a low tone of voice, summon all your courage; recollect that your death is in itself a revenge, and that it will serve to render our secret the more inviolable. ..... "Oh! I wish for no revenge," answered Zuma. "Alas! were it possible to save the vice-queen!" ..... She could not utter more, the soldiers came to lead her away; the hand of death was upon her when they tore her from her child; and at

that terrible moment she seemed to be offering up the sacrifice of her life. . . . . .

The procession advanced; they were scarcely three hundred paces from the place of execution. At this moment a mournful trumpet announced the approach of the victims, the resinous wood which formed the top of the pile was kindled. . . . . They entered an alley of plane trees, at the end of which they beheld the fatal spot, and the flames which seemed to mingle with the clouds. At this terrible spectacle Zuma shrunk back with horror; at that moment she was delivered from the torment of thinking on her husband and her child; stupor succeeded to sensibility, and the idea of her approaching destruction now wholly occupied her mind; she saw before her inevitable death, and death under the most horribly threatening aspect! . . . . . Her strength failed her; the frozen blood no longer circulated in her veins; her face was tinged with mortal paleness; and, though not in a state of total unconsciousness, she sunk into the arms of the priest, who, notwithstanding her repeated but vague protestations, still exhorted her to repentance! . . . . . Zuma, said Mirvan, our sufferings will not be of long duration; behold those whirlwinds of smoke—we shall be suffocated in a few moments! . . . . . Ah! replied Zuma, in a voice scarcely audible, I see nothing but fire . . . . . nothing but flame. . . . . They advanced. . . . . Every step which brought Zuma nearer to her death, augmented her unconquerable terror! . . . . . The Indians had already ranged themselves round the pile in sad consternation; they all held in their hands a branch of cypress, as an emblem of mourning; they were surrounded by Spanish guards: . . . . . A noise was suddenly heard at some distance; a horseman at full gallop appeared within view, exclaiming, "Hold, hold, by order of the vice-queen, she is approaching." . . . . . At these words all were struck motionless; Zuma folded her hands and sent forth a supplication to heaven; but her soul, weighed down by terror, was not yet penetrated by the faintest gleam of hope! . . . . . At length the litter of the vice-queen was perceived, she urged her slaves to advance with the utmost speed, and she quickly reached the fatal spot: the Spanish guards ranged themselves round the vice-queen, and the Indians formed a semi-

circle before her: the countess then raised her veil and discovered a pale and languishing countenance, but full of grace and gentleness, and which was itself a speaking emblem of mercy! . . . . . I do not possess, said she, the happy right of granting pardon, but it is a favour which I am certain of obtaining from the goodness of the viceroy. In the meanwhile I take under my protection and safeguard these two unfortunate creatures; let their chains be taken off, extinguish without delay this terrific pile which should never have been kindled, had I been sooner informed of the event. . . . . At these words the Indians threw down their branches of cypress, and the air resounded with reiterated cries of *Long live the vice-queen!* . . . . . Ximeo rushed forward, exclaiming, *Yes, she shall live!* . . . . . Zuma threw herself on her knees. Almighty God, she said, finish the work Thou hast begun! . . . . . The vice-queen signified her wish that Mirvan and Zuma should follow her; she caused them to be placed near her litter, and in this manner returned to the palace, followed by an immense multitude who enthusiastically invoked blessings on her clemency and goodness. Having arrived at the palace, she threw herself on her bed, and expressed a desire that Mirvan and Zuma should enter her apartment; they did so, and placed themselves at her bed-side. Owing to the agitation, fatigue, and distress of mind which the countess had undergone, her strength was so completely exhausted, that she fancied herself to be bordering on the last moments of her existence! . . . . . She stretched forth one hand to Mirvan and the other to Zuma; who, bathed in tears, fell on her knees to receive it! . . . . . Beatrice could no longer support this scene, and she entreated the countess to suffer the two Indians to be removed, under guard, to an adjoining chamber. No, no, said the vice-queen, I will answer for them here, and will do so before the Supreme Arbiter by whom we shall all be judged! . . . . . Oh! leave them here, they are sent to open for me the gates of heaven! . . . . . Great God! said Beatrice, must I see you in the hands of the monsters who have poisoned you! Where can I be better at this moment? replied the vice-queen: . . . . . On the bosom of friendship my mind is overwhelmed with superfluous regret . . . . . but these trembling hands which I press within my own, fortify my courage; the very

sight of these unfortunate beings diffuses calmness and confidence through my soul! . . . . . Oh, my benefactress, said Zuma, suffocated with grief, should heaven frustrate my only hope, it will then be seen whether or not the wretched Zuma loved you! No, I never can survive you! . . . . . At these words Beatrice shuddered. Detestable hypocrisy, she exclaimed . . . . . Do not insult them, said the countess, they repent; see they shed tears! . . . . . Ah! Zuma, pursued she, you, whose gentle figure bespoke a celestial soul! . . . . , You whom I have so dearly loved! . . . . . how can I entertain the slightest resentment against you? . . . . . I look upon you both as the instruments of my eternal happiness; I forgive you with a willing heart; may you return to the consolations of religion with equal sincerity. . . . . Zuma, almost driven to distraction, was about to speak, and perhaps to reveal a part of the secret which weighed a thousand times more heavily on her mind, than if she had only had her own life to defend; but Mirvan interrupted her: Zuma, said he, let us be silent! the voice of the countess will bring down the truth from heaven! Let us place our trust in the God whom she invokes! He will save her precious life and will justify us! . . . These words were pronounced in so sincere a tone and with so solemn an air, that they made a powerful impression even on Beatrice. The vice-queen wished to interrogate Mirvan, but in vain; he entreated that she would question him no further, and for two hours maintained the most obstinate silence.

The Vice-queen, before proceeding to the pile to save Zuma, had dispatched a messenger to the count to hasten his return to the palace; she every moment expected him, and was astonished that he had not yet arrived. She was about to send off another courier, when an extraordinary clamour was heard throughout the palace. Beatrice quitted the countess's chamber to inquire the cause of the agitation; a moment after the countess distinguished the voice of the viceroy, she ordered the door to be thrown open, and exclaimed, "My Lord, I entreat your pardon for the guilty." . . . . They are your deliverers! . . . . replied the viceroy, entering the apartment. All were petrified with amazement. The viceroy held a lovely boy in his arms. Zuma uttered a shriek of joy; it was her child. The viceroy rushed forward, placed the

child upon her bosom, and prostrated himself at her feet. . . . . Ximeo followed him, he advanced, and addressing himself to Mirvan: You may now speak, said he, with the consent of all the Indians: the secret is revealed, we have all tasted the powder in the presence of the viceroy; he himself insisted on partaking of it before he brought it here. . . . . At these words, Zuma, transported, almost drowned in tears, strained her child within her arms, and returned thanks to Heaven. Mirvan embraced his father, the vice-queen asked a thousand questions in a breath; the count briefly related all that the Indians had revealed to him. Great Heaven! exclaimed the countess, throwing her arms round the neck of Zuma, this angelic creature would have laid down her life to save me, and she was on the verge of being sacrificed! . . . . In the performance of so sublime an action, she was accused of an atrocious crime! . . . . . And the fears of this heroic couple for the preservation of their child, added the viceroy, made them endure, with unconquerable firmness, shame, ignominy, and the aspect of a terrible death! . . . . . Ah! said Zuma, the vice-queen has done still more! Though she believed us to be monsters of ingratitude and atrocity, and the authors of all her suffering, yet she protected and delivered us, and with what kindness, what generosity! . . . . . She, as well as yourselves, replied the viceroy, will now receive the reward due to virtue. . . . . Here are two doses of the blessed powder, the one for Zuma and the other for the vice-queen. . . . . So saying, the count himself poured the quinquina into two separate cups; Zuma drank first, and the vice-queen wished to receive the salutary beverage from her hand. All present were melted into tears; the vice-queen, already revived by the double influence of joy and hope, received with transport the tender embraces of her husband, Beatrice, and the happy Zuma; she raised Zuma's child to her pillow, and loaded him with the tenderest caresses; she promised to be thenceforth his second mother. Beatrice and the rest of the Spanish ladies surrounded Zuma; they gazed upon her with admiration. Beatrice, in a fit of transport, kissed her hand, that beneficent hand which she had accused of having committed an execrable crime! . . . . . In the midst of this enthusiasm, the viceroy took Mirvan and Zuma by the hand, he opened a window and led them

out on a balcony overlooking the principal street in the city, which was at that time filled with Spaniards and Indians. Here, said he, pointing to Mirvan and Zuma, here are the voluntary victims of gratitude, generous sentiment, and the sanctity of oaths! . . . . . Indians, their sublime virtues and those of the vice-queen have led you to abjure a hatred formerly too pardonable, but now unjust! you have, by an unanimous wish, freed yourselves from the cruel oath formed by revenge; instead of our secret enemies, you have become the benefactors of the old world! To render you happy will henceforth be not merely the duty of humanity, but of gratitude; and that duty shall be fulfilled. Indians, all who in this memorable assembly have come to sacrifice feelings of resentment, to admiration and gentle pity; Indians, you are free; such sentiments place you on a footing of equality with your conquerors! Enjoy this glory, virtue has effected your liberation! . . . . Love your sovereign and serve him with fidelity: let the *tree of health* flourish on the land which will be distributed among you: reflect, when you cultivate it, that the whole universe is indebted to you for this blessing of the Creator! . . . . . This address excited universal enthusiasm, and the viceroy, wishing to terminate the day by the triumph of Zuma, gave orders that she should be attired in a magnificent dress: a crown of laurel was placed upon her head, and she was seated on a superb chair of state; all the ladies of the court of the vice-queen placed themselves in her suite; she was attended by the vice-queen's guard of honour; a herald on horseback preceded the retinue, pronouncing the following words: "*Behold Zuma, the wife of the virtuous Mirvan, and the preserver of the vice-queen.*" Zuma, reclined on cushions of cloth of gold, pressed her child to her bosom, and carried in one hand a branch of *the tree of health.* In this way she proceeded through the principal streets of Lima, amidst the acclamations of the people who assembled in crowds to see her and to overwhelm her with benedictions. On Zuma's return to the palace, the vice-queen received her with open arms. She was then conducted to an elegant suite of apartments prepared expressly for her and her husband; servants were appointed to attend on them, and they were thenceforward to be regarded as the mort intimate and dearest friends of the vice-

queen. In the evening the city and all the court-yards of the palace were illuminated, and in the gardens tables were laid out with sumptuous refreshments for the Indians.

The vice-queen and Zuma were quickly freed from every remaining trace of fever; at the termination of a week the vice-queen was in a perfect state of convalescence. On the same spot where the fatal pile had excited such a sensation of horror, the viceroy erected an obelisk of white marble, on which the following words were engraven in characters of gold:

To Zuma, the Friend and Preserver of the vice-queen, and Benefactress of the Old World.

On each side of this obelisk *a tree of health* was planted, that blessed tree, sanctified by so many virtues, and which, among the Indians, afterwards became the emblem of every virtue which does honour to humanity. The viceroy lost no time in sending to Europe the precious powder of the quinquina, which was long known by the name of *the countess's powder*,* but which in Latin still preserves its original name.

Fortune and honours never inspired with pride, the generous and sensible Zuma; she was always passionately beloved by the vice-queen, and her own virtues always rendered her worthy of her glory and happiness.

ART. XXVII.—*Poetry.*

THE following song, which contains the names of all the Engine and Hose Companies in Philadelphia, is attributed to Mr. R. C. Coffin.

On the bosom of night, when the weary were sleeping,
And the stillness of death lent an awe to the scene;
When mankind, all their woes in forgetfulness steeping,
Were dreaming of joys in the days that had been.—
Oh, how dread was the cry as it broke on their slumbers;
How awful the sound of the midnight alarm,
As it fell on the ear, and the Firemen in numbers,
Re-echoed it back on the slumberer's charm!

* Historical—Related of the Jesuit's bark, or quinquina.

See the flames spreading round! all the timbers are falling!
The home of the wretched is blazing on high,
And the wife of his bosom for mercy is calling,
Till, with joy, she beholds that "ASSISTANCE" is nigh.
On the sons of "COLUMBIA" she places "RELIANCE,"
And a firm "RESOLUTION" and "HOPE" in their name,
Proclaims that the "UNION" will soon bid defiance,
And their "VIGILANT" efforts extinguish the flame.
With "DILIGENT" strides see old "NEPTUNE" advances,
While the stream of compassion pours fast from his eyes!
And the smile of "GOOD WILL" all our labour enhances,
As "NIAGARA'S" torrent ascends to the skies!
"RELIEF" on the pinions of glory appearing,
Like the spirit of "WASHINGTON" bending from heaven,
With the whispers of peace the lone sufferer is cheering
Till success to our firm "PERSEVERANCE" is given,
The sons of "HIBERNIA," those friends of good feeling,
Oh long may they smile with an aspect "HUMANE,"
Their "CHARITABLE" views and their honour in dealing
Like our "VENERABLE" "FRANKLIN" is free from a stain;
May "FELLOWSHIP" "FRIENDSHIP" and "HARMONY" blending
Still rain from "SOUTHWARK" to "DELAWARE" shore,
And the followers of "PENN"* "GOOD INTENT" still extending
Be honoured till "LIBERTY'S"† self is no more;
Then pledge we the "STATES,"‡ while our bosoms are swelling,
And swear that we ever undaunted will prove,
And "AMITY'S"§ smile every sorrow dispelling,
Shall weave for each brow a fresh chaplet of love.
Thy name "PHILADELPHIA," shall flourish for ever,
'Tis written in sunbeams, it shines from the sky,
And when the last trump shall the universe sever,
Like the "PHŒNIX," thy "FAME" on its ruins shall rise.

* PENN—PENNSYLVANIA. † LIBERTY—NORTHERN LIBERTY.
‡ STATES—UNITED STATES. § AMITY—AMICABLE.

SONG.

(Adapted to the tune of "Lullaby.")

Blushing, trembling, and desiring,
Lover view a mistress nigh;
The beating heart, though scarce respiring,
Wafts its wishes in a sigh.

But when wedded passions cooling,
Many troubles they descry;
Soon indifference overruling,
Wafts their curses in a sigh.

Since a sigh, so much expressing,
Give us ease, we know not why,
Let's be grateful for the blessing,
Wafting raptures in a sigh.

ON THE PLANETARY SYSTEM.

Who can behold those radiant worlds that roll,
And float through ether, midst unbounded space,
Which dart their flaming lights from pole to pole;
Or trace the comet, in his fulgent race,
And not admire the architect divine,
That form'd the glorious firmament on high,
That made the sun in zenith splendour shine,
And the pale moon to lamp the cloudless sky?
Prompt at his word, the meteors rise, or fall;
The comets gleam, portentous, through the air,
The planets glimmer, or their fires recal,
As calm the heav'ns appear, or tempests bear.
Th' Almighty pow'r in all his works we see;
And, seeing, who can impious atheists be?

THE ROBIN.

Anticipant of frosts, and early snows,
The social Robin swells his wintry lay,

Unmindful of the eastern wind that blows,
Or gath'ring fogs that blot the face of day.
Now, pausing in his song, and free from care,
From shrub to shrub he flits, from tree to tree;
Now, darting downwards, to seek his insect fare—
Some shrivell'd fly, or desiccated bee.
But, when, importunate, his hunger calls,
He grows more forward, and advances near
The thatch, the pent-house, or the garden wall,
Or on the window chirps, devoid of fear.
The housewife ushers from the lowly shed,
And on the threshold leaves her crumbs of bread.

A PUN.

Jack Dash, in town, a first rate beau,
Some time ago,
For near a month had never ventured out;
'Twas wise—for Jack was poor, and what bespoke it,
Was—that he had no money in his pocket,
And therefore was not quite prepared to meet,
A friend of his, who slily in the street,
To tap him on the shoulder lurk'd about.

A doctor's wife, hard by,
Who much delighted in his company,
(For Jack, to please the ladies had the skill)
Began to think him ill;—
So sent her servant Thomas, to assure him,
That if, by fell disease he was assail'd,
And would but tell her freely what he ail'd,
She'd get some draughts, that very soon should cure him.

The message hearing—thus replied Dash,
Friend Tom—then tell your mistress I will thank her,
As my disorder's only want of cash,
To let the drafts be—*on her husband's banker.* JACOBUS.

For the Port Folio.

LOVE IS SELFISH.

Hard is his fate, to whom ungrateful Love
Rewards his anguish with disdainful looks—
Yet e'en for him, with bitterest grief oppress'd,
Life is not joyless, while his eyes can view
The guardian roof of the dear maid he loves,
Ere from his couch he springs—while fancy hears,
Her morning orisons and evening prayers,
And sighs his wish to be remembered there.
Existence yet has charms for him, who oft
Beneath the solemn sanctuary's dome,
At the gay ball, the mall, the theatre,
Drinks the same air, perfumed and exquisite,
Wafted that moment from her untouched lips—
And though by Love and Fate severely school'd,
Those precious rubies he must never dare
To hope to press. excepting in his dreams,
Still to his breast, 'tis a soul-soothing balm,
To know such long-sought happiness alike
To every other aspirant refused—
For Love, alas! whatever sages say,
Or novelists may write, *is selfish still.*
There's not a blessing that this world can know,
Or good, imagination could conceive,
Which heaven to-day, unprayed for, could bestow—
With bounding heart, delighted at the task,
He'd court a pilgrimage from pole to pole,
That to the holy altar he might bring,
The envied being whom his fair one loves;
For then, her happiness were boon from him,
And that so sweet revenge for years of frowns,
To *selfishness* would all its pleasures owe.
Ye beauteous maidens! who would fain secure,
The heavenly friendship of hymeneal life,

That charm unspeakable, which more than Love,
Our best enjoyments greatly can enhance,
And every earthly wo can mitigate,
This counsel to your gentle bosoms take—
A long probation is your sex's right;
Be difficult to win—let none presume,
To hope for favour in a term less short,
Than Jacob first for lovely Rachael serv'd—
Oh! be not won too soon—for know, the fruit
Which pendant low, bobs at our mouth,
We pass unvalued by—and set our hearts
On that we get at hazard of our lives—
Humanity and pride enjoin delay;
The oft rejected wretch is happy still,
While no rude hand, presumptuous, has pluck'd,
From the top bough, his blessing, blooming prize.

* * * * *

New York, Jan. 1, 1821.

WISDOM.

From the Russian of Davidoft.

While hon'ring the grape's ruby nectar,
All sportingly, laughingly gay;
We determined, I, Harry, and Hector,
To drive old dame Wisdom away.

'Oh my children take care!' said the beldame,
'Attend to these counsels of mine;
'Get not tipsy! for danger is seldom
'Remote from the goblet of wine!

'With thee in his company, no man
'Can err,' said our wag with a wink,
'But come, thou good humour'd old woman,
('There's a drop in the goblet)—and drink.'

She frown'd, but her scruples soon twisting,
Complying, smilingly said,
'So polite, there's indeed no resisting,
'For wisdom was never ill-bred!'

She drank—but continued her teaching,
'Let the wise from indulgence refrain!'
And never gave over her preaching
But to say,—'Fill the goblet again!'

And she drank, and she totter'd, but still she
Was talking and shaking her head:
Mutter'd 'temperance,—prudence,' until she
Was carried by Folly to bed.

AN IMPROMPTU—TO A LADY SPLENDIDLY DRESSED.

Whence all this labour, ah! too lovely maid!
To seek the tinsel ornaments of art?
In nature's simple dignity array'd,
'Tis yours to win, 'tis yours to keep the heart.

Let other damsels search for every toy,
Than you more studious, since than you less fair;
Let them, to gild their weaker charms, employ
The pearl's pale lustre, or the diamond's glare.

But you, Louisa, trust those killing eyes,
That blooming cheek—and ah! those lips divine!
Then make of every heart a willing prize,
But use your conquest only over mine.

Art. XXVIII.—*Literary Intelligence.*

Mr. Frederick Adelung of St. Petersburgh, is engaged in a great Philological work, to be entitled *Bibliotheca Glottica.* The prospectus of it has already appeared under the title of *Uebersicht aller bekannten Sprachen,* or a "View of all known languages." St. Petersb. 1820, oct. 185. A list of all the languages of the four parts of the world is given at the end, by which it appears that there are in Europe 545 languages and dialects, in Asia 991, Africa 276, and in America 1214, as far as it is yet known; so that it would appear that there are in our country, nearly as many idioms as in all the world besides. This singular fact is well worth the attention of the learned.——Mr. Adelung's work, according to the prospectus above mentioned, is to contain a complete *corpus* of the Philological science, an account of all the works that have been written on the subject, and a treatise on human language in general, in which the author will treat at length of all the various questions which this important subject presents.

The following advertisement appears on the cover of one of the late English Magazines. "Brown, the American novelist. This day is published, in 3 vols 12mo. price 16s. 6d. Arthur Mervyn, a tale, new edition. Printed for A. K. Newman & Co. Leadenhall-street. Where may be had by the same author, Edgar Huntley, or the Sleep-Walker, new edition. 3 vols. 15s. Jane Talbot, a tale, 2 vols. new edition, 10s. Philip Stanley, or the Enthusiasm of Love.(?) 2 vols. new edit. 10s." The bookseller adds an extract from the New Monthly Magazine, in relation to this writer. "If Arthur Mervyn, or Edgar Huntley, were to be ushered into the world with some such magical additions as "by the author of Waverly" in the title page, we doubt not that every reader would be in raptures with their beauties, and every babbling critic tendering his tributary stream of shallow admiration of the writer's powers."

Lord Byron is again about to appear in a dramatic poem, called *Marino Faliero,* Doge of Venice.

Dr. Prettyman Tomline, tutor of Mr. Pitt, and his private friend during his public career, having finished his promised memoirs of that active minister, the work will speedily be published.

Henry Mackenzie, Esq. is about to publish the works of John Home, the author of Douglas, with an account of his life and writings.

Robert Southey has announced a poem, entitled the Vision of Judgment. He is preparing for the press a History of the Quakers.

Mr. J. Williams is preparing for the press a new edition of Blackstone's Commentaries, with notes and annotations, and corrections of the errors and mistatements of the learned and eloquent judge. This edition will contain the last corrections of the author, together with the celebrated passages on the liberty of the subject, which have been expunged from all the editions of this work, except the last.

In the last volume of the proceedings of the Royal Society, we find a paper *on the compressibility of water*, by our ingenious countryman, Jacob Perkins, Esq.

A bill was sometime ago introduced into the house of Representatives of this state, authorizing the governor to contract with Robert Walsh Esquire, for a *History of Pennsylvania*, in two volumes, 8vo. and the sum of $5,000 was proposed to be placed in the hands of his Excellency for this purpose. Nothing further was done at the penultimate session. It was revived at the last session, by a report in favour of the application; and there the matter seems to rest. The best history of this state extant, is that of Professor Ebeling, which has been partly translated by Dr. Eberle, editor of the Medical Recorder. Of Mr. Walsh's plan, we know no more than is disclosed in the following extracts from his proposition, which compose a part of the report of the committee:

"The history which I project, would be brought down to the establishment of the present constitution of the state; it would be comprised in two large octavo volumes, and printed in a neat and handsome volume; it would be composed with the utmost care, and completed probably within two years, or at furthest, three. Its spirit would be republican and philosophical, its strain altogether impartial, as to the political or other moral divisions which may have existed in the commonwealth; and as to the general character of institutions and administrations, it could not fail to be

even reverential. I am well acquainted with the annals of all the American States. I believe there is none from which so much honour can be deduced, not only for the immediate party, but for human nature, as from those of Pennsylvania. I am sure, that if suitably wrought into narration, they would sensibly and most beneficially affect the political mind and actions of our countrymen in general, as well as of the citizens through many generations. It would be in my power to attract attention to them in the principal monarchies of Europe, and thus to serve the cause of republican freedom itself, by giving it play and illustration on the theatre of the adverse system."

"It is not likely," continues Mr. Walsh, "that any other person of literary experience and reputation, will attempt the history in question for many years to come. If the historian of this description should present himself, he may not have, as is my case, such social connexions as would enable him to get access to the papers of the Penn, Logan, and Franklin families. My capacity as secretary of the American Philosophical Society, which possesses a body of valuable and unemployed documents, constitutes another advantage. In short, I might venture to assert, that I could, particularly if acting under the auspices of the legislature, command whatever materials for our history are now dispersed in family archives, or in the memory of individuals soon to leave the stage of life."

Proposals have been issued in England for publishing a *Sequel to the Iliad* in fourteen books, translated from the Greek of *Quintus the Smyrnæan*, by Alexander Dyce, A. B. The action of this poem commences after the death of Hector and ends with the return of the Greeks from Troy. The author is more generally known by the name of Quintus Caliber, from the circumstance of his work having been discovered by Cardinal Bessarion, near Otranto, a sea-port town of Calabria.

Mr. Iskenteri, a Greek merchant settled in Constantinople, has published in Greek, an elegant translation of Zadig, a romance by Voltaire. He has also translated the voyage of Antenor, and is now printing it. The author is indefatigable in his exertions for

the diffusion of knowledge and the civilization of Greece in general.

Professor Krause, of Gottingen, has added a sixth volume to an unfinished work, comprising notes and illustrations on the Iliad. The five first volumes have been repeatedly reprinted. The present volume completes the whole series of notes. They are stated to bear the impress of profound erudition. A similar commentary is preparing on the Odyssey.

The last number of Sir Richard Phillips' Monthly Magazine completes the FIFTIETH VOLUME of that publication. The knight embraces the occasion to compare himself with his competitors, and the conclusions which he draws are quite satisfactory to—himself. He complains bitterly, and not without cause, of the assumption of his title, by the proprietors of the *New* Monthly Magazine, and in reference to the connection of Mr. Campbell with that journal, he speaks with great severity. "Within the current month," he says, "a name respected for poetical talent, has been associated with this base attempt, and has been as *empirically as ostentatiously displayed to the world.* While we express our regret that any inadvertency, any exigency of circumstances, or any pension from the crown, should occasion a man of genius to compromise himself, we feel it our duty thus publicly to remind him, that though honour may be stained by associations with dishonour, yet, no association can ever confer worth on any act radically base." He then proceeds to inform us that the poet has recently had a pension of £300 bestowed upon him, which he is to earn, it is intimated, by his services in the Magazine. We should be xtremely sorry to see of the honourable character which has always been attributed to Mr. Campbell, entrammelled by any disgraceful bonds; nor are we ready to infer such a conclusion from the fact of his receiving a pension. This is a gift which may be honourable to all parties. It may evince the discernment of the patron and the merits of the poet. Servility is not to be ranked among the vices of the poets of the present day, or, indeed, of any time. We have seen the first number of this Miscellany for the present year and perused it with some satisfaction; although we do not perceive in it any marks of such distinguished excellence as to warrant the extravagant expectations which have

been created by ostentatious advertisements. From the second, several extracts have appeared in one of our weekly papers. It contains an article *on the complaints in America against the British press*, which has been said in an odd kind of phrase, to contain "*a respectable mixture* of praise and censure." Speaking of this article only from the extracts which have appeared in the paper referred to, we should say that few complaints would have been uttered on this side of the water against the British press, if its sentiments had always been in the strain of these paragraphs. We feel no desire to quarrel with Lord Grey for calling Mr. Fearon, "a gentleman." *De gustibus non est disputandum.* For ourselves, no further proof than an inspection of his book would be necessary to prove that he is not entitled to this distinction; but in addition to this, it has been demonstrated beyond all denial, that his representations, in some instances, are entirely destitute of truth. Still, if his lordship can pass him off for a gentleman in England, we have no objections. In one particular, it must be admitted, that our press furnishes too much ground for the contumelious manner in which our literature is treated. How can we command the respect of English critics, while we servilely republish their slanders, and circulate them throughout the country?

Messrs. Littell & Henry have issued proposals for republishing the *New Monthly Magazine*, which has been gratuitously called in several of our papers, "*Campbell's.*"* At the same time it is blazoned forth in this city and New-York, that all the best articles of this journal shall appear in certain of our own weekly and monthly Magazines. Although we shall at all times witness the success of these deserving young men with cordial satisfaction, we must say that we prefer the selection. The New Monthly will bear winnowing, even though the harvest be garnered by

* We know not what authority the American publishers may have for making this declaration, but we have reason to believe they are mistaken. Neither the London advertisements of the first and second numbers of the new series, of which we have seen several, nor the London copies of the first and second numbers themselves, give any authority for such a belief.

Boston Daily Advertiser.

the author of the *Pleasures of Hope.* As Littell and Henry publish a weekly paper, we advise them to abandon their design of reprinting the whole work and join in the general scramble for "*all the best raticles*"—which, by the bye, are no better than an ordinary share of intellect, aided by a little industry, might produce, and which have often been equalled in our own Magazines.

The following work is advertised in London as just published: Selections from Letters written during a tour to the United States, in the summer and autumn of 1819, illustrative of the character of the native Indians, and of their descent from the last ten tribes of Israel; as well as descriptive of the present situation and sufferings of emigrants, and of the soil and state of Agriculture. By Emanuel Howitt.

We beg leave to recommend to the attention of our readers, the lectures on Geography and History, which Mr. Darby is now delivering. It is surely an unnecessary task to expatiate upon the utility of such studies. The manner of this lecturer is plain and perspicuous. He has long devoted himself to these pursuits, and experience has taught him the most successful means of imparting his knowledge to others. In illustration of his historical lectures, he employs boldly-marked maps, and in this manner the time, the place, and the names of the actors are indelibly impressed upon the minds of his auditors.

M. Carey & Son have published two numbers of the Journal of Jurisprudence, by the editor of the Port Folio.

Shortly will be published, at the office of the Port Folio, A Law Glossary of the Latin, Greek, Norman, French, and other languages, interspersed in Blackstone, and other writers on law.

CONTENTS OF NO. 233.

EMBELLISHMENTS.

Portrait of a Dog. By *Boyd.*
Portrait of a Fox. By *Kearney.*

		Page
ART.	I. A Chapter on Dogs,	1
	II. On Marriage. By *Dr. Johnson,*	9
	III. Life of Madame de Genlis,	19
	IV. The Parricide Punished,	27
	V. The Snow Storm,	31
	VI. Eulogium on Dr. Wheelock. By *Samuel C. Allen, Esq.*	46
	VII. John Bull's family in Paris,	56
	VIII. Memoirs of Anacreon,	62
	IX. A Series of Select Poems, by Ladies,	86
	X. Hugh Peters the Regicide,	88
	XI. Anecdotes of the Fox,	89
	XII. The Holy Bible,	93
	XIII. An Audience with Queen Elizabeth,	96
	XIV. Florida,	99
	XV. The Fine Arts,	109
	XVI. On the cultivation of Flax in the United States,	110
	XVII. Iron Coffins,	119
	XVIII. Review of New Music,	124
	XIX. Wornum's Patent Piano Forte,	129
	XX. Washington Irving, Esq.	131
	XXI. *Neele's* Odes, and other Poems,	136
	XXII. Letters of Mrs. Elizabeth Montagu,	150
	XXIII. Kenilworth,	161
	XXIV. Chalmer's Commercial Sermons,	193
	XXV. Interment of a Young Female,	209
	XXVI. Zuma; or, the Discovery of Peruvian Bark,	214
	XXVII. Poetry,	234
	XXVIII. Literary Intelligence,	241

THE PORT FOLIO,

CONDUCTED BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

Various, that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change
And pleased with novelty, may be indulged.—COWPER.

VOL. XI. JUNE, 1821. No. II.

ART. I.—*Memoirs of Anacreon.*

(Continued from page 86.)

ONE day having walked in the suburbs of the town, with Anacreon, we arrived at the school of Pythagoras, who was then laying the foundation of a sect which has diffused his name wherever science is cultivated. He met us on the threshold of his edifice. The gravity of his deportment and his placid aspect immediately impressed me with veneration.

"Sage," said my companion, "this is Critias of Athens and I am Anacreon of Teos. We have heard much of your new doctrines; we have seen your habits exposed to ridicule on the stage of Athens, which city we left some few months ago, and we have beheld your disciples submit to many indignities and yet persevere in their opinions. We have seen many wise men who never utter your name but with reverence; and yet we have heard such strange tenets maintained under the authority of your name, that we resolved on our visit to this island, to see a man who has made so many proselytes; and this we do from the respect which we feel for your talents as well as with a view to satisfy our scepticism."

"Enter strangers," replied the Philosopher. "Here the liberty of inquiry is freely courted."

We accordingly followed him into his study; and when we were seated he addressed us in these words:

"I have deliberated much on the opinions I entertain, and I have travelled through many countries and omitted no opportunity

of conversing with wise men. The result of my investigations has impressed the truth of these doctrines with greater force upon my mind; and it is my resolution to devote the remainder of my days to the performance of what I consider a duty incumbent upon me. The gods have endued some men with a more liberal portion of knowledge than others, and I should be unworthy of the gifts which they have bestowed upon me, if I were to conceal what they have revealed by their oracles,* or be abashed by the ridicule of the inconsiderate, or deterred by the prejudices of the obstinate. I take every precaution against the perversion of my doctrines, by severely scrutinizing the characters and habits of those who come hither to be taught. They are obliged to submit to a probationary silence of two and sometimes of four years. By this means I have nearly succeeded in establishing a society which will long exist, and, if my sanguine expectations be not disappointed, it will disseminate truth and virtue, when I am no more its teacher."

"But why is it," said Anacreon, "that you conceal your doctrines under typical characters? Does not the lover of wisdom prefer truth to disguise."

"There is no quality of the human mind," returned Pythagoras, "so easily excited as curiosity; a fondness, and I may add, a reverence for the mysterious is implanted in every breast. My symbols may be compared to the veil which protects the blush of diffidence, and increases the eagerness of curiosity."

"May I inquire into your manner of living?" asked Anacreon.

"In this spacious edifice," answered Pythagoras, "my disciples are divided into classes, but we live in common. While some at-

* The doctrine of divination was implicitly believed by the sages who were cotemporary with Pythagoras, and his disciples were taught by him that he had received his injunctions from the priestess of Delphi. Aristox. ap. Diog. Laert. lib. 8. The ingenuity of reason was thus fortified by the weakness of superstition. Socrates, who lived many years after this period, and who came nearer to the light of revelation than any other Heathen, respected the oracle of Apollo, and Lycurgus and other legislators gladly availed themselves of their authority. It is true that their responses were frequently couched in very ambiguous language, but it is also true that their predictions were of eminent service in numerous instances, and in many their veracity was wonderfully strengthened by subsequent events.

tend to the domestic economy of the household, others are employed in the cultivation of the sublime sciences of astronomy and geometry, and some in abstracted meditations on heavenly matters."

"We rise with the earliest dawn, and employ ourselves in a retrospect of the events of the past day or a contemplation of what is to be done on the present. This serves at the same time to improve the memory and to correct the passions. Then they clothe themselves in long robes of the purest white; they string their lyres and the notes are re-echoed through our groves. Thus they stand, singing sacred songs, until the sun appears above the horizon; when they prostrate themselves, and separate to wander amid tranquil solitudes. The music, the silent worship and the lonely walk diffuse a calm serenity through the soul, which peculiarly adapts it for the conversations which await them on their return."

"What are commonly called pleasures, by the world, are entirely unknown within these walls. Wrestling and leaping, walking and singing to the harp are sufficient relaxations for the mind that looks to heaven. Our food is chiefly bread and honey. I am striving to inculcate an abstinence from wine and meat. After dinner they discuss those questions which have been submitted by strangers: then they walk and converse on the lessons they have received during the morning. The supper, which must be eaten before the sun is down, is followed by prayers and libations, and the younger disciples read to the others until it is time to retire to rest."

"Thus, by effecting a cordial union among men, do I awaken a more intimate connexion with the gods. The obligations of friendship are constantly inculcated, for, as it has been observed, a true friend is like another self.* The disciples are constantly impressed with the belief that they are in the presence of the divinity. Our intercourse is never interrupted by the meanness of distrust or the cavils of envy; by contemptible witticisms or the slightest deviation from truth. When discussing questions of philosophy, if the least warmth begin to appear, the disputants immediately separate until their passions are cooled, and the sun is not suf-

* Porphyr. Vit. Pythag. p. 37.

fered to go down without a complete reconciliation. If they find that by familiarity and continued intercourse, the fervour of friendship begins to abate, they seek retirement and rekindle the social affections by absence and the harmony of the lyre."*

The sage then concluded. He said it was now the hour to meet the novices and he must quit us; he invited us to visit him again. As we returned to the palace, Anacreon expressed the pleasure he had derived from this conversation.

"If he did not interdict wine," said he, "I should be almost tempted to become a Pythagorean."

Having now resided a long time at the court of Polycrates, Anacreon solicited permission to visit Mytilene. Although he received every attention from the tyrant and the ladies of his court, he said he had a strong inclination to see the Lesbian poetess, one of whose odes had recently been repeated to him. He obtained his request, although it was granted with great reluctance. As a testimony of his friendship, Polycrates sent him a talent, but Anacreon, declined it, saying that wealth only increased his cares without yielding him any pleasure.

Finding that the tyrant was not pleased at this rejection of his present, he sent him the following ode, which completely removed all uneasiness.

TO POLYCRATES.†

If hoarded gold possess'd a power
To lengthen life's too fleeting hour,
And purchase from the hand of death
A little span, a moment's breath,
How I would love the precious ore!
And every day should swell my store;

* The reader who wishes to know more of the doctrines of Pythagoras, may have his curiosity gratified in the pages of Aulus Gellius, and Enfield's History of Philosophy. The abbe Barthelemy has given a very brief though pleasing account in a dialogue between his tourist and a disciple of Pythagoras.

† Monsieur Fontenelle has translated this ode, in his dialogue between Anacreon and Aristotle in the shades, where he bestows the prize of wisdom upon the poet. M.

That when the Fates would send their minion,
To waft me off on shadowy pinion,
I might some hours of life obtain,
And bribe him back to hell again.
But, since we ne'er can charm away
The mandate of that awful day,
Why do we vainly weep at fate,
And sigh for life's uncertain date?
The light of gold can ne'er illume
The dreary midnight of the tomb!
And why should I then pant for treasures!
Mine be the brilliant round of pleasures;
The goblet rich, the board of friends,
Whose flowing souls the goblet blends!*
Mine be the nymph, whose form reposes
Seductive on that bed of roses;
And oh! be mine the soul's excess,
Expiring in her warm caress!

Having procured a commodious barge we quitted the city of Samos not without some regret, and steered our course through the Ægean sea, for the island of Lesbos. When we were near the destined port a storm arose. Our sails were shattered by the violence of the winds, and the waves dashed the rudder with such fury that it could scarcely control the course of the vessel. At one time we were lifted on some lofty billow and saw nothing but flames around us; in the next moment we were precipitated into a gulf, from which it appeared that we should never arise. At each crack of the cordage the hearts of the sailors uttered a responsive groan. Amidst this turbulence and confusion sufficient to appal the stout-

* This communion of friendship, which sweetened the bowl of Anacreon, has not been forgotten by the author of the following scholium, where the blessings of life are enumerated with proverbial simplicity. Τγαιαιαν μεν αριστον ανδρι γενεσθαι. Δευτερον δε, καλον φυναι γενεσθαι. Το τριτον δε, πλουτειν ανδρα δικαιον. Και το τεταρτον, συνειναι μετα των φιλων.

Of mortal blessings here, the first is health,
And next, those charms by which the eye we move;
The third is wealth, unwounding guiltless wealth,
And then, an intercourse with those we love!

est soul, Anacreon sat calm and collected, with a brimming goblet in his hand. Before the night had commenced we had been carousing, and he was the only person who remained in his couch. The master urged him to quit it and take precautions for his safety; but Anacreon laughed at his fears, and asked him if he thought he was safer from Neptune on deck: "for my own part," he continued, "I will pray to Bacchus for succour, and if I am to go, I shall die as I have lived—with the goblet sparkling at my lips."*

So saying, he ran towards the sailors with some wine which he distributed among them, and at the same time sung the following:

THE TEMPEST.

Now Neptune's sullen month appears,
The angry night-cloud swells with tears;
And savage storms, infuriate driven,
Fly howling in the face of heaven!
Now, now, my friends, the gathering gloom
With roseate rays of wine illume:
And while our wreaths of parsley spread
Their fadeless foliage round our head,
We'll hymn th' almighty power of wine,
And shed libations on his shrine!

* Precisely the idea of Walter de Mapes, the jovial archdeacon of Oxford, who lived in the eleventh century. In an old saw or song, as he terms it, this merry prelate evinces himself a genuine descendant of the Teian bard:

Mihi est propositum in taberni mori
Vinum sit appositum morientis ori
Ut dicant, cum venerint Angelorum chori
"Deus sit propitius huic Potatori," &c

I'll in a tavern end my days,
Mid boon companions merry,
Place at my lips a lusty flask
Replete with sparkling sherry,
That angels hov'ring round may say,
When I lie dead as door nail:
Rise genial deacon, rise and drink,
Of the well of life eternal, &c.

This had a greater effect upon them than all the commands and entreaties of the captain. Their spirits were exhilarated, their courage animated, and they returned to their duty with alacrity. The gods seemed to approve their conduct; for after a short time the waves became calm, and the occasional, though languid flashes of lightning, showed us that we were nigh to Chios. This renewed their vigour: they redoubled their efforts and our bending oars soon carried us into the harbour.

We did not regret being cast on this island, which is one of the most celebrated in the Ægean sea. The ground is delightfully variegated with lofty mountains, which are clustered with grapes that produce the most delicious wine, and vallies smiling with flowers which diffuse the most fragrant odours.

The city of Chios is one of those which boast the honour of having given birth to Homer, and as a proof of the justness of their claim, the people show a family, called the Homeridæ, which from time immemorial has been distinguished by particular privileges.*

The contention of these rival cities about an honour which they disregarded, while it would have been expensive to establish their right to it, gave rise to an ingenious epigram which a Samian repeated in the evening after supper, when a Chian was disputing with him on the place of the nativity of Homer.

> Seven cities claimed old Homer dead,
> Through which the living Poet begged his bread.

We were treated with great hospitality by the natives, especially when they learned the name of our famous companion.

"Although wine is drank in great profusion here, there is a sense of chastity in the people," said a Chian to me, "which restrains our carousals within proper bounds. As a remarkable proof of this, I will mention that during one period of seven hundred years not a single instance of adultry occurred."†

* Strab. lib. 14. p. 642.

† This is a very remarkable circumstance indeed, and I should be inclined to suspect the partiality of a native, if there were not other testimony to corroborate his assertion. Vide Plut. de. Virt. Mul.

Here we met with our friend Cinyras, who conducted us about the town, and bade us admire the stateliness of the houses and the elegance of the gardens. We next went to the harbour, which was capable of containing nearly one hundred large ships. Our captain having refitted his vessel we were obliged, after a few days, to tear ourselves from the caresses of these generous people; and we left them with lively impressions of their kindness.

The isle of Tenedos made illustrious by the muse of Homer, next appeared in sight, and after sailing along its coast we entered the small stream which separates Lesbos from the adjacent continent, and anchored off Mitylene.

We leaped upon the shore, and Anacreon saluted the happy clime, whose very air inspires voluptuousness.

LESBOS.

While our rosy fillets shed
Blushes o'er each fervid head,
With many a cup and many a smile
The festal moments we beguile.
And while the harp, impassion'd, flings
Tuneful rapture from the strings,
Some airy nymph, with fluent limbs,
Through the dance luxuriant swims,
Waving in her snowy hand,
The leafy Bacchanalian wand,
Which, as the tripping wanton flies,
Shakes its tresses to her sighs!
A youth the while, with loosen'd hair,
Floating on the listless air,
Sings, to the wild harp's tender tone,
A tale of woes, alas! his own;
And then, what nectar in his sigh,
As o'er his lip the murmurs die!
Surely never yet has been
So divine, so blest a scene!
Has Cupid left the starry sphere,
To wave his golden tresses here?*

* The introduction of these deities to the festival is merely allegorical. Madame Dacier thinks that the poet describes a masquerade, where these

Oh yes! and Venus, queen of wiles,
And Bacchus, shedding rosy smiles,
Ah, all are here, to hail with me
The genius of festivity!*

We repaired to the house of Alcæus, with whom we had became acquainted at the last Olympic festivals. He was reclining in an arbour singing Alcaics. Upon seeing us approach he arose, and immediately recognizing our persons, he welcomed us with an air of cordiality.

"You are arrived most happily," said he, "for this very evening there will be a meeting of some of those generous souls who wisely despise the cares of to-morrow, and devote the day, as if it were the last, to the joys of love and wine. The unhallowed strains of worldly cares never prophane their lips, but with fingers light and hearts elate, they strike the chords that vibrate the jocund sounds of festivity. It is thus that they seek the god of social happiness, by cheering the present hour, forgetting the past and contemning the future. You gave me some promise of a visit, but I confess I scarcely thought you would have abandoned the splendour of a court where you were almost the monarch. But we will reserve our conversation until the guests assemble, and in the meantime you shall refresh yourselves with a bath and some excellent Falernian wine tempered by Chian.†"

We accordingly entered his baths, and after we had sported in the water and anointed ourselves with oil, we returned to the house, which we found crowded with company. Among the guests we gladly recognized our friend Chœrilus, the tragic poet of

deities were personated by the company in masks. The translation will conform with either idea.

* Κωμος, the deity or genius of mirth. Philostratus, in the third of his pictures (as all the annotators have observed,) gives a very beautiful description of this god.

† In Græcis vinis Chium excellebat, ut Falernum in Italicis. Athen. lib. 5. ch. 20. Some bacchant connoisseurs, it seems, mingled these wines in order to improve their flavour—ut Chio vota si commista Falerna est. Hor. lib. 1. Sat. 10. The Falernian was a wine of body, as our modern tipplers express it, and the Chian was more mild.

Athens, and Bacchylides, the Lyrick and Dithyrambick poet, with some others of less note. The wine was of the most delicious sort, and the conversation, though not maintained with so much purity of diction as the language is spoken at Athens, was animated and lively.*

Alcæus having become a little warmed by his wine, seized one of the harmonious instruments of his countryman Terpander,† and chanted a war song which elevated us to such a pith of enthusiasm, that I believe every one was ready to put on his armour and march whither he would lead.‡

He then gave the lyre to Anacreon, who was the symposiarch of the feast. The ode which he sung seemed to be suggested by what he had just heard.

Give me the harp of epic song,
Which Homer's finger thrill'd along;
But tear away the sanguine string,
For war is not the theme I sing.
Proclaim the laws of festal rite,‖
I'm monarch of the board to-night;
And all around shall brim as high,
And quaff the tide as deep as I!
And when the cluster's mellowing dews
Their warm, enchanting balm infuse,

* Plat. in Protag. Vol. 1. p. 339.

† Terpander was one of the chief musicians of his time. He composed many pieces of music and sung them on his own lyre which he had improved by the addition of four strings, and he frequently carried off the prize at the public games. He also taught his countrymen, by means of musical notes, to give more melody to the poetry of Homer. Mem. de l'Acad. des Belles Lett. tom x. p. 212. Plut. de Mus. vol. 2. Terp. ap. Eucl. Int. Harmo. p. 19.

‡ Dion Halicarnassus, de Struct. Orat. informs us that the muse of Alcæus required the stimulus of wine, and that he composed with greater fluency and eloquence when in a state of inebriety.

‖ The ancients prescribed certain laws of drinking at their festivals, for an account of which see the commentators. Anacreon here acts the symposiarch, or master of the festival. I have translated according to those, who consider κυπελλα διεσμεν as an inversion of διεσμεν κυπελλα. M.

Our feet shall catch th' elastic bound
And reel us through the dance's round.
Oh Bacchus! we shall sing to thee,
In wild but sweet ebriety!
And flash around such sparks of thought,
As Bacchus could alone have taught!
Then give the harp of epic song,
Which Homer's finger thrill'd along;
But tear away the sanguine string,
For war is not the theme I sing!

As most of the company were strangers to the melody of his lyre, he was prevailed upon, not less by his own inclination than their entreaties to continue his music.

I pray thee, by the gods above,
Give me the mighty bowl I love,
And let me sing, in wild delight,
"I will—I will be mad to-night!"
Alcmæon once, as legends tell,
Was frenzied by the fiends of hell;
Orestes too, with naked tread,
Frantic pac'd the mountain-head;
And why? a murder'd mother's shade
Before their conscious fancy play'd.
But I can ne'er a murderer be,
The grape alone shall bleed by me;
Yet can I rave, in wild delight,
"I will—I will be mad to-night."
The son of Jove, in days of yore,
Imbru'd his hands in youthful gore,
And brandish'd, with a maniac joy,
The quiver of th' expiring boy:
And Ajax, with tremendous shield,
Infuriate scour'd the guiltless field.
But I, whose hands no quiver hold,
No weapon but this flask of gold;
The trophy of whose frantic hours
Is but a scatter'd wreath of flowers;
Yet, yet can sing with wild delight,
"I will—I will be mad to-night!"

After a short interval of drinking and conversation he resumed the lyre and sang the following ode:

When my thirsty soul I steep,
Every sorrow's lull'd to sleep.
Talk of monarchs! I am then
Richest, happiest, first of men;
Careless o'er my cup I sing,
Fancy makes me more than king;
Gives me wealthy Crœsus' store,
Can I, can I wish for more?
On my velvet couch reclining,
Ivy leaves my brow entwining,
While my soul dilates with glee,
What are kings and crowns to me?
If before my feet they lay,
I would spurn them all away!
Arm you, arm you, men of might,
Hasten to the sanguine fight;
Let me, oh my budding vine!
Spill no other blood than thine.
Yonder brimming goblet see,
That alone shall vanquish me;
Oh! I think it sweeter far
To fall in banquet than in war!

In these odes it will be observed that he makes frequent allusions to warlike preparations; and his reasons were probably these: Some years before this period, Melanchrus had violently usurped the government of Lesbos. Pittacus, a Lesbian and one of the sages of Greece, resolved to free his country from this oppression. In the turbulent disposition of Alcæus he found a ready ally, and he derived great assistance from the spirit of enthusiasm, which his writings excited. Such an opposition could not long be resisted. Sedition, if not stifled in its birth, increases with a rapidity which defies the feeble obstacles of cautious timidity. The tyrant was driven from his throne, and Pittacus unanimously placed upon it, by the gratitude of the people. Alcæus, like most other bawlers for liberty, having sought his own aggrandisement more than the freedom of the people, was disappointed at not being

united in the government.* And he accordingly joined his former opponents in an indecent and virulent abuse of his friend Pittacus.† It was apprehended by some, that their enmity would speedily terminate in an open revolt, and from this Anacreon endeavoured to dissuade Alcæus during the time that we sojourned in Lesbos. I have lived to see all his efforts terminate in disappointment. He was banished from his country with others of the factious, but returned at the head of the exiles. He fell into the hands of the king, by whose clemency his rebellion was pardoned and his offences forgotten.‡

Among the maids who graced a festival at which we were present, while we were in this island, I observed one whose languishing blue eyes, bespoke an ardent admiration of Anacreon, while he played upon his lyre. Her heart seemed to beat responsive to the cadence of his notes, and when he had finished, she remained motionless as if the sounds still hung upon her ear. I pointed her out to the poet, who was instantly struck with her uncommon beauty. Alcæus, at the same moment joining us, we inquired her name.

"It is Sappho;" said he, "a youthful nymph of Lesbos, who has already given indications of the most delicate sensibility. I consider her as a bard of genius, that will one day spread its glories to the air, with a lustre unrivalled in the history of our literature. Her taste is so refined, that in her poetry you meet with the happiest selection of words, and they are always employed to paint the most delightful objects. Her ear is so attuned that her verses constitute the most ravishing harmony. With such irresistible pathos does she describe the transports and wild deliriums of love, that I am certain not the most frigid philosopher could hear her and not feel a kindred glow. She is possessed of a purity which shuns, and a wit which eludes attack—I said to her one day, "I would explain myself, but shame restrains me"—She blushed, but did not lose her

* Alcæus laboured to overthrow the power of Melanchrus, from personal motives, under the disguise of patriotism. Strab. lib. 13. p. 617.

† Instances of such unprincipled tergiversation, may be seen every day in our own country.

‡ Aristot. de Rep. lib. 3. ch. 14.

presence of mind—'Your cheeks would not be crimsoned,' she replied, "were not your heart culpable."*

"Never was there such transcendant beauty," interrupted Anacreon, as he gazed on the nymph.

"Not even in the face of Euriphyle?"

"No; not even in the charms of that sordid woman."

"But surely she is not superior to the lovely Myrilla?"

"Oh! Jupiter; she surpasses Hebe herself."

So saying he caught his new instrument, and hurried to the part of the room where Sappho was reclining upon the arm of one of her female friends.

"Beauteous maid,"——said he, addressing her.

But the maid involuntarily shrunk from the eagerness of his address. He struck the barbiton,† and endeavoured to sooth her fears by the attractive melody of his muse.

* Sapp. in Frag.

† The barbiton, say the authors of the New Cyclopædia, is an ancient musical instrument, of which nothing is known but the name; and Rousseau has not even ventured to give us that.

Complaints are frequently made of the darkness in which critics, commentators and historians leave the subject of ancient music; which now have more cause to lament than those who have spent the most time and labour in its investigation. But as no record or memorial has been found, which ascertains the invention, form or species of the instrument called the *barbiton*, would mere conjecture satisfy the inquisitive? Framery and Castillon, more courageous than the citizen of Geneva, have told us in the New Enclopædia, all that is pretended to be known about it; though the former he gives by telling us that it is an instrument of which nothing is known. The ancients and moderns have frequently confounded it with the lyre. Dacier conjectured that it was a stringed instrument; and deriving its name from *barumiton*, which implies *thick strings of flaxen thread*, he concludes that it was an instrument with thick strings. It is certain that flax was in use for strings to musical instruments before the art was known of making them with the bowels of animals. Horace calls this instrument Lesbian. *Lesboum barbiton*, Od. 1. lib. 1. and in the Od. 32. of the same book, *Lesbis prenum modulate civi.* "Thou, oh barbiton, first touched by a citizen of Lesbos," meaning Alcæus, to whom he ascribes the invention. But, says M. Castelhon, we may conclude from what Musonius asserts of this instrument, in his treatise "De luxu Græcorum," that they made a

TO SAPPHO.*

Hither, gentle Muse of mine,
Come and teach thy votary old,
Many a golden hyma divine,
For the nymph with vest of gold.

Pretty nymph of tender age,
Fair thy silky locks unfold;
Listen to a hoary sage,
Sweetest maid with vest of gold!

TO SAPPHO.

When I behold the festive train
Of dancing youth, I'm young again!
Memory wakes her magic trance,
And wings me lightly through the dance.
Come, my Sappho, smiling maid!
Cull the flower and twine the braid;
Bid the blush of summer's rose
Burn upon my brow of snows;†
And let me, while the wild and young
Trip the mazy dance along,

kind of concert with the pectis of the Lydians. He assures us that Terpander was the inventor of it. Julius Pollux also calls it *barbiton*, *barumiton*. Athenæus relates that they likewise called it *barmus*, and attributes the invention to Anacreon.

* This is formed of the 124th and 119th fragments in Barnes, both of which are to be found in Scaliger's Poetics.

De Pauw thinks that those detached lines and couplets, which Scaliger has adduced as examples in his Poetics, are by no means authentic, but of his own fabrication.

† Licetus, in his Hyeroglyphica, quoting two of our poet's odes, where he calls for garlands, remarks, "it appears that wreaths of flowers were adapted for poets and revellers at banquets, but by no means became those who had pretensions to wisdom and philosophy." On this principle, in his 152d chapter, he discovers a refinement in Virgil, describing the garland of the poet Silenus as fallen off; which distinguishes, he thinks, the divine intoxication of Silenus from that of common drunkards, who always wear their crowns while they drink. This, indeed, is the "labor ineptiarum" of commentators.

Fling my heap of years away,
And be as wild, as young as they.
Hither haste, some cordial soul!
Give my lips the brimming bowl;
Oh! you will see this hoary sage
Forget his locks, forget his age.
He still can chant the festive hymn,
He still can kiss the goblet's brim;*
He still can act the mellow raver,
And play the fool as sweet as ever!

So warmly and so successfully did he press his suit, that before the evening was concluded, she entirely forgot the furrowed brow and lengthened beard of the bard.

I admired the ductility of Anacreon's mind, but could not imitate it. I sighed and thought of Myrilla!

Dear maid! for whom each closing night,
I drop the mournful tear;
Still bless thy lover's anxious sight
Still thy vision hover near.

Oh! let thy form yet gild my dreams;
Once more illume those eyes:
Bless me again with their bright beams,
E'en now thy lover dies.

Ah no! those blissful days are past,
And I must cease to love:
My nights with gloom are overcast—
Soon, soon I'll cease to love!

Anacreon now became the constant admirer, as he was the favoured lover of Sappho. There was no melody to her ears when she did not hear the lyre of Anacreon, and he saw no beauty when she was absent. One day as they were sitting in an arbour in her gar-

* Wine is prescribed by Galen, as an excellent medicine for old men. "Quod frigidos et humoribus expletos calefaciat," &c. but Nature was Anacreon's physician.

There is a proverb in Eriphus, as quoted by Athenæus, which says, "that wine makes an old man dance whether he will or not."

den, she sung to him an ode, which I think equal in softness and feeling to any thing that ever flowed from the inspiration of his own muse.

TO ANACREON.*

Blest as the immortal Gods is she
The maid who fondly sits by thee;
Who hears and sees thee all the while
Softly talk and sweetly smile.†

---

* Of this translation, for which we are indebted to Phillips, Addison remarks, that it is written in the very spirit of Sappho, and as near the Greek as the genius of our language will possibly suffer. Longinus has observed, that this description of love in Sappho is an exact copy of nature, and that all the circumstances which follow one another in such a hurry of sentiments, notwithstanding they appear repugnant to each other, are really such as happen in the frenzies of love.

Plutarch relates that Eristatus, the physician, discovered the love of Antioclus for Stratonice, by the symptoms of that passion which he had learned from the writings of Sappho. Spect. No. ccxxix. Boileau and Deliale, two of the most eminent authors in French literature, have attempted translations of this exquisite ode; indeed I believe there are versions of it to be found in every language that contains love in its vocabulary.

Dr. Pearce remarks that in this ode, Sappho endeavours to express that wrath, jealousy and anguish which distracted her with a variety of torture. Boileau, therefore, has mistaken the true sense in the following verses:

Dans les *doux* transports, ou s'egare mon ami—

and

Je tombe en des *douces* langueurs—

as the word *doux*, will by no means express the rage and distraction of Sappho's mind. A line in Phillips's translation is liable to a similar objection:

My blood with *gentle* horror thrill'd—

† Fawkes cites an epigram from the Anthologia, which appears to be an imitation of this stanza:

Ευ ϱαιμεν ο βλεπων, &c.

The youth who sees thee may rejoice,
But blest is he who hears thy voice;

'Twas this deprived my soul of rest,
And rais'd such tumults in my breast:
For while I gaz'd, in transport tost
My breath was gone, my voice was lost.

My bosom glow'd; the subtle flame,
Ran quick through all my frame;
O'er my dim eyes a darkness hung
My ears with hollow murmurs rung.

In dewy damps my limbs were chill'd;
My blood with gentle horrors thrill'd;
My feeble pulse forgot to play
I fainted, sunk and died away.

To one, whom the inconstancy of woman had not yet taught that happy versatility which Anacreon possessed, his present fondness for the languishing Lesbian was a source of wonder. He left Athens with a broken heart: at Samos he met with a lascivious Ionian, who made him forget the faithless Euryphyle, and at Mytilene he finds one who makes him forget all the world! Sappho, on a certain time was laughing at his vehement protestations of eternal fidelity, "when," as she said, "he was so fickle that it was known he could not be constant one month."

"Nay then," replied Anacreon, "let us have a little month of felicity. Pleasures should be brief and transient, for the mind is apt to be satiated with any thing that continues long, no matter how rapturous it may be. But our pleasures, my Sappho, shall always last."

"I prithee," said Sappho, "to how many credulous maids have you made that promise before I knew you?"

"I will tell you, rejoined the honest lover—and tell you too in verse—"

THE CONFESSION.*

Count me, on the summer trees,
Every leaf that courts the breeze;

A demi-god who shall thee kiss—
Who gains thee is a god in bliss.

* The poet, in this catalogue of his mistresses, means nothing more, than, by a lively hyperbole, to tell us, that his heart, unfettered by any

Count me, on the foamy deep,
Every wave that sinks to sleep;
Then, when you have number'd these
Billowy tides and leafy trees,
Count me all the flames I prove,
All the gentle nymphs I love.
First, of pure Athenian maids
Sporting in their olive shades,
You may reckon just a score,
Nay, I'll grant you fifteen more.
In the sweet Corinthian grove,
Where the glowing wantons rove,

---

one object, was warm with devotion towards the sex in general. Cowley is indebted to this ode for the hint of his ballad, called "The Chronicle;" and the learned Monsieur Menage has imitated it in a Greek Anacreontic, which has so much ease and spirit, that the reader may not be displeased at seeing a translation of it here:

Tell the foliage of the woods,
Tell the billows of the floods,
Number midnight's starry store,
And the sands that crowd the shore;
Then, my Bion, thou mayst count
Of my loves the vast amount!
I've been loving all my days,
Many nymphs, in many ways,
Virgin, widow, maid, and wife—
I've been doating all my life.
Naiads, Nereids, nymphs of fountains,
Goddesses of groves and mountains,
Fair and sable, great and small,
Yes—I swear I've lov'd them all!
Every passion soon was over,
I was but the moment's lover;
Oh! I'm such a roving elf,
That the Queen of Love herself,
Though she practis'd all her wiles,
Rosy blushes, golden smiles,
All her beauty's proud endeavour
Could not chain my heart forever!

Chains of beauties may be found,
Chains, by which my heart is bound;
There indeed are girls divine,
Dangerous to a soul like mine!
Many bloom in Lesbos' isle;
Many in Ionia smile;
Rhodes a pretty swarm can boast;
Caria too contains a host.
Sum these all—of brown and fair
You may count two thousand there!
What, you gaze! I pray you, peace!
More I'll find before I cease.
Have I told you all my flames,
'Mong the amorous Syrian dames?
Have I number'd every one,
Glowing under Egypt's sun?
Or the nymphs, who blushing sweet
Deck the shrine of Love in Crete:*
Where the God, with festal play,
Holds eternal holiday?
Still in clusters, still remain
Gade's warm, desiring train;
Still there lies a myriad more
On the sable India's shore;
These, and many far remov'd,
All are loving—all are lov'd!

He ceased, and a dimple began to play on the roseate cheek of his mistress; but he prevented her ridicule by resuming his lyre.

ON SAPPHO.†

Spirit of Love, whose tresses shine
Along the breeze, in golden twine;

---

* Anacreon says of Crete, what Mr. Moore omits, ἀνανθὲ ἄστεσι, *abounding in all good things*, to express its fertility. Virgil and Homer say it had an hundred cities.

† This fragment, which is extant in Athenæus (Barnes, 101,) is supposed, on the authority of Chamæleon, to have been addressed to Sappho. We have also a stanza attributed to her, which some romancers have supposed to be her answer to Anacreon. "Mais par malheur (as Bayle says,) Sappho

Come, within a fragrant cloud,
Blushing with light, thy votary shroud;
And, on those wings that sparkling play,
Waft, oh! waft me hence away!
Love! my soul is full of thee,
Alive to all thy luxury.
But she, the nymph for whom I glow,
The pretty Lesbian, mocks my wo;
Smiles at the hoar and silver'd hues
Which Time upon my forehead strews.
Alas! I fear she keeps her charms,
In store for younger, happier arms!

And again, in the following he laughed at the feminine timidity which she occasionally exhibited:

TO SAPPHO.

With twenty chords my lyre is hung,
And while I wake them all for thee,

---

vint au monde environ cent ou six vingt ans avant Anacreon." Nouvelles de la Rep. des Lett. tom. ii. de Novembre 1684.

The following is her fragment, the compliment of which is very finely imagined; she supposes the Muse has dictated the verses of Anacreon:

Κατνον, ω χρυσοθρονε Μοσ' ενιοτε
Τμνον, εκ της καλλιγυναικος εσθλας
Τηϊος χαρας ὀν ασιδε φιρτατος
Προσθυς αγανος.

Oh Muse! who sitt'st on golden throne,
Full many a hymn of dulcet tone
The Teian sage is taught by thee;
But, Goddess, from thy throne of gold,
The sweetest hymn thou'st ever told,
He lately learn'd and sang for me. M.

Hermesianax the Colophonian in his third Elegy says

Και γαρ τον ὁ μελιχρους π. τ. λ

which Fawkes translates:

For sweet Anacreon lov'd the Lesbian dame;
The Muse-rapt Maid inspir'd the brightest flame:
And oft his native isle he would resign
For wit more brilliant and for better wine. H.

Thou, O virgin, wild and young,
Disport'st in airy levity.

The nursling fawn, that in some shade
Its antler'd mother leaves behind,
Is not more wantonly afraid,
More timid of the rustling wind!

Thus by the insinuating influence of his lyre did he excite the sensibility of her heart and revive those violent emotions which the scornful Phaon had formerly kindled.

While we remained in this island I had an opportunity of witnessing the Ἀδώνια or festivals in honour of Venus and Adonis. On the first day, women walked in processions, bearing images of the deities whom they commemorated. They expressed their sorrow for his melancholy fate by beating their breasts, tearing their hair, and singing mournful songs on the gigriai. And because his body was laid out by Venus upon a bed of lettuces, they carried baskets filled with earth in which that and other sorts of herbs, were seen growing.

But on the second day when they celebrated his restoration to life by the kindness of Proserpine, every thing was changed. The songs were cheerful, the music was light, and every countenance beamed with joy and merriment. It was on this day that Sappho at the head of a chorus of virgins chanted the following

HYMN TO VENUS.*

Oh Venus, beauty of the skies,
To whom a thousand temples rise,

* This hymn is from the Greek, as preserved by Dionysius Halicarnassus. The translation I have adopted is from the pen of Phillips. See the Spectator, No. 223. Mr. Addison makes the following remarks upon it.

"This ode in the Greek, besides those beauties observed by Madame Dacier, has several harmonious turns in the words, which are not lost in the English. I must further add, that the translation has preserved every image and sentiment of Sappho, notwithstanding it has all the ease and spirit of an original. In a word, if the ladies have a mind to know the manner of writing practised by the so much celebrated Sappho, they may here see it in its genuine and natural beauty, without any foreign or affected ornaments."

Gayly false in gentle smiles,
Full of love's perplexing wiles;
Oh goddess! from my heart remove
The wasting cares and pains of love.

If ever thou hast kindly heard
A song in soft distress preferr'd,
Propitious to my tuneful vow,
Oh gentle goddess! hear me now.
Descend thou bright immortal guest,
In all thy radiant charms confest.

Thou once didst leave almighty Jove,
And all the golden roofs above:
The car thy wanton sparrows drew
Hov'ring in air they lightly flew;
As to my bow'r they wing'd their way
I saw their quiv'ring pinions play.

The birds dismiss'd (while you remain)
Bore back their empty car again:
Then you with looks divinely mild,
In ev'ry heav'nly feature smil'd,
And ask'd what new complaints I made
And why I call'd you to my aid?

What frenzy in my bosom rag'd,
And by what cure to be assuag'd?
What gentle youth I would allure,
Whom in my artful toils secure?
Who does thy tender heart suddue,
Tell me Sappho, tell me, who?

Though now he shun thy longing arms,
He soon shall court thy slighted charms;
Though now thy off'rings he despise,
He soon to thee shall sacrifice,
Though now he freeze he soon shall burn,
And be thy victim in his turn.

Celestial visitant once more
Thy needful presence I implore!

In pity come and ease my grief,
Bring my distemper'd soul relief;
Favour thy suppliant's hidden fires,
And give me all my soul desires.

At the conclusion of this hymn, the following lines by Anacreon were sung:

To Love, the soft and blooming child,
I touch the harp in descant wild;
To Love, the babe of Cyprian bowers,
The boy, who breathes and blushes flowers!
To Love, for heaven and earth adore him,
And gods and mortals bow before him!

A Mytilenian informed me that while Sappho was courted by the first poets of the age whose love she rejected, she was shunned by a beautiful youth named Phaon, of whom the nymph was passionately fond. He was now on a voyage to some distant island, whither he had gone, it was supposed, in order to avoid her. To this circumstance she alludes in the concluding part of her hymn. But while Anacreon remained on the island, she seemed to forget the unfeeling youth whose heart could not be melted by her tenderness: and it is deeply to be regretted that he was hurried away so soon; as his presence and seducing qualities might have alienated her unhappy passion, and prevented the untimely end of the poetess, which happened shortly before his own death.

The festivals were attended by a great concourse of people from all parts of the island. All the various parts of singing, dancing, &c. were performed with great skill. Sappho being engaged in the ceremonies, Anacreon scarcely saw her during the time they continued, but he was not without a mistress. There was a young Samian, a relative of Sappho, to whom he sung the following ode, when she seemed to be averse from dancing with him.

TO HERMIA.

Fly not thus my brow of snow,
Lovely wanton! fly not so.
Though the wane of age is mine,
Though the brilliant flush is thine,

Still I'm doom'd to sigh for thee,
Blest, if thou couldst sigh for me!
See, in yonder flowery braid,
Cull'd for thee, my blushing maid,
How the rose, of orient glow,
Mingles with the lily's snow;
Mark, how sweet their tints agree,
Just, my girl, like thee and me!

Shortly after this event, when a haughty and imperious dame of Mytilene reproached Sappho for this public exposure of her passion, and for her devotion to such ignoble pursuits as writing verses, the indignant mind of the poetess, conscious of its own superiority, replied in the following epigram:

When, base-born woman! thy mean dust is laid
In the cold earth beneath the yew-tree's shade,
Far from Pieria no fond Muse shall bring
The blushing garlands of the unfolding spring;
But silent shalt thou lie, nor shall thy name
Ere grace the tablet of recording fame.
Whilst, mark me well, my honours shall be told
Through every clime; and sung by young and old.
My strains shall swell in ceaseless melody,
While *thy* ignoble voice but wakes to die.

The girls who conducted the ceremony were simply attired in white robes, and their heads were decorated with garlands. Anacreon described them in a little impromptu which he sung one evening during the festival.

THE NYMPHS OF THE TEMPLE OF VENUS.

They wove the lotus band to deck,
And fan with pensile wreath their neck;
And every guest, to shade his head,
Three little breathing chaplets spread;*

* Longepierre, to give an idea of the luxurious estimation in which garlands were held by the ancients, relates an anecdote of a courtezan, who, in order to gratify three lovers, without leaving cause for jealousy with any

And one was of Egyptian leaf,
The rest were roses, fair and brief!
While, from a golden vase profound,
To all on flowery beds around,
A goblet-nymph, of heavenly shape,
Pour'd the rich weepings of the grape!

After the festival of Venus was concluded, that of Bacchus commenced. I shall not stop here to describe the ceremonies attending the worship of the grape-pressing god. The following were among the hymns that were sung on the occasion. I transcribe none but those which were written by Anacreon, because, they appeared to me to be the only offerings that were worthy of the deity.

AT THE FESTIVAL OF BACCHUS ON THE FIRST DAY.

He, who instructs the youthful crew
To bathe them in the brimmer's dew,
And taste, uncloy'd by rich excesses,
All the bliss that wine possesses!
He, who inspires the youth to glance
In winged circlets through the dance;
Bacchus, the god again is here,
And leads along the blushing year;
The blushing year with rapture teems,
Ready to shed those cordial streams,
Which, sparkling in the cup of mirth,
Illuminate the sons of earth!
And when the ripe and vermil wine,
Sweet infant of the pregnant vine,
Which now in mellow clusters swells,
Oh! when it bursts its rosy cells,
The heavenly stream shall mantling flow,
To balsam every mortal wo!

of them, gave a kiss to one, let the other drink after her, and put a garland on the brow of the third; so that each was satisfied with his favour, and flattered himself with the preference.

This circumstance is extremely like the subject of one of the chansons of Savari de Maulèon, a Troubadour. See L'Histoire Littéraire des Troubadours. The recital is a curious picture of the puerile gallantries of chivalry.

No youth shall then be wan or weak,
For dimpling health shall light the cheek;
No heart shall then desponding sigh,
For wine shall bid despondence fly!
Thus—till another autumn's glow
Shall bid another vintage flow!

AT THE FESTIVAL OF BACCHUS ON THE THIRD DAY.

Sabled by the solar beam,
Now the fiery clusters teem,
In osier baskets, borne along
By the festal vintage throng
Of rosy youths and virgins fair,
Ripe as the melting fruits they bear.
Now, now they press the pregnant grapes,
And now the captive stream escapes,
In fervid tide of nectar gushing,
And for its bondage proudly blushing!
While, round the vat's impurpled brim,
The choral song, the vintage hymn
Of rosy youths and virgins fair,
Steals on the cloy'd and panting air.
Mark, how they drink, with all their eyes,
The orient tide that sparkling flies;
The infant balm of all their fears,
The infant Bacchus, born in tears!
When he, whose verging years decline
As deep into the vale as mine,
When he inhales the vintage-spring,
His heart is fire, his foot's a wing;
And as he flies, his hoary hair
Plays truant with the wanton air!
While the warm youth, whose wishing soul
Has kindled o'er th' inspiring bowl,
Impassion'd seeks the shadowy grove,
Where in the tempting guise of love,
Reclining sleeps some witching maid,
Whose sunny charms, but half display'd,
Blush thro' the bower, that, closely twin'd,
Excludes the kisses of the wind!
The virgin wakes, the glowing boy
Allures her to th' embrace of joy;

Swears that the herbage heaven had spread,
Was sacred as the nuptial bed;
That laws should never bind desire,
And love was nature's holiest fire!
The virgin weeps, the virgin sighs;
He kiss'd her lips, he kiss'd her eyes;
The sigh was balm, the tear was dew,
They only rais'd his flame anew.
And oh! he stole the sweetest flower
That ever bloom'd in any bower!

Such is the madness wine imparts,
When e'er it steals on youthful hearts.

Sappho was declared victor in the temple of Venus, and Anacreon gained the tripod* in the festivals of Bacchus.

During the celebration of these festivals, the inhabitants of every city who are engaged in it, neglecting their ordinary affairs, run about the streets or dance amid rural shades. They are crowned with chaplets of the vine or flowers, and carry flasks of wine in their hands. Young Aetion made a lively representation of the confusion and merriment into which these Bacchants were plunged. The design was suggested by Anacreon, who sportively made the request in verse, which, with the picture itself, was transmitted to Polycrates, who was the patron of Aetion.

TO AETION THE PAINTER.

Listen to the Muse's lyre,
Master of the pencil's fire!
Sketch'd in painting's bold display,
Many a city first portray;
Many a city, revelling free,
Warm with loose festivity.
Picture then a rosy train,
Bacchants straying o'er the plain;

* A tripod was frequently the prize contended for in the theatrical or musical games, which were celebrated in honour of Bacchus. Και το νικητηριον ην Διονυσου Τριπους. And a tripod is the victor's prize in the festival of Bacchus. Ath. Deipnosoph. lib. 2. p. 37. It was likewise bestowed on victors in the circular chorus.

Piping, as they roam along,
Roundelay or shepherd-song.
Paint me next, if painting may
Such a theme as this portray,
All the happy heaven of love,
These elect of Cupid prove.

Art. II.—*Melmoth the Wanderer: a Tale.* By the author of "Bertram," &c. London, 1820. Boston, 1821.

Mr. Maturin has again appeared before the public as the author of a most extravagant work, in the true St. Leon tone and character. The hero, Melmoth, is a personage of a most enduring vitality, making large inroads on centuries of time in his duration; and the only novelty which we have discovered in the plan of his book,—to which novelty, however, we are disposed to allow considerable praise,—is the idea of this miraculously gifted being, of bright eyes and black disposition, attempting to give proselytes to his friend the devil with indefatigable zeal, but, throughout his lengthened existence, attempting in vain. Not that he entirely fails in his amiable pursuits, but that he finds no single individual, in his varied and protracted "wanderings,"—in which, by the way, it is odd enough that he should never encounter his old friend "the Wandering Jew"—whom he can induce, however misled and rendered miserable by his temptations, to barter the hopes of eternity for the super-human longevity and magical locomotivity, which he has himself gained in exchange for his own soul. This idea Mr. Maturin quaintly enough informs us, was borrowed from one of his sermons! and he quotes the passage in the preface. At the same time he avails himself of that opportunity to deprecate a mode of criticism which has been adopted towards him, in which the worst sentiments of his worst characters have been represented as his own. He declares that they are diametrically opposite to his sentiments, and that he has purposely put them in the mouth of an agent of the enemy of mankind. For the sincerity of this declaration, Mr. Maturin is entitled to full credit: but, as a matter of prudence, we may still retain our doubts of the propriety of venting vollies of infidelity without their accompanying antidotes of sound reasoning. The novel-reader, it is obvious, may be averse

from graver studies; and, if so, it is more than possible that he may be in the habit of swallowing poison only, and not at the same time, or indeed at any time, imbibing the due correctives. We particularly, however, object to the frequent use, or rather abuse, of sacred names and things. From whatever mouth such titles and subjects, so handled, repeatedly issue, they take something away from the inviolability of the ideas which suggest them; and neither hearer nor speaker is benefited by the practice.

The principal merit and attraction of this work depend on the variety of the incidents, in the invention of which Mr. Maturin has displayed great fertility; and also the strong graphic power to which he lays claim in the delineation and contrast of character. Some of the scenes manifest an extravagance passing all the sober bounds of sense; but they also exhibit eloquence and imagination, with a strong perception of the powers and energies of nature, and of their corresponding impulses in the heart of man. We think it plain that under the curb and the bit, and the well-applied lash, the rhetorical Pegasus of Mr. Maturin would carry him a strong, a lofty, and a steady flight.

ART. III.—*The Earthquake; a Tale by the author of "the Ayrshire Legatees,"* 3 vols. 12 mo. Edinburgh 1820. New York reprinted, Van Winkle, Clayton and Kingsland, 1821.

THE EARTHQUAKE, a portentous title, takes its name from the events of the story being connected with the earthquake which destroyed Messina. The general outline of the story is well conceived; but, owing to a want of that progressive interest experienced when the mutual derivation of events is all along made sufficiently intelligible to the reader, the pleasure felt in the perusal of the book as a narration, is not in proportion to the merit of the outline. The incidents are often trivial and disagreeable, and have an excessive tendency towards scenes of mere horror and disgust, which have no alliance to the nobler emotions of tragic horror and pity, but are only shocking like night-mare dreams. For, the picture of what is painful and terrible to be contemplated, is only valuable in proportion, as the shock awakens the mind to the internal feeling of moral truth and beauty. But many scenes of this novel are fitted to produce that effect. It does not

corrupt the mind by dwelling upon the delights of the passions, but hastens throughout to show the ruin they produce. The design of the book seems to be to show the degradation and perplexity produced by guilt, and to exemplify the painful commotions of a spirit naturally generous, but which has lost, as it were, its moral freedom by the commission of crimes. The mind of Castagnello, the hero, is seen alternately struggling to rise into integrity and nobler hope, and again drawn back into dismal opacity by the predominance of sensual habits, despondency, and downward-tending passions. But the tone is too desponding throughout, and if the ascendency of good in the mind of Castagnello had ultimately been greater, the moral would have been better. Throughout the narrative, there frequently occur observations not only original and indicative of earnest thought, but also finely expressed, and the whole narration shows an ample power of expression. The chief fault is the want of scenes directly agreeable to the imagination, and of a more interesting progression in the incidents.

Art. IV.—*Voltaire the Advocate of the Deity.*

[Among the errors under which many people are content to repose either from indolence, or from disinclination to be undeceived, is the conclusion drawn from Voltaire's being a Deist, that therefore he was an Atheist. It must be a relief to any good man who has laboured under that prepossession to find in that very writer, the irresistible champion of virtue and religion in the following spirited and masterly answer to a passage in a treatise by Mirabaud, entitled "A System of Nature," in which he endeavoured to destroy the belief of a future state. It is to be regretted that subjects of the most vital importance to the happiness of mankind have not been often defended by so able a pen.]

If I reason as a natural philosopher, every thing appears to me incomprehensible without a God. The word nature is to me a *mere* word; but an intelligent agent fully accounts for the little I am capable of knowing. Upon the supposition that there is a God I conceive something; without a God I conceive no idea of order; without a God it appears to me absolutely impossible that things should be ordered and disposed as they are.

You attribute to matter alone the power of gravitation, the power of communicating motion, &c., but this is only supposition instead of demonstration. You seem to me to be guilty of what you so justly blame in divines, viz: setting out by begging the question.

You combat the opinion of that great metaphysician, doctor Clarke; and think that matter which is eternal, stands in no need of a mover. Now to me it appears absolutely incomprehensible that matter, of itself, should perform motions eternally regular, and produce generations of animals constantly resembling each other.

I allow you have the better of the doctor, when he says that space is the sensorium of the Deity, that God penetrates matter, &c.—The doctor wanted to be too knowing. You may be in the right, likewise, in regard to some of the divine attributes, which the doctor rather supposes than proves; but when these branches are lopped off, the true still remains. There still remains a first mover, powerful and intelligent, and who cannot possibly be malevolent.

You reject the chimerical innate ideas of Des Cartes; I reject them too: you do not even spare the great Newton: I allow with you that Newton was not so good a metaphysician as he was a geometrician; but if his definition of God is obscure, it is not contradictory. There appears to me, however, a manifest contradiction in supposing a mass of matter regularly moved without a mover; bestowing intelligence upon itself in man, and withholding it in a stone; establishing relations and connections through the whole of its works without any end or design, labouring blindly with the most sublime industry. In a word you combat what is obscure in the writings of Newton and Clarke, but you dare not attack what is clear.

As to the common difficulties—why such a quantity of evil, why so many monsters, &c.? Were there a thousand times as many I can never give up this point. The heavens declare the glory of God. All the efforts of your genius will never prove that there is no God: all that you have proved, is that divines have sometimes reasoned wretchedly. You have pointed out great

difficulties, but the system of a blind nature is big with absurdities.

You are obliged to allow that there are great marks of order through the whole of nature; and you tell us that this vast combination was necessary.—I believe with you that it was. Contingency appears to me a contradiction, as well as chance. It was necessary that the universe should exist, since it does exist. Useless and absurd in this case are the same. What are we to conclude from all this? Nothing, in my opinion, but that it was as necessary that the Supreme Being should produce such wonderful things, as it was necessary that he should exist. He could not have produced them without intelligence and power: now this is what you call nature, and what I call God. Why will not you allow me to adore this great, intelligent, and powerful being, who has given me life and reason?—Permit me to add—beware of ingratitude, you, on whom he has bestowed so much genius: for surely you did not bestow it on yourself.

But under this Supreme Being, we are, almost all of us wretched and unjust. This is but too true: We suffer; such is the lot of humanity. From the days of Job to the present time, a very large portion of mankind have cursed their own existence. We stand in constant need, therefore, of consolation and hope, and your philosophy deprives us of both. Philosophy, you tell us, furnishes no proofs of happiness in a future state; supposing it does not, you have no demonstration of the contrary. There is nothing in the idea of a future state that is contrary to reason, though reason alone does not prove that there is one. But has not the belief of such a state, a vast advantage over the disbelief of it? The one is useful to mankind, the other prejudicial; the latter may encourage a Nero, the other may check and restrain him.

In that state of doubt and uncertainty in which we both are, I shall not, in order to extricate you, endeavour to persuade you to go to Mecca, and kiss the black stone, turn fanatic in order to obtain the favour of the Supreme Being, &c. I shall only say, persist in cultivating virtue, in being beneficent, in looking upon every species of superstition with abhorrence and pity; but join with me in adoring that design which is apparent in all the works of nature, and, consequently, the author of that design, the great

original, and final cause of all; join with me in hoping that that principle within us, which reasons concerning the great eternal being, may be rendered happy by him in a future state. There is no contradiction in this; you can never prove that it is impossible, any more than I can prove mathematically that there will be such a state. In metaphysics we only reason upon probabilities—"Nous nageons tous dans une mer dont nous n'avons jamais vu le rivage. Malheur a ceux qui se ballent in nageant. Abordera qui pourra; mais celui qui nec crie vous nagez les vain, il n'y apoint deporte, me decourage, et me ote tous mes forces."

You are afraid lest, by adoring God, we should soon become superstitious and fanatical; but is there no reason to fear, that by denying his existence we should become slaves to the most furious passions, and commit the most atrocious crimes?—between these two extremes is there no just, no due medium?—When shall we rest in safety between these two dangerous rocks?—I will tell you; in God and in wise laws.

If we suppose, say you, any connections and relations between man and the Supreme, incomprehensible Being, we must erect altars to him, make him presents, &c. If we can form no conceptions of such a Being, must have recourse to priests, &c.—And pray, where is the mighty harm of assembling in the time of harvest, to thank God for the bread he bestows upon us! Who talks of making presents to the Deity?—The very idea is ridiculous. But what harm is there in employing a citizen, who shall be called a priest, to offer up thanksgivings to God, in the name of his fellow citizens, provided this priest be neither Gregory the seventh, an Alexander the sixth, a Le Tellies or a W——n. Ces cas sont rares. L'Etat du sacerdoce est un frien qui force a la bienseance.

"A foolish priest excites contempt; a wicked one inspires horror; but a benevolent, gentle, pious, charitable, tolerant priest, free from superstition, is a character entitled to esteem and respect. But you are afraid of abuses; so am I. Let us unite in order to prevent them; but let us not condemn a profession when it is useful to society, and when the design of it is not prevented by fanaticism and impious fraud.

I have one observation to make of considerable importance. I am persuaded that you are in a great error; but I am persuaded like-

wise that your error proceeds from no badness of heart. You would have all men virtuous even without a God. This philosophy will be only between you and a few philosophers in Europe; the rest of the world will hear nothing of it. The vulgar give themselves no trouble about the writings of us philosophers. Should any divine be desirous of persecuting you, he would show the malevolence and wickedness of his heart: he would show his wickedness and folly too, which would only serve to confirm you in your opinions, and increase the number of atheists.

You are in an error: but the Greeks did not persecute Epicurus, nor the Romans Lucretius. You are in an error; but we must respect your genius and your virtue, while we refute your opinions with all our might.

The best homage, in my opinion, that can be paid to God, is to defend his cause without passion; and the most unworthy view that can be given of his character, is to represent it as furious and vindictive. He is the truth itself; truth void of passion. He therefore is the disciple of God, who defends the truth with gentleness of spirit, and with a firm and steady mind.

I agree with you that fanaticism is a monster a thousand times more dangerous than philosophical atheism. Spinosa never committed a single crime. Chatel and Ravaillac, both fanatics, assassinated Henry the fourth.

The closet atheist is almost always a peaceable philosopher; the fanatic is always turbulent:* But a court atheist, an atheist upon the throne may prove a scourge to human kind. The misfortune is, that closet atheists make court atheists. It is Chiron educating Achilles, and feeding him with lion's marrow. This Achilles shall one day drag Hector's body round the walls of Troy, and sacrifice twelve innocent captives to his vengeance.

God preserve us from an abominable priest, who would dip his impious hands in the blood of his prince, or, at the age of seventy, sign the ridiculous excommunication of a king of France, &c. But God preserve us likewise from an angry and barbarous tyrant, who, not be-

* The two characters of atheist and fanatic had not been known united at the time of Voltaire. That monster, a fanatical atheist, was not known till the French Revolution. They are now to be seen every where; even in this new world, either by birth or importation.

lieving in God, is a God to himself; who renders himself unworthy of his exalted station by trampling upon the sacred duties of it; who sacrifices his friends, his relations, and his subjects to his anger and ambition without any remorse. Both these tigers, the one with a tonsure, the other with a crown, are equally formidable; and how are they to be checked or restrained?

If the idea of a God, to whom our souls may be reunited, has formed a Titus, a Trajan, an Antoninus, and a Marcus Aurelius, such examples are sufficient for my cause—AND THE CAUSE I PLEAD IS THAT OF ALL MANKIND.

ART. V.—*The Quail or Partridge.* From Wilson's Ornithology.

THIS well known bird, is a general inhabitant of North America, from the northern parts of Canada and Nova Scotia, in which latter place it is said to be migratory, to the extremity of the peninsula of Florida; and was seen in the neighbourhood of the great Osage village, in the interior of Louisiana. They are numerous in Kentucky and Ohio; Mr. Pennant remarks that they have been lately introduced into the island of Jamaica, where they appear to thrive greatly, breeding in that warm climate twice in the year. Captain Henderson mentions them as being plenty near the Balize at the Bay of Honduras. They rarely frequent the forest, and are most numerous in the vicinity of well cultivated plantations where grain is in plenty. They, however, occasionally seek shelter in the woods, perching on the branches, or secreting among the brush wood; but are found most usually in open fields, or along fences sheltered by thickets of briars. Where they are not too much persecuted by the sportsmen, they become almost half domesticated; approach the barn, particularly in winter, and sometimes in that severe season mix with the poultry to glean up a subsistence. They remain with us a whole year, and often suffer extremely by long hard winters and deep snows. At such times the arts of man combine with the inclemency of the season for their destruction. To the ravages of the gun are added others of a more insidious kind. Traps are placed on almost every plantation in those places which they are known to frequent. They are sometimes brought to market alive, and occasionally bought by sportsmen, who, if the season be very severe, preserve and feed them

till spring, when they are humanely turned out to their native fields, to be put to death at some future time, *secundam artem.* Between the months of August and March, great numbers of these birds are brought to the Philadelphia market, where they are sold at from twelve to eighteen cents each.

The Quail begins to build early in May. The nest is made on the ground, usually at the bottom of a thick tuft of grass that shelters and conceals it. The materials are leaves and fine dry grass in considerable quantity. It is well covered above, and an opening left on one side for entrance. The female lays from fifteen to twenty-four eggs, of a pure white without any spots. The time of incubation has been stated to me by various persons at four weeks, when the eggs were placed under the domestic hen. The young leave the nest as soon as they are freed from the shell, and are conducted about in search of food by the female; they are guided by her voice, which at that time resembles the twittering of young chickens, and sheltered by her wings, in the same manner as those of the domestic fowl; but with all that secresy and precaution for their safety, which their helplessness and great danger require. In this situation should the little timid family be unexpectedly surprised, the utmost alarm and consternation instantly prevail. The mother throws herself in the path, fluttering along, and beating the ground with her wings, as if sorely wounded; using every artifice she is master of to entice the passenger in pursuit of herself, uttering at the same time certain peculiar notes of alarm well understood by the young, who dive separately amongst the grass and secret themselves until the danger is over; and the parent having decoyed the pursuer to a safe distance, returns by a circuitous route to collect and lead them off. This well known manœuvre, which nine times in ten is successful, is honourable to the feelings and judgment of the bird, but a severe satire on man. The affectionate mother, as if sensible of the avaricious cruelty of his nature, tempts him with a larger prize to save her more helpless offspring; and pays him, as avarice and cruelty ought to be paid, with mortification and disappointment.

The eggs of the Quail have been frequently placed under the domestic hen, and hatched and reared with equal success as her

own; though, generally speaking, the young partridges being more restless and vagrant, often lose themselves, and disappear. The hen ought to be a particularly good nurse, not all disposed to ramble, in which case they are very easily raised. Those that survive acquire all the familiarity of common chickens: and there is little doubt that if proper measures were taken, and persevered in for a few years, that they might be completely domesticated. They have been often kept during the first season, and through the whole of the winter, but have uniformly deserted in the spring. Two young partridges that were brought up by a hen, when abandoned by her, associated with the cows, which they regularly followed to the fields, returned with them when they came home in the evening, stood by them while they were milked, and again accompanied them to the pasture. These remained during the winter, lodging in the stable, but as soon as spring came, they disappeared. Of this fact I was informed by a very respectable lady, by whom they were particularly observed.

It has been frequently asserted that the Quails lay occasionally in each other's nests. Though I have never seen a case of this kind, I do not think it altogether improbable, from the fact, that they have often been known to drop their eggs in the nest of the common hen, when that happened to be in the fields, or at a small distance from the house. The two partridges abovementioned were raised in this manner; and it was particularly remarked by the lady who gave me the information, that the hen sat for several days after her own eggs were hatched, until the young Quails made their appearance.

The partridge, on her part, has sometimes been employed to hatch the eggs of the common domestic hen. A friend of mine, who made the experiment, informs me, that of several hen's eggs which he substituted in place of those of the partridge, she brought out the whole; and that for several weeks he occasionally surprised her in various parts of the plantation with her *brood of chickens;* on which occasions, she exhibited all that distressful alarm, and practised her usual manœuvres for their preservation. Even after they were considerably grown, and larger than the partridge herself, she continued to lead them about; but though their notes, or call, were those of common chickens, their manners had all the

shyness, timidity and alarm of young partridges; running with great rapidity, and squatting in the grass exactly in the manner of the partridge. Soon after this they disappeared, having probably been destroyed by dogs, the gun, or by birds of prey. Whether the domestic fowl might not by this method be very soon brought back to its original savage state, and thereby supply another additional subject for the amusement of the sportsman, will scarcely admit of a doubt. But the experiment, in order to secure its success, would require to be made in a quarter of the country less exposed than ours to the ravages of guns, traps, dogs, and the deep snows of winter, that the new tribe might have full time to become completely naturalized, and well fixed in all their native habits.

About the beginning of September, the Quails being now nearly full grown, and associated in flocks, or coveys, of from four or five to thirty, afford considerable sport to the gunner. At this time the notes of the male are most frequent, clear and loud. His common call consists of two notes, with sometimes an introductory one, and is similar to the sound produced by pronouncing the words "*Bob White.*" This call may be easily imitated by whistling, so as to deceive the bird itself, and bring it near. While uttering this he is usually perched on a rail of the fence, or on a low limb of an apple tree, where he will sometimes sit repeating at short intervals "*Bob White,*" for half an hour at a time. When a covey are assembled in a thicket or corner of a field and about to take wing, they make a low twittering sound, not unlike that of young chickens; and when the covey is dispersed, they are called together again by a loud and frequently repeated note, peculiarly expressive of tenderness and anxiety.

The food of the partridge consists of grain, seeds, insects, and berries of various kinds. Buckwheat and Indian corn are particular favourites. In September and October the buckwheat fields afford them an abundant supply, as well as a secure shelter. They usually roost at night in the middle of a field on high ground; and from particular circumstances it is generally conjectured that they sleep in a circle, with their heads outwards, each individual in this position forming a kind of guard to prevent surprise. They also continue to lodge for several nights in the same spot.

The partridge, like all the rest of the gallinaceous order, flies with a loud whirring sound, occasioned by the shortness, concavity and rapid motion of its wings, and the comparative weight of its body. The steadiness of its horizontal flight, however, renders it no difficult mark to the sportsman, particularly when assisted by his sagacious pointer. The flesh of this bird is peculiarly white, tender and delicate; unequalled, in these qualities, by that of any other of its genus in the United States.

The *Quail*, as it is called in New England, or the *Partridge*, as in Pennsylvania, is nine inches long, and fourteen inches in extent; the bill is black; line over the eye, down the neck and whole chin pure white, bounded by a band of black which descends and spreads broadly over the throat; the eye is dark hazel; crown, neck, and upper part of the breast red brown; sides of the neck spotted with white and black on a reddish brown ground; back, scapulous and lesser coverts red brown, intermixed with ash and sprinkled with black; tertials edged with yellowish white; wings plain dusky; lower part of the breast and belly pale yellowish white, beautifully marked with numerous curving spots or arrow heads of black; tail ash, sprinkled with reddish brown; legs very pale ash.

The female differs in having the chin and sides of the head yellowish brown, in which dress it has been described as a different kind. There is, however, only one species of Quail at present known within the United States.

ART. VI.—*Modern Greece: a Poem.* By Mrs. Felicia Hemans. 8vo. pp. 67. Murray. London, 1817.

THE magic name of Greece is always accompanied with emotions of admiration and regret. Long have we contemplated that country through the medium of her poets and historians, her philosophers and orators, and have thence learned, from our infancy, to glow at a name consecrated by every elegant and classic allusion. We have walked and reasoned with the sages of her academic groves; we have followed her animated crowds to the scenes of forensic or theatrical eloquence; we have paced her marble temples, and felt all the powers of fancy, of thought, and of feel-

ing, entranced by the splendid forms of architecture and sculpture, which have burst every moment upon the imagination. Every great idea, every elevated sensation, even every imperfect reminiscence, has seemed to assume a local habitation, and a name. *There* Pericles harangued the people; *there* Phidias exhibited his forms of ideal grandeur and celestial sublimity; *there* the agonistic champion encircled his brows with imperishable garlands; *there* the undaunted matron animated her sons to deeds of heroic glory; *there* the embryo statesman drank deep at the fountains of Attic wisdom, or learned to embody the exalted conceptions of his free-born mind in the pure and majestic strains of Athenian eloquence. Not a state, or city, or mountain, or river, can occur to the memory, without bringing with it the recollection of deeds and personages of heroic fame. It is a world of enchantments; we forget ourselves and all around us, and seem inspired with new souls and new bodies, the moment we touch in idea this Elysian ground, this land of ever pleasing delights and fascinating associations. A sedate majesty, a pensive tenderness, a breathless veneration, steal over the mind, when it muses, in silence, upon scenes connected with all the pleasures and pains of our youthful studies, and all the fairy visions of our more matured contemplations. At the name of Greece are awakened the loveliest ideas of beauty, the proudest conceptions of sublimity, the loftiest aspirations of liberty; in a word, all that fires, or exalts, or expands the soul; all that adds elasticity and ardour to mortal energies, and gives to the ordinary passions and pursuits of men an aspect of poetical dignity and mental elevation.

It is true, that when we behold ancient Greece by the light of a holier lamp, much, if not all, of this delusive splendour fades away, and a scene of lust, and ambition, and blood is presented in its place: cruelty and rapine fill every palace, and violate every temple. Man did not—could not attain the true majesty of his being, because he was ignorant of the real ends of his creation. Love and fame, earthly science, and transitory enjoyments, were the sole objects of his pursuit, and the rewards of his highest ambition. His moral powers were debased; his boasted wisdom was ignorance, and the very sources of his pride were the strongest marks of his degradation. He was at best but the venerable ruin

of a once celestial fabric. Unacquainted with himself, or his Omnipotent Maker, he worshipped the impious, though elegant idols of a luxuriant imagination, and decorated his temples with sculptures, which proved at once the powers of human art, and the imbecility of unassisted reason. Man, thus abandoned to proud self-sufficiency, "even when he knew God, worshipped him not as God;" and all the objects which engrossed his life, and elicited the loftiest efforts of his taste and genius, became worse than insignificant when contrasted with the exalted purposes to which human existence ought primarily to be devoted. Poetry and painting, sculpture and architecture, eloquence and philosophy, were but poor and unworthy objects to fill and bound the capacities of an immortal soul, created in the image of the Deity, and intended for the spiritual enjoyments of an unseen world.

In these more exalted, and indeed more rational points of observation, Greece naturally loses much of that charm with which our early associations, unchastised by Christian feelings, are wont to invest it. We shall, it is true, still continue to view it with interest, with wonder, and in many aspects with admiration; but amidst all, there will be a suppressed dissatisfaction, a wholesome disappointment, which will prove that where Christianity has raised the mind to its due tone, nothing that has not in some measure partaken of the same hallowed influence, can be unreservedly admired by the understanding, or be wholly congenial to the heart. This, however, is not the unhappiness, but the privilege of the contemplative Christian, that, what to the mere man of taste appears simply attractive, assumes to him a more compound aspect; and while it expands his mind, elevates his genius, and enriches his fancy, it conveys to him also lessons and reflections of a somewhat modified and even pensive character.

The very elegant and classical poem before us opens with a description of the sensations experienced by a feeling and enthusiastic mind, at the recollections excited by this "land of Phidias, theme of lofty strains." The whole train of pensive ideas is very sweetly and tenderly brought before the mind:

> "Where soft the sunbeams play, the zephyrs blow,
> 'Tis hard to deem that misery can be nigh;

Where the clear heavens in blue transparence glow,
Life should be calm and cloudless as the sky;
—Yet o'er the low, dark dwellings of the dead,
Verdure and flowers in summer-bloom may smile,
And ivy-boughs their graceful drapery spread
In green luxuriance o'er the ruined pile;
And mantling woodbine veils the withered tree,—
And thus it is, fair land, forsaken Greece! with thee.

"For all the loveliness, and light, and bloom,
That yet are thine, surviving many a storm,
Are but as heaven's warm radiance on the tomb,
The rose's blush that masks the canker-worm:—
And thou art desolate—thy morn hath past
So dazzling in the splendour of its way,
That the dark shades the night hath o'er thee cast
Throw tenfold gloom around thy deep decay.
Once proud in freedom, still in ruin fair,
Thy fate hath been unmatch'd—in glory and despair." (p. 5.)

Our author proceeds to exhibit an affecting picture of a Grecian outcast bursting the link that attached him to his own enslaved country, and wandering in search of that liberty which he cannot enjoy at home. In vain would he look to the East where, though "earth is fruitfulness, and air is balm," man is still wretched and insecure, and tyrant and slave are the only forms of human existence. From Syria's mountains, therefore, and Yeman's groves, and the genii-haunted waves of Tigris, he turns to that new fair world,

"Whose fresh unsullied charms
Welcomed Columbus from the western wave;"

A world where, amidst the wild magnificence of nature, he hopes to rear his lonely bower, in primæval woods, which despots have never trod. Chateaubriand expressly mentions that he found Greek emigrants, who had thus settled themselves in the forests of Florida, a circumstance of which our author has properly taken advantage.

"There, by some lake, whose blue expansive breast
Bright from afar, an inland-ocean, gleams,

Girt with vast solitudes, profusely drest
In tints like those that float o'er poet's dreams;
Or where some flood from pine-clad mountain pours
Its might of waters, glittering in their foam,
Midst the rich verdure of its wooded shores,
The exiled Greek hath fix'd his sylvan home:
So deeply lone, that round the wild retreat
Scarce have the paths been trod by Indian huntsman's feet.

"The forests are around him in their pride,
The green savannas, and the mighty waves;
And isles of flowers, bright floating o'er the tide,
That images the fairy world it laves,
And stillness, and luxuriance—o'er his head
The ancient cedars wave their peopled bowers,
On high the palms their graceful foliage spread,
Cinctured with roses the magnolia towers,
And from those green arcades a thousand tones
Wake with each breeze, whose voice through Nature's temple moans.

"And there, no traces left by brighter days,
For glory lost may wake a sigh of grief,
Some grassy mound perchance may meet his gaze,
The lone memorial of an Indian chief.
There man not yet hath marked the boundless plain
With marble records of his fame and power;
The forest is his everlasting fane,
The palm his monument, the rock his tower.
Th' eternal torrent, and the giant tree,
Remind him but that they, like him, are wildly free." (p. 8, 9.)

But who ever relinquished home, and especially such a home as Greece, without a pang; or who, therefore, can be astonished that our wanderer sighs for his native gales, and pines amidst his day-dreams for a land which, although oppressed and blighted, is still endeared to him by every tender association.

"In vain for him the gay liannes entwine,
Or the green fire-fly sparkles through the brakes,
Or summer-winds waft odours from the pine,
As eve's last blush is dying on the lakes.
Through thy fair vales his fancy roves the while,
Or breathes the freshness of Cithæron's height,
Or dreams how softly Athens' towers would smile,
Or Sunium's ruins, in the fading light;

On Corinth's cliff what sunset hues may sleep,
Or at that placid hour, how calm th' Egean deep!

"What scenes, what sunbeams, are to him like thine?
(The all of thine no tyrant could destroy!)
E'en to the stranger's roving eye they shine,
Soft as a vision of remembered joy.
And he who comes, the pilgrim of a day,
A passing wanderer o'er each Attic hill,
Sighs as his footsteps turns from thy decay,
To laughing climes, where all is splendour still;
And views with fond regret thy lessening shore,
As he would watch a star that sets to rise no more.

"Realm of sad beauty! thou art as a shrine
That Fancy visits with Devotion's zeal,
To catch high thoughts and impulses divine,
And all the glow of soul enthusiasts feel.
Amidst the tombs of heroes—for the brave
Whose dust, so many an age, hath been thy soil,
Foremost in honour's phalanx, died to save
The land redeem'd and hallow'd by their toil;
And there is language in thy lightest gale,
That o'er the plains they won seems murmuring yet their tale."

[P. 10, 11.]

Our author continues to wander in imagination through the calmly pensive scenes which Greece presents to the view, till, aroused by "many a sad reality," which the bright illusions of fancy cannot veil, we are summoned to more desolate and painful images.

"Hast thou beheld some sovereign spirit, hurl'd
By fate's rude tempest from its radiant sphere,
Doomed to resign the homage of a world,
For Pity's deepest sigh, and saddest tear?
Oh! hath thou watch'd the awful wreck of mind,
That weareth still a glory in decay?
Seen all that dazzles and delights mankind—
Thought, science, genius to the storm a prey,
And o'er the blasted tree, the withered ground,
Despair's wild nightshade spread, and darkly flourish round?

"So may'st thou gaze, in sad and awe-struck thought,
In the deep fall of that yet lovely clime:

Such there the ruin Time and Fate have wrought,
So changed the bright, the splendid, the sublime!
There the proud monuments of Valour's name,
The mighty works Ambition piled on high,
The rich remains by Art bequeath'd to Fame
Grace, beauty, grandeur, strength, and symmetry,
Blend in decay; while all that yet is fair
Seems only spared to tell how much hath perish'd there!

"There, while around lie mingling in the dust,
The column's graceful shaft, with weeds o'ergrown,
The mouldering torso, the forgotten bust,
The warrior's urn, the altar's mossy stone;
Amidst the loneliness of shattered fanes,
Still matchless monuments of other years,
O'er cypress groves, or solitary plains,
Its eastern form the minaret proudly rears;
As on some captive city's ruin'd wall
The victor's banner waves, exulting o'er its fall." [P. 15, 16.]

The capture of Byzantium by the Turks, which opened the way for the subjugation of the whole country, is described with considerable point; and is followed by an animated apostrophe to the ancient heroes and demi-gods of the classic ages, whose tombs are now mouldered and forgotten, or remain only as a reproach to a degenerate race, unworthy of such ancestors. Yet still the physical features of the country survive, and inspire the homage of liberty:

"There, in rude grandeur, daringly ascends
Stern Pindus, rearing many a pine-clad height;
He with the clouds his bleak dominion blends,
Frowning o'er vales, in woodland verdure bright.
Wild and august in consecrated pride,
There through the deep-blue heaven Olympus towers,
Girdled with mists, light-floating as to hide
The rock-built palace of immortal powers;
Where far on high the sunbeam finds repose,
Amidst th' eternal pomp of forests and of snows.

"Those savage cliffs and solitudes might seem
The chosen haunts were Freedom's foot would roam;
She loves to dwell by glen and torrent-stream,
And make the rocky fastnesses her home.

And in the rushing of the mountain-flood,
In the wild eagle's solitary cry,
In sweeping winds that peal through cave and wood,
There is a voice of stern sublimity,
That swells her spirit to a loftier mood
Of solemn joy severe, of power, of fortitude." P. 24, 25.

Thus about to depart for ever from her favourite land, Liberty still lingered for a short time longer, on "Suli's frowning rocks," where a romantic mountain war, accompanied with all those scenes of interest and terror which usually characterize that species of contest, continued to be waged. Even women fought with enthusiasm in defence of their craggy citadels, and Holland relates, as an authentic story, that "a group of them assembled on one of the precipices adjoining the modern seraglio, and threw their infants into the chasm below, that they might not become the slaves of the enemy." Our author, in describing such scenes, delights to indulge in the feelings excited by contrasting the present with the past, and the past with the present. The whole of the succeeding description of Sparta is in this style; its once proud monuments and temples are contrasted with its remaining ruins; of which, instead of "a giant-wreck," scarcely sufficient survives to add dignity to its fall. Its once stern and haughty sons, who stamped in one rough and colossal mould, exhibited little of the moral varieties which diversify more polished nations, appear with new advantages beside that second race who arose "when glory's noon went by," and who tamely drank that bitter cup of slavery, which their forefathers would have perished rather than have tasted. The heavens shine with their ancient splendour, the various plants and flowers of the classic age survive indigenous to the spot; but man, and almost all his boasted works, have perished; and Lacedemon, once the pride of Greece and of the world, is now no more.

"Home of Leonidas! thy halls are low,
From their cold altars have thy Lares fled,
O'er thee unmark'd the sun-beams fade or glow,
And wild flowers wave, unbeat by human tread;
And midst thy silence, as the grave's profound,
A voice, a step would seem as some unearthly sound." P. 29.

Alluding to the celebrated reeds of antiquity, which still continue to adorn the banks of the Eurotas, and to the rose-laurels,

which still bloom over the grave of Sparta, our author deduces the same affecting inference to which we have just adverted. The idea conveyed in the last line of the stanza is inexpressibly touching.

> "Oh! thus it is with man—a tree, a flower,
> While nations perish, still renews its race,
> And o'er the fallen records of his power
> Spreads in wild pomp, or smiles in fairy grace.
> The laurel shoots when those have past away
> Once rivals for its crown, the brave, the free;
> The rose is flourishing o'er beauty's clay,
> The myrtle blows when love hath ceased to be;
> Green waves the bay when song and bard are fled,
> And all that around us blooms, is blooming o'er the dead." P. 30.

We shall give but one or two short extracts more before we conclude. It requires, indeed, but a few lines "to tell the tale of ages:" we have said all, when we say that the mosque and the minaret have usurped the place of antique grandeur and beauty, and that the despotism of an ignorant and rapacious government has chilled every generous feeling into a death-like inaction. We therefore pass by several of the cities and states alluded to by our author:

> "But thou, fair Attica! whose rocky bound
> All art and nature's richest gifts enshrined,
> Thou little sphere, whose soul-illumined round
> Concentrated each sunbeam of the mind;
> Who, as the summit of some alpine height
> Glows earliest, latest, with the blush of day,
> Didst first imbibe the splendours of the light,
> And smile the longest in its lingering ray;
> Oh! let us gaze on thee, and fondly deem
> The past awhile restored, the present but a dream.
>
> "Let fancy's vivid hues awhile prevail—
> Wake at her call—be all thou wert once more!
> Hark, hymns of triumph swell on every gale!
> Lo, bright processions move along thy shore!
> Again thy temples, 'midst the olive-shade,
> Lovely in chaste simplicity arise;
> And graceful monuments, in grove and glade,
> Catch the warm tints of thy resplendent skies;

And sculptured forms, of high and heavenly mien,
In their calm beauty smile, around the sun-bright scene.

"Again renew'd by thought's creative spells,
In all her pomp thy city, Theseus! towers:
Within, around, the light of glory dwells
On art's fair fabrics, wisdom's holy bowers.
There marble fanes in finish'd grace ascend,
The pencil's world of life and beauty glows;
Shrines, pillars, porticoes, in grandeur blend,
Rich with the trophies of barbaric foes;
And groves of plantane wave, in verdant pride,
The sage's blest retreats, by calm Ilissus' tide." P. 36, 37.

The effect of a Grecian sky upon the fine architecture of the Parthenon is most expressively described; though we must just remark in passing, that to use the term "sanctity," or others of kindred import, as our author does more than once, in reference to a heathen temple, is unbecoming a Christian poet; and indeed, throughout every description of Greek or Roman scenery, a religious care should be observed not to suffer the sublime or picturesque circumstances connected with Pagan worship to convey a feeling derogatory to the honour of "the great and only Potentate." The mode in which the original writers speak of their fabled deities is no guide or apology for those who seriously believe that the whole system, picturesque as it was, and associated as it may be in the mind of every scholar with images of beauty, was still injurious and degrading to man, and at war with the eternal majesty of heaven. We could wish that both at school, at college, and in the lecture-room of the artist, the Christian tyro were more emphatically taught, that though a classical thesis demands classical allusion and imagery, he is by no means to compromise those higher principles which render heathenism, under all its forms, a subject of the deepest commiseration. The man of taste may glow with the utmost ardour of classical emotion, without attaching, either in thought or expression, the remotest idea of toleration to the classical system. The thing, especially in a youthful or ill-balanced mind, is difficult, but it is not impossible; and indeed, were there no mode of enjoying Greek and Roman ideas and allusions, without adopting in some measure the

feelings in which they originated, we must, as consistent Christians, banish from our schools and libraries the whole treasury of academic lore, and never venture again to cast our eyes upon the exquisite forms of an antique statue. Our reprehensions, therefore, apply only to those persons who suffer their taste to be so much at variance with their professed system of religion that they are *almost glad* that heathen temples were built, and heathen deities invented, merely because, by means of them, a little gratification has accrued to the lovers of architecture and design. But we are wandering from our poet, whose description of the effect of the pure light which falls on the Parthenon, we were about to extract.

> "Fair Parthenon! thy Doric pillars rise
> In simple dignity, thy marble's hue
> Unsullied shines, relieved by brilliant skies,
> That round thee spread their deep ethereal blue;
> And art o'er all thy light proportions throws
> The harmony of grace, the beauty of repose.
>
> "And lovely o'er thee sleeps the sunny glow,
> When morn and eve in tranquil splendor reign,
> And on thy sculptures, as they smile, bestow
> Hues that the pencil emulates in vain.
> Then the fair forms by Phidias wrought, unfold
> Each latent grace, developing in light,
> Catch from soft clouds of purple and of gold,
> Each tint that passes, tremulously bright;
> And seem indeed whate'er devotion deems,
> While so suffused with heaven, so mingling with its beams." P. 38.

The mention of the Parthenon naturally brings back to the poet's mind the "bright age of Pericles," when, as our readers know, Phidias discarded the stiff, dry formality of the ancient sculpture, and invented a style uniting truth, grandeur, and refinement; a style at once beautiful and sublime, and combining every ideal grace with every natural perfection. The master-pieces of his art having survived the very cities which they adorned, had fallen, in lapse of time, into the hands of barbarous conquerors, who felt no interest in the monuments of the soil which they invaded, and were totally unaffected by the productions of an art, which a ser-

vile nation never yet learned to appreciate. The "sphere of sovereign beauty," to which Phidias "led the way," was far above the conception of a race of gross fanatics, who without remorse mutilated the finest statues, and even pounded them for mortar to patch up some miserable houses or garden wall. No reasonable man, therefore, can grieve that the most valuable part of what remained has been removed to the British soil, which, amidst all the disorders of modern Europe, has been to the world a friendly asylum, in which persecution, whether as applied to men or to marbles, ceases to exert its power.

We can, however, at the same time indulge with our author the feelings which a traveller must necessarily experience at seeing the Parthenon thus dismantled of its long-cherished honours.

> "Lone are thy pillars now—each passing gale
> Sighs o'er them as a spirit's voice which moan'd
> That loneliness, and told the plaintive tale
> Of the bright synod once above them throned.
> Mourn, graceful ruin! on thy sacred hill,
> Thy gods, thy rites, a kindred fate have shared:
> Yet art thou honor'd in each fragment still,
> That wasting years and barbarous hands had spared
> Each hallow'd stone, from rapine's fury borne,
> Shall wake bright dreams of thee in ages yet unborn." P. 46.

That such "bright dreams" will indeed be awakened we have no doubt; and, with all the supposed bad taste that attaches to this country, we are fully convinced that a few years will witness a flourishing school of British sculptors. Nor have we faith in the corrupt opinion that taste and genius, of the highest order, may not be fostered as well in Great Britain, as under serener skies and more glowing suns.

The advantages derived to France from its gallery in the Louvre have been too evident not to excite the attention of other nations. Buonaparte, it is well known, found it expedient to give no less a sum than 12,000,000 of livres (500,000*l.* sterling) for the Borghese collection alone; the value affixed to the celebrated Torso of Michael Angelo, in the Louvre, was 300,000 francs (12,000*l.* sterling;) and one single length measuring six feet, of the frieze of the Parthenon, of which the Elgin collection possesses nearly *two hun-*

dred and fifty feet, was estimated, in the Paris collection, at more than 3,000*l.* of English money.

We fully enter into our author's description of these works of art, which is in general correct and spirited, though with an occasional mixture of *della crusca* lines and thoughts.

ART. VII.—*On the style of Dr. Samuel Johnson.*

As the primary and immediate desire of every reader must necessarily be to understand the meaning of his author, of all the faults of style, obscurity must be the most obvious and offensive. Equally unpleasing to him who studies for instruction, and to him who reads for entertainment; to the indolent as demanding, and to the active as not rewarding his exertions, all classes unite to reprobate it. Different from all other faults in this, that no critical sagacity, no erudition is required to perceive it, in the same moment it is perceived and condemned: the author is tried by judges whose only qualification is, that they do not understand; and as ignorance is always severe, the awful sentence "si non vis intelligi, debes negligi," dooms him without farther inquiry to that punishment, which the republic of letters has always esteemed the most mortifying.

But this sentence is too general to be always just: there is sometimes an embarrassment in the subject-matter which causes an inevitable obscurity in treating of it; and there is often an inability in the judge which self-love screens from observation. "The critic," says Dr. Johnson, in a paper of his Idler, which he seems to have designed as a defence of his own style against this objection, "ought always to inquire whether he is incommoded by the author's fault or his own." How far this paper justifies Johnson's style shall be considered in the subsequent part of this essay: it is sufficient at present to observe, that as all obscurity is relative, its cause may reside either in the reader or in the writer, and even where the reader must be acquitted, the writer is not always to be condemned.

That Johnson's style is obscure, the testimony of all unlearned readers abundantly confirms; and from the same authority the cause may be stated to be his perpetual affectation of expressing

his thoughts by the use of polysyllables of Latin derivation: a fault, which confines to men of erudition the most animating enforcements to virtue and the most salutary rules of conduct, by disqualifying all who have not been made acquainted by a liberal education with the Latin appellations for things, or those, from whose memories the common use of the English names has in course of time effaced them. And let it not be said that such a class is beneath the attention of an author, when it is considered that almost the whole female world, from the circumstances of their education are necessarily included in it. They learn the words of their language from conversation or familiar books; but with whom are they to converse, or what volumes of musty pedantry are they to ransack, to be enabled to peruse the writings of Johnson without frequent recourse to his dictionary? Nor has this wilful exclusion of the unlearned readers served as a means of conciliating the favour of the learned, who, though they understand Latin, in an English work expect to find English; and whatever may be the peculiarities of their own style, are forward enough to discover and reprobate those of others.

Thus Dr. Johnson observes, that Milton formed his style on a perverse and pedantic principle: he was desirous "to use English words with a foreign idiom." But Milton's poetry, if indeed a defence be necessary, is sufficiently defended by established poetic license: and for his prose, let it be observed, that his subjects were learned, and I may say technical, and his readers of such description as left it matter of indifference whether they should be addressed in English or in Latin: that he was engaged in repeated controversies with foreigners, and his works designed to persecute the fortunes of the exiled monarch over the continent, and written, in some sort officially, by the Latin secretary to Cromwell. But surely that principle, which has led Johnson to seek for remote words, though with the English idiom, is no less pedantic than Milton's, and much more injurious by its obscurity. The reader who knows the single words may perhaps be able to overcome the difficulties of the arrangement, but for ignorance of the single words no remedy can with efficacy be applied. Johnson has besides no peculiarity of situation to plead in excuse, but has on the contrary adopted his pedantic principle against the dis-

suasive influence of circumstances. From the writer of an English dictionary, there might reasonably be expected a nice selection of words, purely and radically English, or at least the use of such only as had been indisputably admitted into the language: and the complexion of his readers, as well as the popular subjects he treated of, were such as might be thought to furnish little temptation to learned and antiquated phraseology. Indeed, if rules for periodical essays are to be drawn from the practice of their great English original, Mr. Addison, as the rules of epic poetry from Homer's, nothing can be more opposite to their true character; for as their professed intent is the improvement of general manners, their style, as well as their subjects, should be levelled to understandings of every description,

It may be said, however, in favour of Johnson, that the great law-givers of criticism have indulged writers of eminence in a license for calling in the aid of foreign words. But this indulgence, which of right belongs only to poetry, and the more dignified kinds of prose, is even granted to them with but a sparing hand; "dabitur licentia sumpta pudenter." Our author, who in his poems has made but little use of this privilege, has in his prose, extended a limited sufferance to the most unqualified permission and encouragement: he has preferred, on all occasions where a choice was to be made, the remote word of Latin derivation to the received English one, and has brought in the whole vocabulary of natural philosophy, to perplex and encumber familiar English writing. I do not speak of a few words scattered rarely through his works, but of the general character of his style appearing in every page; not of single acts, but of confirmed and prevailing habits; of new raised colonies, disdaining an association with the natives, and threatening the final destruction of our language. The reader, at his first perusal of the Rambler, finds himself bewildered in a labyrinth of long and learned words, distracted with foreign sounds, and exiled from his native speech, in perpetual want of an interpreter: disgusted at the intrusion of so many phrases to which he has been hitherto a stranger, he labours out a passage through the palpable obscure, and, when he has at last gained the golden prize, laments that so much time should have been wasted, in overcoming the unnecessary obstacles to its approach.

Though this representation may appear somewhat extravagant, yet a few sentences selected from this author may show that it does not misrepresent the feelings of ordinary readers, or exaggerate the difficulties of his style. "What then can ensue but a continual exacerbation of hatred, an unextinguishable feud, and an incessant reciprocation of mischief?" "When the radical idea shoots out into parallel ramifications, how can a consecutive series be formed of senses in their nature collateral." "These bursts of light and involutions of darkness, these transient and involuntary excursions and retrocessions of invention." "Experience quickly shows the tortuosities of imaginary rectitude, the complications of simplicity, and the asperities of smoothness." Who could understand the meaning of the word NET-WORK, by reading its definition in a dictionary as "a thing reticulated, or decussated, with interstices between the intersections?" Or who could know, that "the practice of appending to the narratives of public transactions, more minute and domestic intelligence," meant "filling the news-papers with advertisements," if Johnson himself had not kindly assisted us with the translation. Such passages are inconsistent with the censure passed in his Idler on a ridiculous citizen, who by associating with stage players had learned a new language; and when a customer has talked longer than he is willing to hear, is made to complain that "he has been excruciated with unmeaning verbosity." The author of the Rambler, though not a citizen, has as little claim to the privilege of speaking unintelligibly.

There are however two occasions on which this fault appears yet more extravagant and ridiculous. The first of these is, where personages of different descriptions are introduced as writing in their own characters; for what can be more absurd than to suppose a similarity of style, and particularly where that style is so far from a simple one, in the writings of persons supposed to be of different ages, tempers, sexes and occupations. Yet all the correspondents of the Rambler seem infected with the same literary contagion, and the Johnsonian distemper to have been equally communicated to all. Thus Papilius talks of "garrulity, erratic industry, and heterogenous notions dazzling the attention with sudden scintillations of conceit." "Victoria passes through the

cosmetic discipline, covered with emollients, and punished with artificial excoriations." Misocapelus tells of his "officinal state, adhesions of trade, and ambulatory projects;" and Hypertatus describes the "flaccid sides of a foot-ball swelling out into stiffness and extension," and talks of "concentration of understanding, barometrical pneumatology," and "tenuity of a defacated air." In such writings the hand of the master must be immediately perceived; the existence of the imaginary correspondents cannot even for a moment be believed, and the Rambler stands convicted of an ineffectual and unnecessary attempt to raise his own consequence by forging letters to himself.

The second occasion on which this fault is equally glaring, is where ordinary or perhaps mean subjects become necessary to be treated of; and a few instances from our author may well warrant my asserting that on such occasions, as he himself says less deservedly of Dr. Young,—"burlesque cannot go beyond him." Thus a calamity which will not admit being complained of, is in Johnson's language, such as "will not justify the acerbity of exclamation, or support the solemnity of vocal grief:" to deny and to profess, are to "pronounce the monosyllables of coldness and the sonorous periods of respectful profession:" when the skillet is watched on the fire, we see it "simmer with the due degree of heat, and snatch it off at the moment of projection:" for sun-set, we read "the gentle coruscations of declining day;" and for washing the face with exactness, we have, "washing with oriental scrupulosity." Mean and vulgar expressions cannot have a more powerful recommendation than that one of the ablest writers in the English language could only thus avoid them.

Johnson was a writer of too attentive and critical observation to be ignorant of this remarkable peculiarity of his own style. In the last paper of his Rambler, where he treats of his work as a classical English composition, he takes notice of, and by a defence, which if admitted would justify and recommend it, shows himself not a little prejudiced in its favour. After declaring, with some ostentation, that "he has laboured to refine our language to grammatical purity, and to clear it from colloquial barbarisms, licentious idioms, and irregular combinations;" that "something perhaps he has added to the elegance of its construction, and some-

thing to the harmony of its cadence;" he proceeds to subjoin the following passage: "When common words were less pleasing to the ear, or less distinct in their signification, I have familiarized the terms of philosophy by applying them to known objects and popular ideas; but have rarely admitted any word not authorised by former writers: for I believe that whoever knows the English tongue in its present extent, will be able to express his thoughts, without farther help from other nations." The first of these reasons for substituting, in place of a received familiar English word, a remote philosophical one, such as are most of Johnson's Latin abstract substantives, is its being more pleasing to the ear. But this can only be deemed sufficient by those who would submit sense to sound, and for the sake of being admired by some, would be content not to be understood by others. And though, in some instances, for the sake of tempering the constitutional roughness of the English language, this might be admitted, yet it never can be contended for in such latitude, as would justify the practice of our author. This he well knew, and accordingly defending hard words in an essay in his Idler, he insists largely on the second plea, the greater distinctness of signification. "Difference of thoughts," he says, "will produce difference of language: he that thinks with more extent than another, will want words of larger meaning; he that thinks with more subtilty, will seek for terms of more nice discrimination." In this argument there is certainly some degree of weight, and the exact appropriation and perspicuity of Johnson's words in some measure confirms it. But that language, which he does not admit to have sunk beneath Milton, would surely have been sufficient to have supported him; and, as he himself observes, "though an art cannot be taught without its proper terms, yet it is not always necessary to teach the art: in morality it is one thing to discuss the niceties of the casuist, and another to direct the practice of common life." Let the nature of periodical publications determine, which should be more properly the object of the author. But he is not reduced to the alternative: if the testimony of many English authors of eminence, confirmed experimentally by their own practice, is to be relied on, exactness of thought is not necessarily at variance with familiar expression: and if this union was not impossible, would not some endeavour

genius of the author. Possessed of the most penetrating acuteness and resolute precision of thought, he delights to employ himself in discriminating what common inaccuracy had confounded, and of separating what the grossness of vulgar conception had united. A judgment, thus employed (as he would perhaps himself describe it) in subtilizing distinctions, and dissociating concrete qualities to the state of individual existence, naturally called for language the most determinate, for words of the most abstract significations. Of these common speech could furnish him with but a scanty supply. Familiar words are usually either the names of things actually subsisting, or of qualities denoted adjectively, by reference to those substantives to which they belong: besides, common use gives to familiar words such a latitude of meaning, that there are few which it does not admit in a variety of acceptations. Johnson, unwilling to submit to this inconvenience, which, in every country, to avoid a multiplicity of terms, had been acquiesced in, sought out those remote and abstruse Latin derivatives, which as they had for the most part hitherto been used but once, were as yet appropriated to one signification exclusively. What the natural bent of his genius thus gave birth to, his successive employments strengthened to maturity. The schoolmaster may plead prescription for pedantry; the writer of a dictionary, if attached to words of any description, has peculiar advantages towards storing them in his memory; and if they be terms which occur but rarely, the difficulty of searching out their authorities imprints them more strongly. The writings of sir Thomas Browne were to Johnson the copious vocabularies of the Anglo-Latin style: and the numberless quotations from them in his Dictionary, as well as the Life of Browne, which he wrote, are proofs of the attention with which he perused them, and of the estimation in which he held their author. "Finding," as he says, "that our language had been for near a century deviating towards a Gallic structure and phraseology," he entered into a confederacy with the Latins to prevent it, without considering that many nations had fallen beneath their own auxiliaries. As some moralists would recommend the overcoming of one passion by raising up another to oppose it, he seems to have thought the tendency of our language towards the French would be best corrected by an equal impulse towards the

Latin. That he was well versed in all the Latin learning, and minutely critical in the power of its words, is clearly manifested in his writings. His earliest work was a translation of Mr. Pope's Messiah into Latin, and the first establishment of his fame was his imitation of a Latin satirist. We find too, from Mr. Boswell, that he continued his studies in that language to a very late period, and thought it not too learned even for a female ear. Not confined solely to the classics, he quotes the obscure remains of monkish learning, and has delivered precise decisions on the performances of our English poets in that language. His Life of Milton more particularly, whom he might have considered as a rival in learning, abounds in proof that Johnson piqued himself not a little on his knowledge of Latin. He opposes in form the system of school-education recommended and adopted by Milton: He is happy in communicating a new authority for a particular acceptation of the word "persona;" suggests incidentally whether "vir gloriosissimus" be not an impure expression; and takes especial care to inform us that "vapulandus" is a solecism. Thus his accurate knowledge of the Latin tongue furnished him with materials to engraft into ours; and his ostentatious desire to display that knowledge concurred with the other causes above enumerated to vitiate his style. Determined to deviate from the English language, while his antipathy to the French restrained him on the one side, his predilection for the Latin as naturally enticed him to the other.

Yet let me not conclude this part of my subject with too unfavourable an impression of our author. As I have stated fully the faults of his words, it is but candid to declare their merits. They are formed according to the exact analogy of the English language; they are forcible and harmonious; but, above all, they are determinate. Discriminated from each other, and appropriated each to one idea, they convey, to such as understand the author's language, his genuine sense, without superfluity and without mutilation. The distinctions of words esteemed synonymous, might from his writings be accurately collected. For thoughts the most definite, he has language the most precise; and though his meaning may sometimes be obscure, it can never be misunderstood.

(*To be continued.*)

ART. VIII.—*The Inquisition Unmasked: being an historical and philosophical account of that tremendous tribunal, founded on authentic documents; and exhibiting the necessity of its suppression, as a means of reform and regeneration. Written and published at a time when the national congress of Spain was about to deliberate on this important measure.* By D. Antonio Puigblanch. Translated from the author's enlarged copy, by W. Walton, Esq. 2 vols. 8vo. pp. 918. With plates. Baldwin and Co. London, 1816.

IN the two centuries which preceded the last, persecution was general throughout the civilized world, being constantly excited by the struggle between the claims of conscience and the tyranny of establishments, between light and darkness, power and principle, between the inveterate prejudices of habitual ignorance and the escape and expansion of imprisoned knowledge. The principles of toleration, during this period, appeared in the laws of no people, the maxims of no government, the institute of no sect, and scarcely in the temper of any individual. A certain species of bigotry guided the politics of states and the alliances of princes, prompted to wars, regulated national intercourse, and even influenced treaties of commerce, bringing together those who were most opposite in manners and institutions, and separating those who were natural confederates. Within the bosom of every kingdom it kept up a perpetual fermentation, severed entire communities into fragments which, by their collision, produced insurrections, rebellions, tumults, and massacres. It transferred trade and manufactures from one country to another by causing emigrations, formed new states, changed dynasties, founded colonies, and was the ever-active spring of internal movement and international policy. The wilds of America have been cultivated by the intolerance of Europe, and peopled by a stock lopped off by persecution from a christian society.

During that period occurred the expulsion of the Jews and Moors from Spain, and the bloody atrocities exercised towards those unhappy races, the civil wars in France on account of religion, the horrors of St. Bartholomew, the Spanish executions and murders in the Netherlands for introducing the in-

quisition to perpetuate executions and murders, the persecutions of queen Mary, the fires of Smithfield, and the Irish massacre.

Persecution was not only sanctioned by the laws and principles of the dominant religion, but was considered so sacred and imperative a duty, that it sanctified crime and extinguished nature.

> "Et suivant un faux zèle où l'interet pour guides,
> Ne sert un Dieu de paix que par des homicides."

Jacques Clement, Ravaillac, and Gerard, the assassins of Henry III. Henry IV. and the prince of Orange, fasted, confessed, and took the sacrament before they performed their sanguinary service for the church,—were applauded as saints, and canonised as martyrs. The head of admiral Coligny, so treacherously murdered on the night of St. Bartholomew, was presented as a grateful present to the dowager of queen France, and by her transmitted as a holy offering to the Pope.

Nor were the principles of intolerance confined to the catholics alone, though by them most cruelly acted upon, and most strenuously defended. The fanaticism and bigotry of the age infused into every sect uncharitable feelings and an exterminating spirit. They all acted on the principle of a religious monopoly, arrogating the exclusive possession of divine truth, and unable to associate innocence with error, or to separate error from a belief in opinions opposite to their own. Luther, Calvin, and Zuinglius, were as furious against contumacious error, as they were loud in maintaining the liberty of conscience.

A sufficient number of examples will occur to those acquainted with the history of our own country, in the transactions of the courts of Star Chamber and High Commission, in the events of the reign of the first James and the first Charles, in the persecutions in Scotland during the reign of Charles II., in the cruelties practised in Ireland, to show that reformed England is not free from the charge of having endeavoured to promote the religion of Christ by anti-christian methods.

Of this institution, whose practice was founded solely on the tyranny of superstition, and which for the exercise of that tyranny was furnished with a regular apparatus of courts, judges, officers, dungeons, chains, racks, stakes, and gibbets, irresistible as fate,

with the power of checking thought, of arresting knowledge, and of perpetuating errors, a gloomy Spaniard was the author, who, by entailing it on his country, has rendered the gospel in that part an equivocal blessing. It was first tried in the beginning of the thirteenth century; and Spain, in respect of religious improvement, is still in the fifteenth. The circumstances of the South of France first suggested its expediency, and on that scene its efficiency was fearfully proved. The Albigenses, deriving their name from the town of Albi, where they first appeared, and extending over the whole of the province of Languedoc, between the Rhone and the Garonne, are well known to have been the first sect on which persecution was tried on a great scale in modern Europe.

At that time not a feature of the gospel was distinguishable. The great object of all worship was displaced by the monstrous pantheon of the calendar; the bones of felons were collected and canonised; the relics of saints had banished every relic of piety or reason. The nails and the wood, instead of the doctrines of the *cross* were preached; and lust, avarice, fear, imbecility, frenzy, disease, and death, all became the agents of sacrilegious imposture. The poison circulated from Rome, by means of the religious orders, through every artery of Christendom. Every catholic was taught that his most meritorious service was to avenge the wrongs of religion, and every pretension of the church was religion. "A Jew," says a historian, "of Provence was accused of blaspheming against the blessed Virgin, and was condemned to be flayed alive. A strange spectacle now presented itself: gentlemen in masks, and with knives in their hands, ascended the scaffold, drove away the executioner, and claimed the honour of performing this bloody service themselves." In directing such a system, the Pontiff was the Jupiter Tonans of an idolatrous church, falsely called christian, and his Olympus shut out heaven from the view of mortals. Kings and states were but the ministers of his pleasure. "Thou hast put all things under his feet, all sheep and oxen, yea, and beasts of the field, the fowls of the air, and the fish of the sea;" "this," says St. Anthony, "contains a description of the power of his holiness; the sheep are the christians, the oxen the Jews, the beasts the Pagans, the fowls good and bad angels, and the fish souls in purgatory." That the Pope had the

command of angels was evident from a bull of Clement VI., which contains these words, *Mandamus angelis paradisi quod animum illius a purgatorio penitus absolutum in paridisi gloriam introducant;* and that he commanded the monarchs of the earth is, after this, but a vulgar part of his prerogative.* The most detestable heresy was a doubt expressed of the Pope's supremacy, or an exposure of the scandalous lives of the clergy; and of this heresy the Albigenses, who may be called the first protestants of Europe, were audaciously guilty. They were moreover guilty of examining the book of inspiration, and of deriving from thence a pure doctrine, and a profane distrust of papal infallibility; they were guilty of preaching scriptural christianity, and of living a temperate and godly life. A crusade was preached against them; a place in paradise was offered to their murders; and that fanaticism, which a century before had precipitated Europe upon Asia at the call of Peter the Hermit, soon collected a body of ardent adventurers to extirpate the more insolent unbelievers of the North. Innocent III. appointed Domingo de Guzman, or St. Dominic, to arrange the plan of the expedition, and to direct the efforts of the crusaders to the most guilty or vulnerable points.

* Our readers may not be displeased to see what the Romanists think of heresy, in a terrible description of it composing the first sentence of the Italian code of inquisitorial regulations, called the *Arsenal of the Inquisition*, written by Massini, Inquisitor of Perugia, in 1653, and dedicated to Peter the Martyr, "The most stable rock of the Dominican religion." As the book is scarce we copy the sentence, but our Italian readers will allow that it would be difficult to translate it. This *Arsenal* is provided with the most formidable stores of spiritual artillery.

"Manifesta cosa é che la perfidia heretica, distruggitrice della casta et spiritual vita dell' anima, dissipatrice della vera e souvrana luce della mente, nascondatrice del chiaro e splendido raggio della verita, perturbatrice del puro e sereno stato della coscienza, impedetrice del sano e deritto judicio del intelletto, effuscatrice de' candidi e sinceri affetti della volonta, involatrice del bello e formosa aspeto dello spirito, profanatrice de' sacri e sante dogmi della fide, devoratrice de' cari e soavi frute della gratia, dispregiatrice della divine e humane legge, oltraggiatrice della diletta e celestiale sposa del re del mondo, essecutrice del impio infernal nemico dell' humana natura, corrompetrice de' boni et giovevoli costumi e offenditrice atroce e speziale della smisurata infintia maesta del Creatore."

This furious zealot reaped in that bloody field immortal execration, and a place in the calendar. Before the victorious banner of Simon de Montfort, consecrated by St. Dominic, all resistance was vain; neither age, nor sex, nor condition, was spared; the country became a wilderness, and the towns heaps of smoking ruins. "Spare none," cried the abbot of Citeaux, to those who required a mark to distinguish the catholic from the heretic, "Spare none, God will be able to distinguish his own amid the slain."

This was the era of the inquisition, deriving its name from the office assigned to it, of inquiring after heretics, of ascertaining their names, their habitations, their numbers, and their powers. Its value as an engine of catholic bigotry soon came to be understood; and in a moment, like the toad in paradise at the touch of Ithuriel's spear, it started up in its full dimensions. Its inventor was the first inquisitor-general. "We owe two most important blessings to St Dominic," says a Spanish author; "he gave us the Rosary and the Holy-Office." This infernal tribunal destroyed, in a short time, those whom war and massacre had spared. Four hundred and eighty persons were beheaded or burnt by the order, and in the presence of its supreme judge in one day; and in half a century not a heretic remained in the South of France. St. Dominic, enraged at the satisfaction and even rapture with which some of his victims courted or defied death, attempted sometimes to deprive them of the triumph of their faith, by defeating them in argument, and provoked them to a fruitless controversy at the stake, till it was time to call in the executioner to reinforce his logic. This man was not only the first inquisitor-general, but was considered a model for all his successors.

The operations of a tribunal conducted by such men, and meeting with no effective opposition from constituted authorities, were too rapid to last long. The inquisition became useless at Thoulouse for want of heretics to condemn. In its infant essay it had strangled the serpents that surrounded its cradle; but the hydra of heresy (as the Romanists delight to call it) was growing up for its maturer labours. Its laws, rules, and devices, were laid up therefore as a part of the papal artillery. Pope Innocent IV. supported it as a favourite ally, and established permanent tribunals, on the plan of that of Thoulouse, over almost the whole of Italy,

except Naples, where it never gained admittance. It was early imported into the Spanish kingdom of Arragon, bordering on the province where it originated. Wherever the inquisitors were sent, they created an alarm like that of an invading army; and, notwithstanding the bigotry and prostrate submission of the age, the cruelty, insulting arrogance, and intolerable oppressions of these ghostly fathers, excited insurrection and tumult in almost every town which they garrisoned for the faith. The bishops, who saw in these establishments the ruin of their authority in matters of doctrine, remonstrated against their usurpation; and the princes, who claimed the privilege of burning their own heretics, saw with pain an encroachment on their prerogative by the troops of the holy see.

The spirit of christendom was, however, pretty well subdued for two centuries; and the inquisition had not much on their hands, from the extirpation of the Albigenses to the dawn of the reformation and the persecution of the Moors and Jews in Spain. Their catholic majesties, Ferdinand and Isabella, sagely resolved that they would have none but catholics in their dominions, and that it was necessary, for the glory of God and the prosperity of their reign, to make all their Jewish and Moorish subjects either hypocrites, exiles, or martyrs. The respect paid by the queen to the counsels of Torquemada, makes us almost forget the assistance she lent to Columbus. It was easy by a perfidious and savage edict to drive these unhappy people into the church; but it was not so easy to drive them out of their prejudices and habits. To save their lives, their fortunes, and their families, they made an open profession of a religion which, disgraced and falsified as it was by its ministers, they abhorred; but in secret they cherished their own faith, and practised their own rites. The mass, the cross, and the image, were the objects of their public veneration, but the stolen devotions of the mosque and the synagogue had their hearts and affections. The Moor with his face towards Mecca pronounced the *Ave Maria;* and the Jew, while he fasted in Lent, was consoled by the consideration that it gave him an interval in which at least he was exempt from attesting his sincerity by devouring pork. It was necessary therefore to establish the inquisition, in order to take cognizance of these dangerous and

daring apostates, in those parts of Spain where it did not before exist, and to inspire it with new activity and energy in those provinces whose faith it was to be for ever under its protection. Torquemada, a Dominican friar, and a fit successor of the preaching and persecuting founder of the order, confessor to the queen, the man by whose advice this measure was undertaken, obtained a bull from Sixtus IV., in the year 1483, appointed him inquisitor-general of all Spain, and confirming the extension of the inquisition to Castile, where it had been established three years before. The inquisitorial regulations still in force are principally those approved of by Torquemada, and a council of his nomination. Sixteen tribunals of the faith were established in the different provinces of Spain, subject to a supreme council of Madrid, in which the inquisitor-general presided; and to these tribunals, beside the regular officers necessary to conduct their processes, were attached, as appeared in a subsequent reign, more than 20,000 constables or familiars, who, as a religious police, watched over the conduct, opinions, and expressions of all ranks of the people, and, together with numerous swarms of monks, priests, and confessors, acted as arms or feelers to these dreadful associations of intolerance. As the headstrong enthusiasm, the callous heart, required in an inquisition, are most consistent with a narrow capacity and limited information, so the grossest ignorance and most absurd fatuity appeared in the cruel and arbitrary proceeding of these ghostly fathers: the opinions and sentiments of mankind were regulated by judges who could form no opinions of their own; and many an orthodox believer suffered torture and death as the penalty of not being understood. The dungeons were soon filled with heretics, who after conversion had apostatised to Moses or Mahomet. Every one was commanded, under the penalty of excommunication, to confess his own errors, or to denounce those of others. No connexions of blood, kindred, or friendship were allowed to stand in the way of the sacred work; and the merit of the impeachment was measured by the strength of those ties of nature which were broken for its sake. None who displeased the supporters of superstition could escape detection; none who were detected could elude imprisonment; and few who were imprisoned could escape torture or the flames.

The first essay of the inquisition at Seville showed with what a "fell swoop" it could act. In the first six months 300 persons, accused of Judaizing after conversion, were burnt, together with the bones and images of many whom death had happily rescued from its dominion. In the space of about forty years from its establishment in Seville, there had been burned in that diocese more than 4000 individuals; 5000 houses remained shut as after a pestilence, and consequently so many families had been exterminated: and 100,000 were condemned to wear the *sanbenito*, or banished, in the single province of Andalusia. "I do not wish," says the chaplain of the inquisitor-general of that time, "to write any thing more concerning the mischiefs of this heretical pravity; suffice it to say that since the fire is kindled it shall burn till no more wood can be found, and that it will be necessary for it to blaze till those who have Judaized are spent and dead, and not one remains." To such an extent did the exterminating spirit against the descendants of Abraham proceed, that it was a common saying with Lacero (inquisitor of Cordova soon after the establishment of the tribunal in that city,) *Da me un Judeo, dartelo he quemado;* hand me a Jew, and I will return him to you burnt to ashes. Many of this miserable people were condemned to the flames for frequenting the synagogues in borrowed shapes, and being carried to their nightly assemblies by the devil in the form of a he-goat. Witnesses were found to prove, to the satisfaction of the inquisitor, this miraculous mode of Judaizing, and to swear that they themselves were present at the ceremonies. The various tribunals were extremely active, each of them celebrating an auto once or oftener in the year. Extreme youth, and hoary age; those who were too old to change their opinions, and those who were too young to form any; were seen burning in the same fire: poverty was defenceless, and riches invited plunder. In one day at Toledo sixty-seven females were delivered over to the flames, for relapsing into Jewish practices after conversion; and this was only one of two autos that had been celebrated in the same month. Those that entered the church were liable to be burnt; and the contumacious were plundered and banished.

In such a situation did the furious zeal of the first inquisitor-general, operating upon the bigotry or terrors of two catholic

princes, place nearly a million of their most wealthy, industrious, and enterprising subjects, who, notwithstanding the oppressions under which they laboured, and the popular rage to which they were occasionally exposed, multiplied in Spain as in a second land of Egypt, and almost regarded it as a new Palestine. With this idea they looked upon their expulsion as a calamity similar to the dispersion of their tribes, or the final extinction of their political existence. The price which their fathers had paid for the blood of the Saviour, about fifteen centuries before, was now made a reason why no ransom should be received for their own. Torquemada, with the genuine inspiration of fanaticism, rushed into the royal presence, when the queen was deliberating on an offer of money made by the Jews for liberty of conscience, with a crucifix in his hand, and broke off the intended compromise for toleration or protection, by exclaiming, "Behold the crucified Redeemer, who was sold formerly to the Jews for thirty pieces of silver by Judas; sell him not again to his enemies for gold or silver like that traitor, or remember the traitor's reward. I shall be no party to the impious bargain; I abdicate my office." This appeal was successful: the proffered donation was refused; the edict of banishment was confirmed on a whole people; excommunication was denounced against those who should either harbour them, or supply them with the least particle of subsistence, after the period assigned for their expatriation; and the remnant of this miserable race, whose conscience would not allow them to adopt the religion of their persecutors, or who saw no safety within the pale of a church where the prison and the rack were placed below the altar, and where a *new christian* had always before him the half-kindled fagots prepared for a heretic, were driven from the place of their birth and early recollections; were stripped, plundered, and tormented with impunity; were reduced to slavery, chased into solitudes, or pursued over the country. Directing their course into all the surrounding states, many of them were received in Portugal, France, and Italy; many crowded the sea-ports and frontiers of the kingdom, and, having taken shipping for Africa, Naples, or the Levant, perished by storms, pirates, or barbarians; and many of them, after experiencing every extremity of misfortune, were obliged to return to their native land, and to receive the waters

of baptism from the overflowing cup of their misery. Those who fled into Portugal found intolerance and fanaticism there before them; and soon after their arrival saw the holy office established under the direction of more uncontrolled power, and a fiercer spirit of persecution, if possible, than in the country they had been obliged to relinquish.

The disciples of Mohammed could expect no better treatment than the adherents of Moses. Decrees of expulsion or conversion accordingly issued against them from the same counsels, and the holy office prepared its prisons for the relapsed and apostate. Not less than a million and a half of Moors were driven from Spain, from the conquest of Granada to their final banishment under Philip III., besides those destroyed in wars, massacres, and assassinations, tortured to death by the inquisitors, or delivered over to the hands of the executioner.

Nothing can be conceived more absurdly horrible than the treatment of these miserable men. If they adhered to the faith of their fathers, they were robbed, plundered, and exiled as infidels; if they renounced it and became christians, they were suspected as hypocrites and punished as heretics. Compelled to enter the church to escape persecution, they found, when in the church, that their compulsory entrance was made an argument of their apostasy; forced to violate their conscience by denying a religion which they cherished, they experienced only the penalties of that which they embraced; and, deprived of the glory of martyrdom for the one, they enjoyed none of the security expected in the other. By their conversion they were brought within the reach of the inquisitorial fires; and their baptism was like heathen libations poured on the head of the victim preparatory to the sacrifice.

When carried to the prisons of the holy office, it was equally vain for them to deny or to confess the crimes with which they were charged by bigotry, avarice or malevolence: if they denied, they were burnt as impenitent; if they confessed, they were burnt as relapsed. Torture was applied to force a declaration of what the inquisitor desired, and again inflicted to learn with what intention the acknowledged act was performed. Whatever became of the person of the heretic, whether condemned to capital punishment

or perpetual imprisonment, whether he came out with the penitential robe or to the stake, his property remained in the treasury of the inquisition; he brought forth with him none of his rights. Fidelity to their new profession, and even zeal in confirming or extending it, never ensured protection or commanded confidence. The character of a new christian, being marked with an indelible stain of infamy, excluded from all offices, distinctions, or dignities; and this character was applied to all who were themselves converted from infidelity, or were descended from parents who had been such at any known period, however remote. No baptismal font could wash out such a disgrace. No antiquity of date could change the appellation: the Jewish blood was sufficient to taint the christian profession; St. Paul himself, with the title of a new christian, would have found his preaching vain. There have been instances where a man's pedigree has been traced back eight or nine generations, through all its collateral branches, for the purpose of ascertaining his genealogical guilt. The orthodoxy of his creed was to be estimated like that of an old coin, not by the purity of the metal, but the age of the inscription. While Jewish and Moorish extraction exposed to suspicion, and gave credibility to the slightest proofs of apostasy, it was scarcely possible that these unhappy people, with all their old national prejudices and habits, had they been real converts, should not furnish to the vigilant eye of an enemy, a rival, or an inquisitorial devotee, sufficient grounds for denunciation. The edict of faith was published in every diocese of Spain once every year, whereby the duty of accusing heretics, or those suspected of heresy, was enforced under the most awful sanctions; three years' indulgence was offered to those who should become informers or accusers; and excommunication was thundered against all who should conceal the acts or sayings of a heretic, schismatic, or infidel. The circumstances which all good catholics were required at this annual visitation to disclose, as indications of heretical pravity, were sufficiently minute and particular to allow little chance of escape to disguised Israelites, or renegade Saracens. "We, the inquisitors of heretical pravity, command all to whom this edict shall be made known, to speak and manifest to us if you know, understand, or have seen,

or previously found out, that any living man or woman, present or absent, *or already dead*, had made, published, said, or spoken, any or more opinions or words, heretical, suspected, erroneous, rash, ill-sounding, savouring of scandal, or any heretical blasphemy against God, his catholic faith, and against that which our holy mother the church of Rome embraces, teaches, preaches, and holds." Then follows an enumeration of the heresies of the different enemies of the catholic faith, and an injunction to declare and denounce them. Among these, as symptoms of Jewish apostasy, the faithful are enjoined to make known to the holy office the cases of any individuals of the Hebrew race who shall be detected "in wearing a clean shirt, in using a clean table-cloth, or putting on clean sheets on the Sabbath; or who, in honour of that day, shall use handsomer or holiday clothes, who shall steep their meat in water to suck and draw out the blood, who shall sing the psalms of David without the *Gloria Patri*, who shall eat lettuce or parsley during the time of the paschal," or be guilty of similar offences against the faith. The Saracens are to be denounced as suspected of Mahometan abominations, if they abstain from drinking wine or eating swine's flesh, if they bathe at particular times, if they sing Arabian songs at their marriages, or play upon their native musical instruments. Abstinence from pork is not advanced in the edict as a charge of heresy against the Jews, though it is against the Moors, probably from a recollection of the peculiar difficulty that the ancestors of this people felt in *swallowing* this article of faith, when in a written engagement to be good catholics, under the sanction of the most solemn oaths, and after a complete enumeration of the points they were required to abjure or embrace, they swore, "by the Father, Son, and Holy Spirit, who is one in Trinity, and the true God, that whosoever of us shall be found a transgressor of all or any one of these things, he shall perish with flames or stones;" but "as to swine's flesh we promise to observe, *if we cannot eat it possibly through custom*, yet we will without contempt or horror take and eat things that *are dressed with it*."

The inquisition, which was established in Spain for the extirpation of two hated tribes, had soon to contend in other catholic countries, and in Spain itself, with more formidable heresies. The

new opinions and principles of the Reformation, beginning in Germany, spread from state to state, as by the blaze of signal posts, and every where appeared the beacons of war against ecclesiastical corruptions and abuses. Mankind looked about with amazement and indignation at the gulf of clerical oppression into which they had been plunged, and at the emblems of craft, deceit, and cruelty, with which they were surrounded. The reformation spread into Spain, which, although it had been for ages the strong hold of superstition, contained at that time the most active and enterprising people of Europe; but the dangerous light was received and buried in the dungeons of the inquisition, and, before it had enlightened any considerable portion of the nation, expired like a lamp in a sepulchre.

Charles V. after having fought against the protestants in Germany, and endeavoured, without success, to establish the inquisition against them in the Netherlands, employed preachers and zealous catholics to convert those in whom his arms could not work conviction; but his apostles themselves returned infected with the contagion they were commissioned to eradicate. Among those who had imbibed the reformed doctrines, were men of great learning and in eminent situations, Cazalla the Emperor's preacher, Constantine Ponce Fuente, canon of the cathedral of Seville, and the emperor's chaplain, Don Juan Ponce de Leon, son of the count of Baylen, and several others. Heresy, to use an illustration of a Spanish author, was spreading like the yellow fever, when its progress was arrested by the holy office. Seville and Valladolid, the former the most commercial city of the Spanish monarchy, and the latter the capital of Castile, were the places where it broke out, and where in the course of two years it was entirely suppressed. In Seville 800 persons were apprehended, imprisoned, and laid up for tortures or autos-de-fe in the year 1557. Many of them were burnt in successive executions of fifteen or twenty at a time. The most cruel tortures were applied for the purpose of forcing them to confess their associates, their connexions, their friends, their *favourers*, the nature of their books, their instructors, and the whole ramifications of that heretical conspiracy which the tribunal was determined to destroy, root and branch. By the extreme agony on the rack, Mary Bohorquia, a young lady of no-

ble birth, who was burnt for being a Lutheran, was driven to confess that she had conversed on religious subjects with her sister Dona Juana Ponce de Leon, wife of lord de la Heguera. This latter was immediately apprehended, confined in a loathsome dungeon though far gone in her pregnancy, and a few days after her delivery tortured with such diabolical rigour, that the ropes cut into the very bones of her arms, legs, and thighs. She died after this inhuman treatment, when the fiends who inflicted it in order to make her atonement, or rather to deprive the reformation of the glory of such a martyr, pronounced her innocent of heresy. In May, 1559, an auto was celebrated at Valladolid which was attended by the regent of Spain (in the absence of Philip,) prince Charles, and all the dignitaries and authorities of the state, when thirty persons were brought forth, fourteen of whom were committed to the flames. At the entrance of Philip into his capital, and into the active government of his kingdom in October of the same year, he was regaled by another sacrifice more splendid and imposing than the last, from the number of the victims (which amounted to forty, twenty of whom were burnt,) from the greater attendance of guards, courtiers, grandees, and authorities, and from the more extensive and gorgeous display of inquisitorial pageantry. A protestant nobleman, Don Carlos de Sesse, when passing to the stake, cried out to the king for mercy? "No!" answered the bigot with a stern countenance, "I would bring wood to burn my own son were he such a wretch as you," and continued to view the horrific ceremony with the greatest coolness. As part of the forms of this terrible day, the inquisitor-general demanded of the monarch the continuance of his protection to the tribunal, repeating the blasphemous words, *Domine, adjuva nos*, and the king, standing and grasping his sword, half unsheathed it, in token of his zealous compliance.

The new world, among the other miseries which it experienced from its discoverers and conquerors, was not to be exempted from this execrable scourge. Philip II. introduced it into his Western dominions in 1571; and, such is the blindness of superstition, that the human sacrifices of the Mexicans, which excited such horror in Cortes and his troops, were imitated by the pretended ministers of Christ. One bleeding limb of the monarchy still shook it

off with convulsive violence, and rather bore to be severed from the trunk than to endure it. The people of the Netherlands, where heresy was stronger and authority weaker than in Spain, resisted its introduction; and the result of the struggle is well known. By a master stroke of flagitious policy, Philip extinguished the reformation in Spain, but the infatuation of his zeal extended it in the north. In the one case his great engine, the holy office, had been established for more than half a century; in the provinces it had not been able to gain a footing. When representations were made to him of the zeal and numbers of the protestants, he sent against them, as he would have done at home, a reinforcement of priests and ecclesiastics. Hearing that heresies had increased by the cruelties employed for their suppression, he ordered the prisons to be increased in proportion, more fires to be lighted, and more scaffolds to be erected. Informed by his sister that she could no longer govern on the maxims of massacre and extermination, he sent the furies and the duke of Alba. When the casuistical bigots who surrounded the throne, the *turba minor diri capitis*, began to doubt the success of their cruelty, the monarch fell down before the cross in a frenzy of fanaticism, and swore on that emblem of mercy an oath of blood and extermination against all but catholics.

The sanction of this tremendous oath survived to his successors, who seem to have taken his character as their model. The inquisition appears to have communicated to them all, whether of the family of Austria or of Bourbon, certain repulsive features of resemblance. Established in an age of persecution and despotism, it, for centuries, defied all moral and political changes, creating its own atmosphere, assimilating all things in its neighbourhood, bending every thing to its dominating genius, and, by the fascination of its fiery aspect, disarming its prey of all power of resistance.

Such has been the unhappy lot of wretched Spain. Nowhere has religious intolerance risen so high in human esteem. In Spain it has placed cruelty among the virtues. In no country of the world have people been so plundered of their property, so bereaved of their rights, so duped in their understandings. Bigotry has for generations been seated on the throne, and the inquisitor-general

has been regarded as its chief pillar. Under the shelter of this tribunal no deceit could be detected, no abuse denounced, no error disproved, no prejudice exploded, no aggression repelled, no mistake corrected, no injustice opposed. Confidence and frankness were destroyed by the fear of finding every man an informer, in a society where friends were enjoined to accuse friends, on pain of excommunication; no liberal opinion could be formed or expressed with impunity, where every such opinion might be visited with the punishment of heresy. The impudent and barefaced insults offered to the reason, common sense, and common feeling of the people, under such secure protection, are almost incredible. Tribes of monks, like swarms of locusts, crowded the cities in their different costumes, devouring the bread of the industrious, and practising such cheats, or exhibiting such ridiculous mummeries, as the meanest capacity could, but which the most powerful influence could not with impunity, expose. They appeared as beggars at the doors of all classes; and if they "were sent empty away" those who refused them were accused, not of wanting charity, but wanting faith. Money was drawn from the pockets of the credulous by every species of mountebank trick, and by all the arts of pious swindling. To a person in any state of danger or distress, or anxious for the accomplishment of any object, they recommended the making of a vow to some saint; and in case of recovery or success the votive offering was not to be forgotten, in some present to a shrine, a convent, or a church, or in money to say masses of thanksgiving. As ravens are allured by the prospect of carrion, so the sick and dying were infested by these comforters.

Purgatory was their estate, and a sort of rent-charge upon the other world, added to their revenues in this. The people were told of tormented beings in flames in purgatory; and who dared deny the fact, or refuse the contribution required for masses for their most speedy relief? charity boxes were every where exposed for the redemption-money of those poor captives. Sermons were preached, pilgrimages were undertaken, penances commuted, legacies bequeathed, and settlements made, for their advantage and relief; and sometimes a bull-fight was exhibited, or a play performed, for the benefit of these suffering souls. We have ourselves

seen, in the church of St. Francis in Oporto, the plan of a lottery for the relief of those tormented beings, as a preface to which we are assured "that Heaven receives our charity in discount of their debts, and in satisfaction of their faults; that St. Gertrude paid the arrears of six hundred of them, and that devices similar to that recommended have been acted upon with great advantage, and received the sanction of great doctors." It is no uncommon thing to read a notice on a church, announcing the deliverance of a soul from purgatory, with as much distinctness as if it were seen: *Hoy see saca una anima;* To day a soul is rescued.

The merits of one kind of departed souls, or blessed saints, are nearly as lucrative as the distress and suffering of another; for both the riches and poverty of the inhabitants of the other world are made productive by those who manage their affairs in this. The saints have laid up a stock of merits on which the religious orders are allowed to draw for their own behoof, and that of others. Thus every priest becomes a broker in indulgences, a trafficker in vicarious merits, a trustee on the estate of the saints for regularly distributing the dividends to those who are interested in the fund. Every convent or church is in this way an exchange mart. Nor are the miracles imposed upon the people less gross or less gainful. Pictures, images, and relics, never cease to perform useful portents and wonders. The figures of saints jostle you out of your way at every turn. They are always beggars, always provided with a box for receiving contributions. They have their shrines in the street, on the highways, and on the tops of mountains; and each of them contains a record of miracles. In many of the towns there are no lights or lamps but those burning before the images placed by pious persons above their doors, in the walls of their houses, or in their windows.

The Virgin Mary is still seen in every church, chapel, or altar; the Rosary is chiefly dedicated to her under her various names and in her various representations, she is ever active and ever adored, the most popular preachers are those who manufacture her miracles. A regard for her interest, or gratitude for her favours, influences the common duties of life, and is carried much farther than empty praise or vain profession. She is made a partner in policies of insurance, and a sharer in lottery tickets, she receives

a part of the gains of successful enterprises, and sometimes has a comedy acted, or a ball given, for her benefit. In all these cases she of course incurs none of the expense, and her servants reap all the advantage. It would be idle to proceed with this detail of absurdity, to describe the religious belief and observances of this infatuated people, their processions, their festivals, and all the mummery of their devotion; we should only be showing the continuance of the dark ages at the beginning of the nineteenth century: such a state of things could not have been so long continued, and so faithfully protected, without the beneficial aid of the inquisition. Guarding every access to improvement either from within or without, the mind has been so degraded under its yoke as to cease to wish for emancipation. Lope de Vega was a constable or familiar of the inquisition, and Calderon dedicated some of his comedies to the Virgin Mary. In the works of these two great authors appear the ripened fruits of that perverted devotion, of that union of the grossest crimes with the most punctilious piety, of the most ardent zeal for the forms of religion, and the most prostrate submission to its ministers, with hearts the most hardened and principles the most flagitious. Under so jealous and tyrannical a tribunal there could be no speculations on government, no free researches into history, no attempt to dispel vulgar prejudice, no liberal systems of moral philosophy, no confirmations of religion, or illustrations of its doctrines from the genuine authorities, and sources of evidence. If a work embracing these objects appeared, the Index Expurgatorius was ready for the book, and the dungeon for its author.

If the inquisition prevented improvement, and cut off the springs of knowledge, it tended, by the form of process by which it was guided, and the tragedies it frequently exhibited, to pervert the sentiments of justice and to encourage hardened inhumanity. When denunciation was commanded under the sanction of the most formidable anathemas, the gratification of private malice became a religious duty. Revenge, when baffled in other quarters, might drag its prey to the prisons of the holy office, and there, without the fear of detection, was always sure of ample vengeance. Condemned already was the man, on whom his enemy could contrive to attach such a suspicion of heresy as to excite

the activity of the tribunal. He was seized in the silence of the night, and his house exchanged for a dungeon, on a charge which he had neither the means of knowing or disproving. The very suspicion of guilt was its punishment. His friends avoided him like a pestilence, because, without being able to assist him by their services, they might expose themselves to his fate by their interference. His family, though involved in his ruin by the sequestration of his property and by the collateral and transmissible infamy attached to his name, were not allowed to see him, to administer to him either consolation or advice. It might have been some relief to have seen his accuser, or to have been confronted with his witnesses, that he might answer the charges of the one, or disprove the testimony of the other; but this also was denied him: he was fatally involved in the labyrinth of his mysterious guilt, without a consciousness of his crime, or a clue to escape. He descended to those *darissima regna* without a friend, without an adviser, without a prosecutor, where he found only the inquisitor and his ministers,

——regemque tremendum,
Nesciaque humanis precibus mansuescere corda:

where he found the gloom, the solemnity, the terrors of the poetic hell; in short, all the preparations and attributes of the pagan's last judgment, except its justice. Here he was left, during the pauses of punishment, to conjecture by whom and for what he was accused and punished; instead of hearing his accuser and witnesses named, he was obliged to name them himself under the torture; and if he failed in his conjecture, after ransacking his memory for every possible ground of charge, and every probable enemy, his condemnation was decreed. With the frightful prospect of death before them, and under the excruciating agony of the question, the wretched prisoners ran over crimes they never dreamt of committing, and gave a catalogue of persons whom they never suspected of enmity or heresy. A woman, whose fate is recorded, being required to mention her accomplices, informer, and witnesses, named 600 individuals; but as she did not fix upon the proper persons, she was condemned. On her way to the fire her daughter approached her, and particularized some relation which

she thought her mother might have forgotten. "Alas!" cried the devoted victim, "I have already named all Portugal and Castile, but it would not avail."

When the culprit, after undergoing the torture and a long imprisonment, was at last handed over to the secular power as impenitent, contumacious, or relapsed, the spectacle exhibited to the people was still more cruel and terrible than that which the holy fathers enjoyed in their pitiless dungeons. The condemned were then led forth to execution by burning (which is the most terrible death, says a Spanish author, for the most horrible of crimes; and of this display of suppliciary vengeance the most tremendous and awful solemnity was made. Notice was given at the churches that on a particular day (generally a festival or Sunday) an *act of the faith* (which originally meant a sermon concerning the faith preached on such occasions) would be given at such a particular place, and an indulgence of forty days offered to all who should go to witness the transactions there to be performed, the torments and punishment of heretics. Great crowds of the faithful attended—the monasteries sent forth their tribes—the clergy, from a considerable distance, poured towards the execution—the civil authorities of all classes were on duty—the greatest preparations were made—the bell of the cathedral tolled—the standard of the inquisition was unfurled—and the train of heretics, dressed in sackcloth painted with flames, devils, and monsters, and walking barefooted accompanied with cannibals which we have neither space nor desire to describe, proceeded, first, in procession from the prison to the holy office, to hear a sermon, and then to the place of execution. The prisoners were frequently reserved till there was a sufficient accumulation of them for one grand tragedy. To this entertainment kings, princes, grandees, and courtiers, were invited, as to a magnificent bull-fight, a splendid display of fireworks, or a gorgeous theatrical exhibition. The effect of the pageant was not to be weakened by the emotions of pity. Philip II. enjoyed the sight with a countenance and a heart unmoved. Charles II. had the most pompous one that ever was exhibited, prescribed to him as a medicine. It will be seen, in accounts of these spectacles, with what unmoistened eyes and unruffled features even the ladies of the court beheld the writhings and convulsions

of these suffering wretches, heard their horrible cries, and resisted their moving appeals. To have shed tears would have been a crime. They would as soon have wept over satan on the burning lake. Philip III. is said to have expiated some natural tears shed by him on this occasion with his blood; that is, with a drop of his blood drawn by the inquisitor-general, and burnt by the hands of the common executioner as an emblem of the punishment such heretical sympathy deserved. The preacher who delivered the sermon of the faith, at the great auto, before Charles II. in 1680, where 120 prisoners were present, nineteen of whom were in an hour to be cast into the flames; in the plenitude of his joy burst into an appropriation of the words of the Canticles: "Ah! thou holy tribunal!" said he, "for boundless ages mayest thou keep us firm in the faith, and promote the punishment of the enemies of God. Of thee I may say what the Holy Spirit said of the church, 'Thou art fair, my love, thou art fair as the tents of Kedar, as the sightly skins of Solomon.'" Of the infuriated conduct of the people on such occasions, the following account from Dr. Geddes will be a sufficient specimen. "At the place of execution, in Lisbon, there are so many stakes set up as there are prisoners to be burnt, with a good quantity of dry furze about them. The stakes of the professed are about four yards high, and have a small board within half a yard of the top. The negative and re-relapsed being first strangled and burnt, the professed go up the ladder betwixt the two Jesuits who have attended them all; and when they come up to the board they turn round to the people, and the Jesuits spend nearly a quarter of an hour in exhorting them to be reconciled to the church of Rome, which if they refuse to do, the Jesuits come down and the executioner ascends, and having turned the professed off the ladder upon the seat, and chained their bodies close to the stake, the Jesuits renew their exhortation, and, at parting, tell them that they leave them to the devil, who is standing at their elbow to carry their souls to hell as soon as they are out of their bodies." Scenes, at the description of which, the flesh creeps, and the heart is horror struck, were often presented at these spectacles. The prisoners frequently resisted with the greatest fury, struggling to free themselves from the stake, while the incarnate fiends allowed the fire to fall away,

or added fuel as suited their purpose to heighten or prolong their torments. Sometimes the exultation of martyrdom was expressed in the defiance of despair. Francisco Botello, a Jew, when brought forth for execution was shown his wife, who, without his knowledge, made one of the same auto; "but such was his shameful conduct," says the Report, "that he beheld her with as much joy as if it had been the happiest day of his life, animating a friend who was burning beside him to die in his own lame faith." —"Francisco Lopez," says another Report, "who was burnt in an auto celebrated at Mexico in 1659, stood on the platform of the stage in a most contumacious manner, and, resembling a demon, cast forth sparks from his eyes, and gave beforehand signs of his eternal condemnation." Sometimes the sufferers, in their lingering torments, made the most pathetic appeals to the sympathy of the spectators, not for a release from their doom, but a more speedy despatch of their agony. "Of the five persons condemned," says Mr. Wilcox, afterwards bishop of Gloucester, in a letter to Dr. Burnet, speaking of an auto celebrated at Lisbon, on the 10th of December, 1705, "there were but four burnt. Two were first strangled, two, a man and a woman, were burnt alive. The execution was very cruel—the woman was alive in the flames half an hour, and the man above an hour. The present king and his brother were seated in a window so near, as to be addressed in very moving terms by the man while he was burning. The favour he asked was only a few more fagots, yet he was unable to obtain it. Those who are burned here are seated on a bench twelve feet high, fastened to a pole, and above six feet higher than the fagots. The wind being a little fresh, the man's hinder parts were perfectly wasted, and as he turned himself his ribs opened before he left speaking; the fire being recruited as it wasted, to keep it just in the same degree of heat. All his entreaties could not procure him a larger allowance of wood to shorten his misery."

The last instance of barbarity carried to the length of burning for heresy, was exhibited at Seville in 1782, on the person of a woman who had been guilty of licentious irregularities, and justified her conduct by special revelations from an angel. Whatever acts of cruelty or injustice, intolerance or superstition may

hereafter urge or commit, we hope and believe that Europe will never see another judicial fire lighted against the conscience or the opinions of mankind.

The power of the inquisition was still considerable after its holocausts had ceased; but it was exerted rather in encouraging petty vexations, enjoining ridiculous penances, and prohibiting useful books, than in serious acts of outrage. The rack was disused, as well as the fagot. The familiars became less officious, and the inquisitors were sometimes found to be men of worth and humanity. During the administration of the prince of Peace, and for some time before, the holy office became a mere tool in the hands of the government, and was even in this point of view thought of so little service that the design was more than once entertained of abolishing it; and he is said to have got the royal signature to a decree for that purpose in 1796, which by some accident was not carried into execution. The evidences of its former exploits still graced the walls of churches and convents; the pictures and sentences of those whose persons it had burned, or whose property it had confiscated, still remained exposed for the edification of the faithful. A profligate monk or a licentious nun, for bringing scandal on their order, might be threatened with its vengeance; it suppressed mason lodges, and political tracts; and from the arbitrary nature of its proceedings, which remained unchanged, it was still capable of doing much mischief, but it latterly made no approach to violence or rigor.

The last auto of any consequence that it celebrated was in 1784, and excited the ridicule of all Madrid. Ignacio Rodriguez, a common beggar, was condemned to wholesome penance for deserting his mendicant profession, turning sorcerer, and making love-powders. During the time of the French revolution, it was of course very active in preventing any importation of political or religious works from that infected country; and many books of all kinds were inserted in its Index Expurgatorius, or laid up on its shelves under the protection of hosts of devils, cracking the bones of heretics. This leniency or inefficiency does not seem to have proceeded from any improvement in the popular mind, but from the insensible influence of European liberality on the higher classes, and from the want of opposition or provocation.

In this state of weakness was it when, in 1808, Napolean decreed its abolition, and the inquisitor-general joined the French party. The despot did not require its assistance, and needed its revenues; his police could be more effective than its familiars, and his law of the press than its qualificator of books. In the troubles which followed the French invasion, the functions of the different tribunals remained suspended, although several of them did not acknowledge the authority of the conqueror who dissolved them. The inquisition usurps the authority of the bishops, the ordinary judges of heretical pravity, by virtue of a papal commission, conferred on it through the medium of the inquisitor-general, in whom the election of subordinate officers is vested, and whose sanction is necessary to give validity to every sentence. Without him the courts can no more act than an army without a general; without him their judges are no more judges of the faith, than ministers of finance; and as the pope, whose bull is necessary to confer that commission, was in the hands of the enemy that dissolved it, as well as the individual who formerly held it, no processes could be instituted or concluded. The inquisitors, thus dispersed, flocked from all quarters to Cadiz, besieging the government with petitions and memorials; and while not a spot of the peninsula remained unpolluted with the foot of the invader, except one city, while even the batteries of the enemy were endangering the safety of the existing authorities within the walls of that city, while their country was overrun with catholic enemies, and defended alone by heretical friends, the most strenuous efforts were made by superstition for the restoration of its protecting judicature.

The liberal party perceived the advantage they had gained, and vigorously laid hold of it. They considered the inquisition as abolished, and they threw upon their opponents the burden of proving the necessity of its re-establishment: they gained the concurrence of the nation for a constitution, the articles of which, defining the judicial power and regulating its exercise, were inconsistent with its existence; and thus its restoration became impracticable. They decreed that torture should be no longer employed, that trials should be public, that witnesses should be confronted with those against whom they depose, that confiscation should no longer exist, that freedom of speech was the necessary

privilege of a deputy. And having thus removed the fundamental principles of inquisitorial legislation, the very pillars and corner-stones on which it rested, they allowed it to drop on the heads of its supporters. The nation was asked if they would consent to reconstruct such a monument of barbarism; if, after having sworn to defend the constitution, they were inclined to commit political perjury in destroying it; if they were prepared to erect a mausoleum for their liberty at the very hour of its birth. All the zeal and talent of the nation were employed in the controversy. Innumerable publications appeared on both sides. After receiving petitions from the inquisitors for the revival of the office, after hearing representations from bishops, towns, and provinces, on the same subject, the Cortes appointed a commission, of which Arguelles and several other able and enlightened men were members, to inquire whether the re-establishment of the inquisition was consistent with the maintenance of the constitution; and the result of their opinion was that the tribunal ought to be abolished. The eloquent, elaborate, and ingenious statement of the facts and reasonings which determined their judgment, is detailed in their report, presented to congress on the 8th of December, 1812. This was followed up with equal ability in the speeches of many of the members of that body; the majority of which on the great question (90 to 60) came to a similar conclusion. The discussion on the different propositions connected with the subject continued with some intervals from the end of December to the 22d of February. The speeches (most of them read and handed over to the printer) are now before us in a volume of 694 pages, and display sometimes a depth of research, and sometimes a power of eloquence, united with liberal views and sound reasoning, which it would be difficult to match in any country but our own.

But it must not be supposed, though the liberal party was triumphant in the Cortes, that the nation was unanimous in their support, that their opponents were few or insignificant, or that what has happened since is at all an anomaly. The greatest clamour was raised both in the national assembly and in the country; and the cry that the church was in danger resounded on all sides.

The priests and monks contrived to convince the people that the catholic faith and the holy office were identified, that the inquisition and religion were synonymous terms, and that every one who spoke and wrote against that tribunal was an enemy of devotion, an antichrist, a blasphemer of the glorious saints, and of the Blessed Virgin. Doctrines such as these were preached in every village, before every convent, in almost every public square, handbills were posted up to the same effect, and every engine of delusion and falsehood was set at work. The ignorant were told that they could not hold their religion a day if they were deprived of the tribunal that protected it; that they would all be obliged to become heathens, heretics, and Lutherans; that they could have no mass, no pope, no purgatory, no rosaries; that our Lady of the Pillar, and St. James of Compostella, would desert them; that they must expect no longer the countenance of the saints, that every miracle would cease; that they would be exposed without protection to the visitations of earthquakes, storms, and bad harvests. In order to make them cling still closer to their religion, and that institution which by one fanatic was called the *pontard of the faith*, and by another its *battering ram*, they were told that they were the only nation hitherto uncontaminated with heresy; that this pestilent distemper had been kept off from their shores by an inquisitorial quarantine; that they were the most catholic people upon earth, the privileged monopolists of a pure apostolic worship, the champions of the Virgin, and the favourites of heaven and its inhabitants. The nations around them were stigmatised as composed of men overrun with the plague of apostasy; a revolting assemblage of atheists, sorcerers, and freemasons; the enemies of the pope and the sacraments; the contentious partisans of infuriated sects; and the devoted victims of Divine vengeance. The steps by which they had arrived at such a deplorable state of corruption and infidelity were, the impunity allowed to heretics, the establishment of the principles of toleration, and the opposition made to the holy office. The Jews and Moors, with all their diabolical rites, had been expelled by the zeal of catholic kings, or had fled from the just terrors of a *sanbenito* and a fagot: but more insidious and dangerous enemies of the true faith threatened the Spanish church, if its natural bulwark were destroyed,

in the professors of liberal ideas, the preachers of clerical reforms, the pretenders to primitive purity, the antagonists of priestly and papal dominations, the secret emissaries of heresy or protestantism, the bastard children of the church who, having no share in the inheritance of their father, were anxious to excite dissensions within the family of the faithful, the vipers who endeavoured to destroy their mother by biting her in the most vital part, and infusing into her wound the deadly venom of error and incredulity. Argument, and reason, and authority, it was said, were weak obstacles to the designs of such men; the ordinary ministers of religion had not sufficient vigilance to detect their insidious arts, or sufficient power to repress their open attacks; and nothing but a court, with a numerous and active body of officers spread through all parts of the country, interested in observing the least deviation from the faith, and capable of bringing the culprits to condign punishment, could afford the faithful security against their writings, their discourses, their example, and machinations.

Such representations as these, the futility of which could only have been demonstrated by experience and by the steady wisdom of the new government, paved the way for the arbitrary measures of Ferdinand; but the light which the discussion has diffused will not be lost.

Among the numerous works that appeared on the occasion, many of which were of an ephemeral description, that of D. Antonio Puigblanch is by far the longest and the best; the most distinguished for sound reasoning, and the most replete with authentic and well-arranged facts. It was begun to be published in numbers a year and a half before the question was decided in the Cortes; and its arguments and statements appear to have influenced the general discussion, and to have supplied the materials of many of the best speeches. Its conclusive reasoning, indeed, against the continuance of the tribunal is no more required by us for the purposes of conviction, than that of Blackstone against the star chamber, but its judicious observations on the spirit of christianity, its liberal and manly views on ecclesiastical and civil government, its enlightened notices on Spanish literature and learned men, its elaborate analysis of the mode of inquisitorial procedure in the fourth chapter, and its curious and extensive collection of historical facts and documents in the sixth, will well re-

ward perusal. The sources of information to which the author had access, and the industry with which he has availed himself of his advantages, have rendered his book more full and authentic than any preceding on the history of the Spanish inquisition, and only leaves us to regret that he did not subjoin a narrative of its proceedings in other countries.

The instruction which it conveys is rendered doubly attractive by the spirit and temper with which it is written, evincing in the author the strictest piety combined with a real liberality; a candid tolerance for the creed of other men, with a scrupulous adherence to his own; a kind of protestant abhorrence of pious frauds, of monkish indolence, rapacity, and bigotry, of papal arrogance, and priestly domination, with an honest affection for the catholic faith, and a devoted submission to the due authority of its ministers. In the zeal with which he directs his indignation against the iniquitous tribunal which he has *unmasked*, he takes especial care that not an arrow shall glance past the monster to wound his mother church; or rather he professes to take his position within the precincts of the church, in order more effectually to demolish the fortress of her greatest enemy.

Neither in the present work, nor in any of those pamphlets which appeared in Spain during the time that the press was free, and the institutions of religion the general topic of discussion, was there any tendency to irreligion or scepticism. The two most distinguished adversaries of the inquisition in the Cortes were Ruiz Padron and Villanueva, two ecclesiastics of ardent piety, retired habits, and primitive simplicity of manners.

We must pity and detest that weak and wicked government which could deprive itself of the services and support of such men, and repay all that was patriotic with exile or the dungeon, re-erecting the abuses they destroyed, and condemning their works by the tribunal which these same works had contributed to overthrow.

Dr. Puigblanch is one of these much-injured individuals, being one of those who, having fled to Gibralter, were delivered over to the Spanish authorities by the governor of the fortress; he effected his escape to the shores of England from the waves of persecution

strongest cast, such as love, hatred, fear, and ambition. And her merit, as it respects invention, appears to consist in this, that, whereas the subject of ancient tragedy was chiefly the accomplishment of some great event, in which the destiny of a hero was involved, the passions being rather the effects, than the causes, of the vicissitudes which befal him;—and, whereas the modern drama so complicates the passion with the facts, and carries it so suddenly to its height by artificial contrivances and violent provocation, that it exhibits few of its complexional hues, or of the steps by which it mounts to its crisis; the authoress of the present work has framed her incidents in entire subserviency to the display of the passion she has chosen as her subject; shows it to us in its unmixed and specific operation, and acquaints us with the earlier stages of its growth, as it secretly draws its nutriment from the recesses of the heart. Where the passion is necessary to urge on the catastrophe, it must be armed with its full strength for the purpose; and it is for this reason, that, in most of our plays which depend for the development of the story upon the agency of some powerful passion, the passion comes at once full grown into action, is stimulated to its fatal purposes by the conflicts to which it is exposed, and there is time only for the disclosure of that full effulgence in which the shades of its early varieties are assimilated and lost. Keeping her purpose always in her view, Miss Baillie has made the stories of her plays extremely simple, well understanding that intricacy of plot, and the stir and agitation of complex occurrences, would distract the attention from that mental process of the passion by which it slowly arrives at its consummation. And we think it must be admitted, that in her three best performances she has, with great skill, contrived to fix the mind of the reader with so deep an interest on the dreadful phenomena of the victorious passion, as to require no stimulus from multiplied incidents, or the mysterious unravelments of a dark story. The pathos of her two plays of Basil and De Montfort, in which the passions of love and hate are purely displayed in the manner above described, is so forcibly impressive; the struggles which these passions maintain with opposite qualities, until their ascendency is complete, are painted with so close an observation of nature; and the storm that accompanies the crisis of the passion, as well

as the dead calm that succeeds to the accomplishment, are rendered so picturesque by the magic of this lady's pencil, that we can scarcely think any praise from us above the debt of gratitude we owe her for the pleasure she has given us.

We should have thought neither of these last mentioned plays ill adapted for representation on the stage. De Montfort, we believe, has had a trial, but with no good success, though supported by the best acting at this time within the competence of the stage to produce. Perhaps, after all, to the great majority of our mixed audiences, nothing is a substitute for the anxiety of suspense, the flutter of conjecture, and the surprise of discovery, which accompany the mysterious and eventful scenes of our favourite tragedies. Perhaps, too, the ethical delineation of a solitary passion, not exhibiting itself in sudden and desultory emotions, as events excite it to action, but holding the mind in uniform subjection, though with gradually increasing violence, through the whole drama, requires a delicacy of perception, and refinement of feeling, to comprehend its merit, which is the lot only of a small part of those who assert the right of judging for themselves, if not of deciding for others. We may add, that the features of a passion so diabolical as deadly hate, without an adequate cause, produce too blank and uniform an impression of gloomy disgust in the mind, to be compatible with those transitions of feeling, those mingled perturbations of joy and sorrow, which give vivacity and strength to emotion and sympathy, by the succession of transient reliefs which they afford.

It must be admitted, that the genius of Miss Baillie has but a very limited range of subjects on which it can properly be exercised in fulfilling her plan. After exhausting the topics of hate, love, ambition and fear, she has scarcely any pure unmixed passion remaining. Jealousy and revenge are little more than modifications of love and hate, and must pass, at least, through these passions to their consummation. Anger, joy, grief, hope, and pride, are too transitory or weak in their duration or effects, to suit the design of the authoress. In their simple displays they are calculated rather to give force to the incidents of the piece, and to accompany as their natural attendants those vicissitudes of fortune indicated by the peripetia of the Greek tragedians, than to

become the entire subjects of dramatic illustration. The characteristics of joy and grief are the same in all mankind, except the superficial differences in the expression, which the modes of education, or the habits of society, may create. The occasions which produce them cannot perpetuate them. They soon mellow into calmer feelings, and expire in their own excesses. Hope, indeed, admits of some continuance, and upon the strength of this quality, Miss Baillie has attempted a play upon it. But it is evident, that though it may continue, it does not vegetate in the bosom like other passions, but becomes gradually weaker by the delay of its accomplishment. Miss Baillie has done the most that could be done with it. She has made a pretty story, in which its eagerness to catch support from shadows, to draw assurances of bliss from trifles lighter than air, to see signs and prognostics in every occurrence, and revelations in every dream, are properly exhibited as the characteristics of this passion at its height; but at its height its influence is confined to the bosom which it inhabits. As we have not yet had an opportunity of delivering our sentiments upon this lady's performances, we think ourselves entitled to take a short retrospective view of some of her earlier productions. But we cannot pass to the consideration of the plays themselves, until we have produced an extract from the introductory discourse, in which the authoress has very clearly explained the nature and objects of her undertaking.

"But the last part of the task which I have mentioned as peculiarly belonging to tragedy, unveiling the human mind under the dominion of those strong and fixed passions, which, seemingly unprovoked by outward circumstances, will from small beginnings brood within the breast, till all the better dispositions, all the fair gifts of nature are borne down before them, her poets in general have entirely neglected, and even her first and greatest have but imperfectly attempted. They have made use of the passions to mark their several characters, and animate their scenes, rather than to open to our view the nature and portraitures of those great disturbers of the human breast, with which we are all, more or less, called upon to contend. With their strong and obvious features, therefore, they have been presented to us, stripped almost entirely of those less obtrusive, but not less discriminating traits, which

mark them in their actual operation. To trace them in their rise and progress in the heart, seems but rarely to have been the object of any dramatist. We commonly find the characters of a tragedy affected by the passions in a transient, loose, unconnected manner; or if they are represented as under the permanent influence of the more powerful ones, they are generally introduced to our notice in the very height of their fury, when all that timidity, irresolution, distrust, and a thousand delicate traits, which make the infancy of every great passion more interesting, perhaps, than its full-blown strength, are fled. The impassioned character is generally brought into view under those irresistible attacks of their power, which it is impossible to repel; whilst those gradual steps that lead him into this state, in some of which a stand might have been made against the foe, are left entirely in the shade. Those passions that may be suddenly excited, and are of short duration, as anger, fear, and oftentimes jealousy, may in this manner be fully represented; but those great masters of the soul, ambition, hatred, love, every passion that is permanent in its nature, and varied in progress, if represented to us but in one stage of its course, is represented imperfectly, is a characteristic of the more powerful passions, that they will increase and nourish themselves on very slender aliment; it is from within that they are chiefly supplied with what they feed on; and it is in contending with opposite passions and affections of the mind that we best discover their strength, not with events. But in tragedy it is events more frequently than opposite affections which are opposed to them; and those often of such force and magnitude, that the passions themselves are almost obscured by the splendour and importance of the transactions to which they are attached."

The tragedy of Basil has interested us as much as any of the authoress's productions. The passion of love, which is the subject of it, is certainly not very new in story, but the touches which her genius has imparted to it have all the freshness of originality. With admirable good sense she has chosen to display its energies in a character distinguished by that determined steadiness, and masculine composure, which best prepare it for resistance, but which, when once the bosom has admitted the passion, are likely to give it a more lasting abode than those impetuous dispositions with which the passion is in general associated. Basil is a charac-

ter most successfully imagined and delineated with this view. He is presented to us as heroically brave, devoted to military glory, of a strict and stern temper of mind, and rather excessive in the severity of command. The brilliant beauty of Victoria, the daughter of the Duke of Mantua, encounters him in a moment of fatigue, as he enters after a wearisome march, the city of his professed friend and ally, in his way to join the forces of the emperor. His duty forbids him to lose a moment at this place beyond what is necessary for the refreshment of his troops. The duke, who, though an apparent friend, is secretly hostile to the cause in which Basil is engaged, employs the charms of his daughter to detain him at his court. Her character, which is a very natural mixture of levity and tenderness, of the gentlest affections spoiled by the vain love of admiration, is ably drawn. She lends herself to the purpose of the duke, though entirely ignorant of the intended treachery. The plot succeeds: Basil is overcome; and consents after painful struggles to stay another day. In the mean time the battle of Pavia is fought without him. Victory declares for the allies, though the carnage is dreadful, owing, as it appears to the absence of Basil. The news of the victory is brought him in a sarcastic message from the army, as he is enjoying the pleasures of the chase in the company of the fair Victoria. His fame and honour are gone. He flies, heart broken, from the society of the beloved author of his ruin, and from the world; and, after wandering for some time amidst tombs and in desert places, yields to the intolerable pressure of his grief, and falls by his own hand. This is the short outline of the story, which seems to us to be very simple, consistent, and probable. The character of Victoria is well marked by the following lines, spoken by her prudent friend the countess Albina, after a conversation with her, in which she has mixed some wholesome reproof.

> "ALBINA. [*sola.*] Ay, go, and ev'ry blessing with thee go,
> My most tormenting, and most pleasing charge!
> Like vapour, from the mountain stream art thou,
> Which lightly rises on the morning air,
> And shifts its fleeting form with ev'ry breeze.
> For ever varying, and for ever graceful.
> Endearing, gen'rous, bountiful and kind;

Vain, fanciful, and fond of worthless praise;
Courteous and gentle, proud and magnificent:
And yet these adverse qualities in thee,
No dissonance, nor striking contrast make;
For still thy good and amiable gifts
The sober dignity of virtue wear not,
And such a 'witching mien thy follies shew,
They make a very idiot of reproof,
And smile it to disgrace.—"

But the character of Victoria is further developed, as is also the tender excess of Basil's love, in the following exquisite scene.

"ACT IV. SCENE V.—A beautiful grove in the forest. Enter Victoria and Basil, as if just alighted from their horses.

VICT. (*speaking to attendants without.*) Lead on our horses to the further grove,
And wait us there:—
(*To* BAS.) This spot so pleasing and so fragrant is,
'Twere sacrilege with horses' hoofs to wear
Its velvet turf, where little elfins dance,
And fairies sport beneath the summer's moon:
I love to tread upon it.

BAS. O! I would quit the chariot of a god
For such delightful footing!

VICT. I love this spot.

BAS. It is a spot where one would live and die.

VICT. See, thro' the twisted boughs of those high elms,
The sun-beams on the bright'ning foliage play,
And tinge the scaled bark with ruddy brown.
Is it not beautiful?

BAS. 'Tis passing beautiful,
To see the sun-beams on the foliage play, (*In a soft voice.*)
And tinge the scaled bark with ruddy brown.

VICT. And here I've stood full often, and admir'd
The graceful bending, o'er that shady pool,
Of yon green willow, whose fair sweepy boughs
So kiss their image on the glassy plain,
And bathe their leafy tresses in the stream.

BAS. And I too love to see its drooping boughs
So kiss their image on the glassy plain,
And bathe their leafy tresses in the stream.

VICT. My lord, it is uncivil in you thus
My very words with mock'ry to repeat.

BAS. Nay, pardon me, did I indeed repeat?
I meant it not; but when I hear thee speak,

So sweetly dwells thy voice upon mine ear,
My tongue e'en unawares assumes the tone;
As mothers on their lisping infants gaze,
And catch their broken words. I pri'thee, pardon!

VICT. But we must leave this grove: the birds fly low;
This should forbode a storm, and yet o'erhead
The sky, bespread with little downy clouds
Of purest white, would seem to promise peace.
How beautiful these pretty snowy clouds!

BAS. Of a most dazzling brightness!

VICT. Nay, nay, a veil that tempers heaven's brightness!
Of softest, purest white.

BAS. As tho' an angel, in his upward flight,
Had left his mantle floating in mid air.

VICT. Still most unlike a garment; small and sever'd:
(*Turning round and perceiving that he is gazing at her.*)
But thou regard'st them not.

BAS. Ah! what should I regard, where should I gaze?
For in that far-shot glance, so keenly wak'd,
That sweetly rising smile of admiration,
Far better do I learn how fair heav'n is,
Than if I gaz'd upon the blue serene."

Behold the picture of the desponding, broken-hearted warrior, in his melancholy hiding place.

BAS. No sound is here: man is at rest, and I
May near his habitations venture forth,
Like some unblessed creature of the night,
Who dares not meet his face.—Her windows dark;
No streaming light doth from her chamber beam,
That I once more may on her dwelling gaze,
And bless her still. All now is dark for me!
(*Pauses for some time, and looks upon the graves.*)
How happy are the dead, who quietly rest
Beneath these stones! each by his kindred laid,
Still in a hallow'd neighbourship with those,
Who when alive his social converse shar'd:
And now perhaps some dear surviving friend
Doth here at times the grateful visit pay,
Read with sad eyes his short memorial o'er,
And bless his mem'ry still!
But I, like a vile outcast of my kind,
In some lone spot must lay m' unburied corse,
To rot above the earth; where, if perchance

The steps of human wand'rer e'er approach,
He'll stand aghast, and flee the horrid place,
With dark imaginations frightful made
The haunt of damned sprites. O cursed wretch!
In the fair and honour'd fields shouldst thou have died,
Where brave friends, proudly smiling through their tears,
Had pointed out the spot where Basil lay! (*A light seen in Victoria's window,*)
But ha! the wanted, welcome light appears.
How bright within I see her chamber wall!
Athwart it too, a dark'ning shadow moves,
A slender woman's form: it is herself!
What means that motion of its clasped hands?
That drooping head alas! is she in sorrow?
Alas! thou sweet enchantress of the mind,
Whose voice was gladness, and whose presence bliss,
Art thou unhappy too? I've brought thee wo;
It is for me thou weep'st. Ah! were it so,
Fall'n as I am I yet could life indure,
In some dark den from human sight conceal'd,
So that I sometimes from my haunt might steal,
To see and love thee still. No, no, poor wretch!
She weeps thy shame, she weeps, and scorns thee too.
She moves again; e'en darkly imag'd thus,
How lovely is that form! (*Pauses, still looking at the window.*)
To be so near thee, and for ever parted!
For ever lost! what art thou now to me?
Shall the departed gaze on thee again?
Shall I glide past thee in the midnight hour,
Whilst thou perceiv'st it not, and think'st perhaps
'Tis but the mournful breeze that passes by!
(*Pauses again, and gazes at the window till the light disappears.*)
'Tis gone, 'tis gone; these eyes have seen their last!
The last impression of her heavenly form:
The last sight of these walls wherein she lives:
The last blest ray of light from human dwelling.
I am no more a being of this world.
Farewell! farewell! all now is dark for me!
Come fated deed! come horror and despair!
Here lies my dreadful way."

The progress of hatred which is traced with the hand of original genius, in the character of De Montfort, affords Miss Baillie an equally good occasion for evincing her knowledge of nature, and her acquaintance with the sources of the pathetic and the ter-

rible. The hatred of De Montfort to the marquis Rezenvelt is certainly inspired by no adequate cause: but such a constitution of mind as the authoress has given to De Montfort being once supposed, we have no difficulty in admitting the power of the little vexatious circumstances in the behaviour of Rezenvelt to exalt the passion of hatred to its highest excess. A tinge of natural goodness in the disposition of De Montfort raises in us a sort of melancholy commiseration for him, notwithstanding all the turpitude of his conduct, and the art with which this is done by the writer, blending opposites without inconsistency, and producing sympathy in the distress without diminishing the abhorence of the guilt, cannot be too much admired. We are of opinion, however, notwithstanding the apology made by the writer at the end of the play, that the three last lines might well have been spared, though they are put into the mouth of an affectionate sister; as they are calculated to leave a last impression on the reader or hearer very opposite to the moral and just conclusion which ought to follow from such a tremendous exposition of the effects of a passion, the most odious among those which prey upon human happiness. We will extract the midnight scene in the wood in which the murderous effect of the horrid hatred of De Montfort takes place.

"De Mont. How hollow groans the earth beneath my tread!
Is there an echo here?. Methinks it sounds
As though some heavy footsteps follow'd me.
I will advance no further.
Deep settled shadows rest across the path,
And thickly-tangled boughs o'erhang this spot.
O that a tenfold gloom did cover it!
That 'midst the murkey darkness I might strike;
As in the wild confusion of a dream,
Things horrid, bloody, terrible do pass,
As though they pass'd not; nor impress the mind
With the fix'd clearness of reality. (*An owl is heard screaming near him.*)
(*Starting.*) What sound is that? [*Listens, and the owl cries again.*]
It is the screech-owl's cry.
Foul bird of night! what spirit guides thee here?
Art thou instinctive drawn to scenes of horror?
I've heard of this. [*Pauses and listens.*]
How those fall'n leaves so rustle on the path,
With whisp'ring noise, as though the earth around me
Did utter secret things!

The distant river too, bears to mine ear
A dismal wailing. O mysterious night!
Thou art not silent; many tongues hast thou.
A distant gath'ring blast sounds through the wood,
And dark clouds fleetly hasten o'er the sky:
O! that a storm would rise, a raging storm;
Amidst the roar of warring elements
I'd lift my hand and strike! but this pale light,
The calm distinctness of each stilly thing,
Is terrible. [*Starting.*] Footsteps are near—
He comes! he comes! I'll watch him further on—
I cannot do it here. [EXIT.

[Enter Rezenvelt, and continues his way slowly from the bottom of the stage: as he advances to the front the owl screams, he stops and listens, and the owl screams again,]

REZ. Ha! does the night-bird greet me on my way?
How much his hooting is in harmony
With such a scene as this! I like it well.
Oft when a boy, at the still twilight hour,
I've leant my back against some knotted oak,
And loudly mimic'd him, till to my call
He answer would return, and, through the gloom,
We friendly converse held.
Between me and the star-bespangled sky
Those aged oaks their crossing branches wave,
And through them looks the pale and placid moon.
How like a crocodile, or winged snake,
Yon sailing cloud bears on its dusky length!
And now transformed by the passing wind,
Methinks it seems a flying Pegasus.
Ay, but a shapeless band of blacker hue
Come swiftly after.—
A hollow murm'ring wind sounds through the trees;
I hear it from afar; this bodes a storm.
I must not linger here— [*A bell heard at some distance.*]
The convent bell.
'Tis distant still: it tells their hour of prayer.
It sends a solemn sound upon the breeze,
That to a fearful superstitious mind,
In such a scene, would like a death-knell come. [EXIT."

For the progress and consummation of ambition the authoress in her play of Ethwald takes a larger space. She carries it on through two parts; giving as her reason for it, that this is a passion which "acquires strength from gratification, and after having

gained one object, still sees another rise before it, to which it as eagerly pushes on. To give a full view, therefore, says the writer, of this passion, it was necessary to show the subject of it in many different situations, and passing through a considerable course of events." The reasonableness of this apology could not be denied, if any thing could be a sufficient apology for the extension of any subject beyond those bounds at which the interest of the piece demands that it should stop. We cannot help confessing that Ethwald taken as a whole is dull and heavy; but we claim for it, in respect to its detached parts, at least as much admiration as either Basil or De Montfort has deserved. We will endeavour to prove the truth of this latter observation, by the production of a passage or two. And first, we will present to the reader the soliloquy of a prince while in the dungeon, into which the ambition of Ethwald has thrown him, and in which he is murdered by his order.

"Ed. Doth the bright sun from the high arch of heaven,
In his all beauteous robes of flecker'd clouds,
And ruddy vapours, and deep glowing flames,
And softly varied shades, look gloriously?
Do the green woods dance to the wind? the lakes
Cast up their sparkling waters to the light?
Do the sweet hamlets in their bushy dells
Send winding up to heaven their curling smoke
On the soft morning air?
Do the flocks bleat, and the wild creatures bound
In antic happiness? and many birds
Wing the mid air in lightly skimming bands?
Ay, all this is; all this men do behold;
The poorest man. Even in this lonely vault,
My dark and narrow world, oft do I hear
The crowing of the cock so near my walls,
And sadly think how small a space divides me
From all this fair creation.
From the wide spreading bounds of beauteous nature
I am alone shut out; I am forgotten.
The air feels chill; methinks it should be night.
I'll lay me down: perchance kind sleep will come,
And open to my view an inward world
Of garish fantasies, from which nor walls,
Nor bars, nor tyrants power can shut me out."

The night-watching misery of the remorse-struck murderer is exquisitely portrayed in the following passage:

"Ethw. Still must this heavy closeness thus oppress me?
Will no fresh stream of air breathe on my brow,
And ruffle for a while this stilly gloom?
O night, when good men rest, and infants sleep!
Thou art to me no season of repose,
But a fear'd time of waking more intense,
Of life more keen, of misery more palpable.
My rest must be when the broad sun doth glare;
When armour rings and men walk to and fro.
Like a tir'd hound stretch'd in the busy hall,
I needs must lie; night will not cradle me.
(looking up anxiously to the windows.)
What looks the moon still through that lofty arch?
Will't ne'er be morn?"

The horrors of his fancy are depicted in the following scene.

"Ethw. Thou shalt not go and leave me thus alone.
Qu. I'll soon return again, and all around thee
Is light as noon-day.
Ethw. Nay, nay, good wife! it rises now before me
In the full blaze of light.
Qu. Ha! what mean'st thou?
Ethw. The faint and shadowy forms,
That in obscurity were wont to rise
In sad array, are with the darkness fled.
But what avails the light? for now, since sickness
Has press'd upon my soul, in my lone moments,
E'en in the full light of my torch-clad walls,
A horrid spectre rises to my sight,
Close by my side, and plain and palpable,
In all good seeming and close circumstance,
As man meets man.
Qu. Mercy upon us! What form does it wear?
Ethw. My murder'd brother's form.
He stands close by my side: his ghastly head
Shakes horridly upon its sever'd neck
As if new from the heads-man's stroke; it moves
Still as I move, and when I look upon it,
It looks—No, no! I can no utterance find
To tell thee how it looks on me again.
Qu. Yet fear not now: I shall not long be absent;

And thou may'st hear my footsteps all the while,
It is so short a space. (*Exit* Queen.

ETHW. (*returning to the middle of the stage.*)
I'll fix my steadfast eyes upon the ground,
And turn to other things my tutor'd thoughts
Intently. (*after pausing for a little while, with his clenched hands crossed upon his breast, and his eyes fixed upon the ground.*)
It may not be: I feel upon my mind
The horrid sense that preludes still its coming.
Elburga! ho, Elburga! (*putting his hand before his eyes and calling out with a strong voice of fear.*)

Enter Queen *in haste.*

Qu. Has't come again?

ETHW. No, but I felt upon my passing soul
The sure and horrid sense of its approach.
Hadst thou not quickly come, it had ere now
Been frowning by my side."

The scene of the witches, predicting the future fortunes of Ethwald, is too close upon Macbeth to deserve the honour of invention; and upon the whole, we cannot help admiring the ambition of the authoress to tread in the steps of Shakspeare in one of his best plays, and wherein it must be owned the progress of ambition, from its earliest symptoms to its fatal consummation, is finished within the ordinary compass of a single play, and *so* finished, as to leave nothing undisplayed, by which the nature and career of the passion can be indicated.

The subject of the first of the series in the third volume is *fear*: a passion, it must be owned, to which some contempt attaches, and which is apt to depress the character to which it belongs so low in our esteem as to deprive it of its power to excite our sympathies. Miss Baillie seems to have been fully aware of this consequence, and she has shown great skill in avoiding it. In the first place, he fear which she has made the subject of this play, is superstitious fear, a modification of it which is known to inhabit many noble and generous minds, particularly where the imagination is lively and creative. There are perhaps few persons, whatever may be their general fortitude, in whose minds impressions of horror may not be gradually produced; where circumstances conspire to keep the thoughts for a considerable time employed upon these gloomy and terrific fancies. The more delicate structure of the

female mind renders it more liable to fall under the dominion of such vain terrors; and surely we may imagine a female of great worth and excellence to be the victim of her own disordered thoughts, where pains are taken, with every help from time, place, and circumstance, to bewilder her brain, and conjure up before her the chimeras of supernatural horror. After all, however, it must be owned, that the passion of fear, though a most fit subject for poetic imagery, as no one can deny who is at all conversant with the Fairie Queen, is ill adapted for dramatic representation. Love, hatred, jealousy, revenge, ambition, are *active* instruments, affecting the happiness of others as much as that of the agent himself; they must have objects and victims; a sort of atmosphere of suffering and sympathy encircles and pursues them; but fear, especially superstitious fear, acts only upon itself; it spends itself in its own emotions; it has no companionship in suffering; a fanciful progeny of its own creation invests it, insulating it from the cheerful partnership of human interests, and the wants and cares, the sorrows and the joys of the surrounding throng.

The fear of Osterloo, who is the hero of the second play in the same volume, is not superstitious fear, but a fear generated in the mind of a man naturally brave, and intrepid in the field, by the dreadful anticipation of a sudden removal to a new state of being by the stroke of the executioner, working upon a conscience defiled with the stain of murder, and aggravated by a night of confinement near the scene of the guilty transaction. "It is not," says Miss Baillie, "the want of fortitude to bear bodily sufferings, or even deliberately inflicted death, under the circumstances commonly attending it, that the character of Osterloo exhibits. It is the horror he conceives at being suddenly awakened to the awful retributions of another world, from having the firm belief of them forced at once upon his mind by extraordinary circumstances, which so miserably quells an otherwise undaunted spirit. I only contend," continues this writer, "for the consistency of brave men shrinking from passive sufferings, and unknown changes, to show that so far from transgressing, I have in this character kept within the bounds which our experience of human nature would have allowed me."

We are afraid, however, that a subject which requires so laboured a defence, is proved by that circumstance alone to be not a very fit subject for the drama, which ought surely to deal only in those representations, the probability of which has its witness in the heart, and its illustration in the experience of all mankind. Both these plays, however, contain passages of great splendor, and exquisite pathos. We will select two or three from the play of Orra. It is thus that the superstitious disposition of Orra is wrought upon by the designing Cathrina.

"Or. Thou runn'st me fast, good Alice. Do not doubt
This shall be wanting to us. Ev'ry season
Shall have its suited pastime; even Winter
In its deep noon, when mountains piled with snow,
And chok'd up valleys from our mansion bar
All entrance, and nor guest nor traveller
Sounds at our gate; the emptying hall forsaking,
In some warm chamber, by the crackling fire,
We'll hold our little, snug, domestic court,
Plying our work with song and tale between.
Cath. And stories too, I ween, of ghosts and spirits,
And things unearthly, that on Michael's eve
Rise from the yawning tombs.
Or. Thou thinkest then one night o' th' year is truly
More horrid than the rest.
Cath. Perhaps 'tis only silly superstition:
But yet it is well known the count's brave father
Would rather on a glacier's point have lain,
By angry tempests rock'd, than on that night
Sunk in a downy couch in Brunier's castle.
Or. How pray? What fearful thing did scare him so?
Cath. Hast thou ne'er heard the story of count Hugo,
His ancester, who slew the hunter-knight?
Or. (*eagerly*) Tell it, I pray thee.
Al. Cathrina, tell it not: it is not right:
Such stories ever change her cheerful spirits
To gloomy pensiveness; her rosy bloom
To the wan colour of a shrouded corse.
(To Orra) What pleasure is there lady, when thy hand,
Cold as the valley's ice, with hasty grasp
Seizes on her who speaks, while thy shrunk form
Cow'ring and shiv'ring stands with keen turn'd ear
To catch what follows of the pausing tale?

Or. And let me cow'ring stand, and be my touch
The valley's ice: there is a pleasure in it.
Al. Say'st thou indeed there is a pleasure in it?
Or. Yea, when the cold blood shoots through every vein:
When every hair's-pit on my shrunken skin
A knotted knoll becomes, and to mine ears
Strange inward sounds awake, and to mine eyes
Rush stranger tears, there is a joy in fear. (*Catching hold of Cathrina.*)
Tell it, Cathrina, for the life within me
Beats thick, and stirs to hear it.
He slew the hunter-knight?
Cath. Since I must tell it, then, the story goes
That grim count Wallenberg, the ancestor
Of Hugobert and also of yourself,
From hatred or from envy, did decoy
A noble knight, who hunted in the forest,
Well the Black Forest named, into his castle
And there, within his chamber, murder'd him—
Or. Merciful Heaven! and in my veins there runs
A murderer's blood. Said'st thou not, *murder'd him?*
Cath. Ay: as he lay asleep, at dead of night.
Or. A deed most horrible!
Cath. It was on Michael's eve; and since that time,
The neighb'ring hinds oft hear the midnight yell
Of spectre-hounds, and see the spectre shapes
Of huntsmen on their sable steeds, with still
A nobler hunter riding in their van
To cheer the desp'rate chace, by moonlight shown,
When wanes it horn, in long October nights.
Or. This hath been often seen?
Cath. Ay, so they say.
But as the story goes, on Michael's eve,
And on that night alone of all the year,
The hunter-knight himself, having a horn
Thrice sounded at the gates, the castle enters;
And, in the very chamber where he died,
Calls on his murd'rer, or in his default
Some true descendant of his house, to loose
His spirit from its torment; for his body
Is laid i'the earth unblessed, and none can tell
The spot of its interment."

In another place, the same contrivance is carried on by the mischief-working Cathrina.

(*They sit*, Orra *drawing her chair close to* Cathrina.)

What story shall I tell thee?

Or. Something my friend, which thou thyself hast known
Touching the awful intercourse which spirits
With mortal men have held at this dread hour.
Did'st thou thyself e'er meet with one whose eyes
Had look'd upon the spectred dead—had seen
Forms from another world?

Cath. Never but once.

Or. (*eagerly*] Once then thou didst! O tell it! Tell it me.

Cath. Well; since I needs must tell it, once, I knew
A melancholy man, who did aver,
That journ'ying on a time, o'er a wild waste,
By a fell storm o'erta'en, he was compell'd
To pass the night in a deserted tower,
Where a poor hind, the sole inhabitant
Of the sad place, prepar'd for him a bed.
And, as he told his tale, at dead of night,
By the pale lamp that in his chamber burn'd,
As it might be an arm's length from his bed.—

Or. So close upon him?

Cath. Yes.

Or. Go on: what saw he?

Cath. An upright form, wound in a clotted shroud—
Clotted and stiff, like one swaith'd up in haste
After a bloody death.

Or. O horrible!

Cath. He started from his bed and gaz'd upon it.

Or. And did he speak to it?

Cath. He could not speak.
It's visage was uncover'd, and at first
Seem'd fix'd and shrunk, like one in coffin'd sleep:
But, as he gaz'd, there came, he wist not how,
Into its beamless eyes, a horrid glare,
And turning towards him, for it did move,——
Why dost thou grasp me thus?

Or. Go on, go on!

Cath. Nay, heaven forfend! Thy shrunk and sharpen'd features
Are of the corse's colour, and thine eyes
Are full of tears. How's this?

Or. I know not how.
A horrid sympathy jarr'd on my heart,
And forced into mine eyes these icy tears."

The horrid impressions that have bewildered Orra's imagina-

tion, and bereaved her of her senses, are represented with inimitable force; it is thus the meeting with her friends, after the night of horror is over, as she approaches from the cavern, in a wild distracted state, is described.

"Or. Come back, come back! The fierce and fiery light!
Theo. Shrink not, dear love! It is the light of day.
Or. Have cocks crow'd yet?
Theo. Yes: twice I've heard already
Their matin sound. Look up to the blue sky;
Is it not day-light there? And these green boughs
Are fresh and fragrant round thee: every sense
Tells thee it is the cheerful early day.
Or. Ay so it is; day takes his daily turn,
Rising between the gulfy dells of night
Like whiten'd billows on a gloomy sea.
Till glow-worms gleam, and stars peep through the dark,
And will-o'-the-wisp his dancing taper light,
They will not come again. [*Bending her ear to the ground.*
Hark, hark! Ay hark:
They are all there: I hear their hollow sound
Full many a fathom down.
Theo. Be still, poor troubled soul! they'll ne'er return;
They are for ever gone. Be well assured
Thou shalt from henceforth have a cheerful home
With crackling faggots on thy midnight fire,
Blazing like day around thee; and thy friends—
Thy living, loving friends still by thy side,
To speak to thee and cheer thee—See, my Orra!
They are beside thee now; dost thou not know them?
(*Pointing to* Eleonora *and* Alice.)
Or. (*gazing at them with her hand held up to shade her eyes.*)
No, no! athwart the wav'ring garish light,
Things move and seem to be, and yet are nothing.
El. (*going near her*) My gentle Orra! hast thou then forgot me?
Dost thou not know my voice?
Or. 'Tis like an old tune to my ear return'd.
For there be those, who sit in cheerful halls
And breathe sweet air, and speak with pleasant sounds;
And once I liv'd with such; some years gone by;
I wot not now how long."

If our space would allow us, we could devote many more pages, with great pleasure, to the consideration of these fine specimens,

of original genius. We are obliged, however, by the press of matter, to bring this article to a conclusion. Our readers will perceive that we have taken no notice of the comedies. But we cannot let it be supposed that it is only want of room which has occasioned us to omit them. After the delight we have received from the poetical beauties of Miss Baillie's tragedies, we feel it a sort of ingratitude to dwell at any length upon her failures. But critical justice imposes upon us the obligation of saying that we have received but little pleasure from her comic muse. We are, indeed, of opinion that comedy was not a proper vehicle for her purpose. The passions, in their intensities, produce too dangerous a commotion, to correspond with the gayety of the comic plan and purpose. They may be vulgar, brutal, loathsome, and distorted; but their effects are too injurious to be the sport of mirth, or the source of pleasurable emotions.

In a mixed and qualified state, these disturbers of the soul's rest may be exhibited with good effect in the comic scene; but such comedies would be no proper parallels to Miss Baillie's tragedies, or consistent with her avowed purpose; viz. to pursue the career of the passion, from its simple elementary beginnings, through the several stages of its increase; from the spark that first sets the bosom on fire, to the conflagration that desolates the scene of its fury.

Transient bursts of passion, when their effects are restrained and prevented, are not inconsistent with the spirit of comedy: they stimulate the action, and afford opportunities for instructive displays of sentiment and character, without detaining the mind too long under the impression of painful emotions: but where a single passion is to be kept always in the view, and to be carried through its naturally tumultuous career, it must destroy, or be destroyed by, that varied exhibition of character and manners, and that vivacity of dialogue, which are the proper constituents of comedy. We can with great propriety, however, recommend the reader to peruse the admirable remarks of Miss Baillie, in her introduction, on the general nature, and the present state, of the comic drama. One of these remarks is really so just and important, that we cannot pass it by:

"In busy or circumstantial comedy, all those ingenious contrivances of lovers, guardians, governantes, and chamber-maids; that bush-fighting amongst closets, screens, chests, easy-chairs, and toilet-tables, form a gay varied game of dexterity and invention: which, to those who have played at hide and seek, who have crouched down, with beating heart, in a dark corner, whilst the enemy groped near the spot; who have joined their busy schoolmates in many a deep-laid plan to deceive, perplex, and torment the unhappy mortals deputed to have the charge of them, cannot be seen with indifference. Like an old hunter, who pricks up his ears at the sound of the chase, and starts away from the path of his journey, so, leaving all wisdom and criticism behind us, we follow the varied changes of the plot, and stop not for reflection. The studious man who wants a cessation from thought, the indolent man who dislikes it, and all those who, from habit or circumstances, live in a state of divorce from their own minds, are pleased with an amusement in which they have nothing to do but to open their eyes and behold. The moral tendency of it, however, is very faulty. That mockery of age and domestic authority, so constantly held forth, has a very bad effect upon the younger part of an audience; and that continual lying and deceit in the first characters of the piece, which is necessary for conducting the plot, has a most pernicious one."

We cannot shut up these volumes, from which we have received so much instruction and delight, without lamenting that their pages should so frequently be stained with oaths and exclamations very useless as adjuncts of the glowing passages to which they are annexed, and very shocking to minds in which a just reverence for the awful name of the Creator prevails.

We can assure Miss Baillie that this remark is not dictated by puritanism or affectation. If we did not highly value her works, and respect her character, nay, if she had not made a solemn and interesting declaration of her religious impressions, we should not have stopped to make this remonstrance. We have no doubt that the instances have arisen from the impetuosity of her feelings in the ardour of composition. We refer her to vol. i. pp. 391, 407. Vol. ii, p. 86. But many other instances occur.

There are a great many passages in the comedies, on the vulgarity of which we should have strongly commented, if we had more time and room. We must be content with making a general appeal from Miss Baillie to Miss Baillie;—from her partial and occasional improprieties, to the clear and correct standard of her general taste.

ART. X.—*Calthorpe; or Fallen Fortunes. A Novel.* By the author of The Mystery; or Forty Years Ago. 3 vols. London, 1821.

Mr. Calthorpe is a very insignificant personage in this fiction, and therefore we do not perceive any valid reason for placing his name in the title page. Henry Burleigh is the real hero. His father is represented as an eminent barrister who was blessed with an excellent wife and two children. He was one of those prudent parents, who temper reproof with reasoning, and who do not think it absolutely necessary to throw their children at such a distance as to forbid familiarity and confidence and thus gradually extinguish affection. So far from being the foe of the pleasures of his children, he was occasionally the partner of their sports, and he therefore found in his son, not an irreclaimable rebel against his authority, but an ardent friend ready to obey his commands, and anxious to anticipate his wishes. The happiness of this amiable family is interrupted by a tragical event. Mr. Burleigh is found murdered, and, as it appears, by his own hand. His property becomes forfeited to the crown. A short time before this occurrence, Henry had paid a visit to Mr. Hanson, a wealthy merchant in London, a friend of his father's. This gentleman had treated him with the utmost attention while he thought he would be an eligible match for his daughter, but on the reverse in Henry's fortunes, he languished under

Hard unkindness' altered eye.

After suffering much in common with Pierrepoint, a fellow clerk, from the upstart arrogance of this vulgar family, he is finally driven from their doors, and afterwards arrested on a charge of having robbed his benefactor, which accusation had been invented for the purpose of ruining his character. Released from confinement at the expense of all his money, he applies to a noble kinsman for as-

sistance, which is promised only on conditions altogether incompatible with an honourable character. He struggles through many difficulties and at length obtains the promise of an important situation in a banking-house at Hamburgh. He proceeded to Harwich, where he embarked and was borne before a favouring breeze from the shores of England. While all his fellow passengers were amusing themselves, Henry's attention was attracted by the martial air and noble deportment of one who sat apart in solemn silence. He was far advanced in years, but his hair, though somewhat thinned by age, had sustained little or no change in colour, and its dark hue gave additional expression to his bold and commanding features. In the midst of his melancholy musings, a sudden heave of the ship caused him to drop a picture on which he had been gazing with an air of bitter sorrow. It was picked up by Henry, who recognised a portrait of his own mother, which had been highly prized by his deceased father. He supposed it had been purchased at the sale of his father's property, but the extraordinary attention which it had received from the stranger remained inexplicable.

On his arrival at Hamburgh, he finds that the house of the merchant, by whom he was to be employed, had been consumed by fire the evening before, and that the owner was bereft of his senses. He had won somewhat upon the feelings of his fellow traveller, a Mr. Brinkman, who, on their arrival at this city introduced him to his daughter. As this is the lady who is intended to be the helpmate of our hero, she is plentifully adorned with flowing ringlets, and all the charms and graces, with which painters have delighted to invest celestial beings. To look on the fair Louisa, and to listen to her voice, was an employment in which Henry could spend the day very delightfully. His curiosity had not yet been satisfied respecting the incident of the portrait. Every hint on the subject had invariably produced some abrupt reply, which was followed by sad and silent abstraction. Brinkman invites him to accompany them to Berlin, under a promise that he will employ him on a very important mission to England, if, on a further acquaintance, he is convinced of his firmness and address. On the journey Louisa fell asleep and reclined against Henry, who fell in love most desperately "while his arm was half passed round

her taper waist," and with "a gentle tremulous pressure of his hand," he "counteracted the rude impulse" of the wagon-posts. At Berlin, where they arrived just before the dreadful battle which decided the fate of Germany, he knocked down a rugged Russian officer, who insisted on walking by the side of Louisa; this rencontre satisfies Brinkman that he is precisely the man he wanted. He gives him not only his confidence, but his daughter.

Brinkman had been attached to Henry's mother. He flattered himself with visions of success when a base report was raised. His suit was rejected, and Arabella became the wife of Mr. Burleigh, to whom Brinkman, though without cause, attributed his disappointment. Many years afterwards Brinkman became a party to a suit on which all his fortune depended. Here again the better genius of Burleigh, who was of counsel on the opposite side, prevailed. "His malice," said Brinkman, in relating his sorrowful tale, "burst forth in a flood of eloquence, which, as he had before blasted my prospect of bliss, now gave to the winds my last chance of comfort."

Henry convinces his friend that he was mistaken on each of these occasions. Burleigh had been an honourable rival, and in the lawsuit, he was ignorant that Brinkman was interested until the decision had made him a beggar, and then he sent him privately a large donation. The unfortunate man was so much affected by this explanation, for reasons which will be seen presently, that he could not proceed. On the following day he received a wound, from one of those legions of robbers whom Bonaparte dragged over Europe. Supposing it to be mortal he sends for Henry to unfold what it much imported him to know.

"Before the last throb arrives, I would fain gasp a confession of my guilt."

"Of guilt!" Henry exclaimed, starting with surprise and horror.

"Of guilt.—Destiny has strangely thrown us together. When I first met you it was my object to send you to England. The task I proposed to assign to you—but I have not strength to go into details. Let me hasten to the most important point at once. Your father—your respected father—"

———"is supposed to have laid violent hands upon himself,—and—"

"Proceed, sir—O proceed!"

"The sentence pronounced by law against those who commit suicide, has been carried into effect against him and his family.—He was no suicide."

"How!"

"He was murdered."

Henry shrunk from the appaling sound. He had before suspected, but was notwithstanding unprepared for this frightful confirmation. Brinkman, overpowered by the effort which he had made, lay silent and almost lifeless for several minutes.

"He was murdered," he repeated.

"And the assassin?" Henry wildly inquired, and feared to add another word, lest the time consumed by uttering it should occupy the last moment in which Brinkman could reply.

"I was there," he added; and the words that followed were inarticulate.

"Name the assassin."

"I—I—" Brinkman replied, and attempted to say more, but death seemed at that moment impatient for his victim, who sunk back in a state of insensibility. Henry could restrain himself no longer, but rushed from the chamber.

"My dear father!—how is my dear, kind unhappy father?" cried Louisa arresting his steps as he passed rapidly across the adjoining room.

"Your father!" exclaimed Henry; "the monster is hastening to that—But what am I saying.—It is not into that ear that I should pour such sounds."

"Nor into any other. O Henry, what means this altered deportment? Is he dead?"

"I know not.—But his victim is," he added bursting into tears, as the recollection of his father's fate came over his mind.—"Farewell, Louisa! —I must see you no more."

"What! can you leave us now!"

"Angelic being!—Why is it decreed! Why must I—must I—But the horrible crime was none of thine. O no! had but thy image been present to his mind, that angel face had turned the dagger's point aside—my father still had lived—I had not been the destitute exile I am, nor thou———"

"What! what!—for Heaven's sake what!"

"The daughter of a murderer!

The words thus extorted from the agonised Henry, fell sadly on the startled ear of the trembling being before him. She heaved no sigh—she uttered no exclamation of pain, of surprise, of incre-

dulity, or of horror. But the fatal sounds seemed to destroy in the moment they reached her; and thought, sensation, and life itself receded before them. The tender, fond, and accomplished daughter of Brinkman, sunk before the awful intimation which it was her affliction to receive from the lips of her lover. Annihilated by that voice which had till then been her music, without a groan she fell prostrate at the feet of Henry, before, in the horrible confusion of that moment, he was conscious of the effect of what he had said; and her peaceful spirit was to all appearance removed forever from all anxiety, from all consciousness of danger, and all sense of pain.

Henry was placed in an awkward situation by this disclosure. Horror at the confession of Brinkman would have driven him instantly from his abode, but how could he quit Louisa? The city was crowded with armed troops. Universal distress and indescribable confusion reigned throughout the streets. Her father had nearly perished by an act of unprovoked violence, and what should screen the lovely and innocent sufferer from more atrocious violence? He could not but recollect that the wretched man had succoured him in his distress, that in his most forlorn estate he had given his daughter to him, and that on one occasion he had saved his life. He felt that it would be an imputation upon his character to leave them in his distressed condition surrounded by a foreign soldiery. He determined to remain at least until he could place them in safety, and then leave the assassin to the vengeance of Heaven.

This was happily accomplished, after passing through the most frightful perils, but they were all compensated in the mind of Henry, by the explanation which he subsequently received from Brinkman, when he was removed from the seat of war, and somewhat recovered from his wounds. With the mysterious donation which he received from Burleigh, this wretched man hastened to the gaming table, and in the depths of dissipation endeavoured to drown all recollection of his love and his lawsuit. After a few weeks of fearful vicissitudes, alternately raving in frantic agony, or revelling in degrading ecstasy, he was tempted to hazard all on a single cast—and that cast was against him. Wild with despair, and racked by the remembrance of what he was and what he might

have been, he was in a fit mood for any danger however desperate, or any crime, however diabolical. At this moment he was encountered by sir James Delville, a companion in his revels and a partner in his loss. Publicly sir James sustained the character of an honourable man, and he had been saved from utter ruin in fortune and character by the judicious advice and salutary influence of his friend Burleigh. He had made proposals for the daughter of the advocate, whose polite refusal to exert any parental authority had been attributed by him to a recollection of his former delinquencies, and had inflamed his mind with the most deadly resentment. Burleigh also held his bond for 40,000 pounds as a security for pecuniary obligations, and his cupidity whetted his rage. By the offer of dividing the value of this bond between them, he persuaded Brinkman, who had also his own causes of grievance, to accompany him to the house of Burleigh. In the dead of the night they entered his chamber. Brinkman, guided by his associate, soon secured the bond and fled, but sir James remained to perpetrate a darker deed. He struck the sleeper to the heart, and left a paper on the table which had been previously prepared, and in which the deceased was represented as acknowledging an intention to terminate his own existence. Brinkman sickened with horror when his comrade afterwards confessed the extent of his deliberate villainy. "Take," said he, "the source and produce of your crime,—take the bond, and let us part for ever." He gave him the supposed instrument. They were on the brink of the Dover cliffs at this moment, and Sir James suddenly pushed him over. Brinkman was miraculously preserved, but in his fall, he caught hold of a collector of samphire who was killed. The death of a man at this spot being afterwards reported, sir James, supposing that his comrade was the person intended, felt himself secure, and soon put into execution a well contrived scheme, by which the sister of Henry was torn from her wretched mother and secured in an old castle belonging to him. He had made a similiar attempt in disguise, on a former occasion, before the death of Burleigh, which had been frustrated by the accidental interference of Pierrepoint, who was then unknown to all the parties, and who refused to declare his name. Pierrepoint was then the associate of Henry in the counting house of Mr. Hanson, and excited no little displeasure in that

family by refusing to unite in the praises which they lavished upon the gallant deliverer of Miss Burleigh.

The discharge of Henry occurred when Pierrepoint was absent from home. On his return he defended the character of his friend so strenuously, and reprobated so strongly the conduct of Mr. Hanson, that he also was dismissed. In the course of his wanderings, he falls in company with some strolling players whom he joins. Here he is recognised by a person whom he describes as a "cunning, low, profligate old fellow, whom I suspect to have committed the sin of bringing me into existence," who, at times, left him destitute, and at others, supplied his wants with a lavish hand. This is Calthorpe, who, in a manner which seems very unaccountable to Pierrepoint, places him with Sir James in the capacity of a private secretary. The dominion which Calthorpe exercises over the baronet, excites his surprise, but he can obtain no explanation of the cause of his power.

As we have ascertained the reason of this secret influence, and as we fear that our abridgment is growing too long, we shall inform the reader, that Pierrepoint is the real Sir James, who had been placed with the wife of Calthorpe to nurse, and these provident parents had taken the opportunity to convert their own offspring into a baronet, and the young peer into the son of a beggar. Pierrepoint ascertains that Harriet is confined in the ruined tower and rescues her at the very crisis of her fate;—not without a personal encounter with his lordship, who is handled rather roughly. While he is flying from the vengeance of the disappointed peer, he fortunately recovers an iron box which had been confided to him by Calthorpe, before his death, in which he finds the testimonies of his birth.

Henry is now brought back to England, with the bond of Sir James, and proof of the circumstances which followed the robbery. The rest of the tale must be easily guessed by all who are familiar with this species of literature. The false Sir James is hanged, the true regains his rights; Brinkman dies penitent; the young people marry, and, according to custom, live very happily the remainder of their days.

There are various under-plots and scenes which divert the reader's attention and help to swell the volumes to the necessary size.

The practical jokes of the strolling player are any thing but wit, and the conversations at Mr. Hanson's are too low for the family of a man who is represented as the friend of the most eloquent and learned barrister at the English bar. The manner of the murder is improbable, but we suppose it will pass with novel readers, to whom this tale may be recommended as an ingenious fiction, related in an agreeable manner.

Those who are curious to contemplate the subject of "fallen fortunes," may find ample food for meditation in the condition of some parts of these once flourishing states. The ill-gotten gains from privateering, bank speculations and bank plundering, have been dissipated; and gaunt poverty now stares in the face of those who lately rioted in visions of opulence.

We do not know that the rise and fall of families has ever been illustrated in a more striking manner than in the following passage, which we extract from a speech, recently delivered in the Massachusetts Convention, by Judge Story. In the whole compass of American poetry, there is nothing, we will venture to say, more poetical than the figure in which the dispersion of wealth is compared to the wasting of the waves on the sea shore.

"In our country, the highest man is not *above* the people; the humblest is not *below* the people. If the rich may be said to have additional protection, they have not additional power. Nor does wealth here form a permanent distinction of families. Those who are wealthy to-day pass to the tomb, and their children divide their estate. Property thus is divided quite as fast as it accumulates. No family, without its own exertions, can stand erect for a long time under our statute of descents and distributions, the only true and legitimate agrarian law. It silently and quietly dissolves the mass heaped up by the toil and deligence of a long life of enterprise and industry. *Property is continually changing like the waves of the sea. One wave rises and is soon swallowed up in the vast abyss and seen no more. Another rises, and having reached its destined limits, falls gently away, and is succeeded by yet another, which in its turn, breaks and dies away silently on the shore.*

ART. XI.—*On the Philological Discoveries of the Abbe Angelo Majo.*

A recent number of The *Annals of Literature*, (Fahrbucher des Literatur,) published at Vienna, one of the best, and in some respects, the most elaborate of the German journals, contains an account of the philological discoveries of the learned abbe Majo of Milan, and of the editions which he has published. As we have occasionally mentioned this illustrious scholar in our journal, we think those of our readers who are fond of classical pursuits, will be gratified by the perusal of an abridgment of the article which we have just mentioned.

It was in the Ambrosian library at Milan that the philologist made his first discoveries. This library and the Ambrosian college were founded two centuries ago by Frederic Borromee, cardinal and archbishop of Milan. The institutions received the name of Saint Ambrose, the patron of the city. Nothing was spared in enriching the library, which contains, besides fifteen thousand MSS. of great antiquity, about 60,000 printed books. The former part of this treasure was considerably augmented by the MSS. of the convent of Bobbio, founded in the Appenines, in 612, by Saint Columban, and governed in the tenth century, by the celebrated Gerbert. The treasures of this library, attracted the attention of the founder of the Ambrosian, and accordingly whatever was deemed most precious gradually passed from one to the other. It was in the latter that Mr. Majo occupied the place of secretary for the oriental languages, and subsequently he was ranked among the sixteen doctors. He was afterwards removed to the Vatican, where he found leisure to pursue his favourite studies. He is a member of the academy of Munich, of the Institute of the Netherlands, and of the academy of Inscriptions and Belles Lettres at Paris.

I. The first fruits of his philological labours was entitled "Isocratis oratio de permutatione, cujus pars ingens primum græce edita ab Andrea Mustoxyde, nunc primum latine exhibetur ab anonymo interprete, qui et notas et appendices adjunxit." Mediolani, typis Jo. Pirotæ, 1813. 8vo. pp. 148.

Andrew Mustoxidi (Μουστοξυδης) a native of the Ionian Isles, but educated in Italy, had discovered, in the Laurentian library at

Florence, a manuscript containing the discourse of Isocrates περὶ ἀντιδόσεως in a more complete state than it had ever before been seen. This discovery stimulated Mustodoxi to further researches, and in the Ambrosian collection he found another copy of the same discourse in a not less finished state. Thus convinced that this addition to the remains of the celebrated Athenian orator was geniune, he published it at Milan, in the original language. Of this treatise the Abbe, anonymously, gave a complete translation, adopting, for the part already known, that of Augerius, in preference to that of Wolfius. The Appendices contain the letters of Isocrates, an explanation of an obscure passage in another discourse, and some remarks on the manuscript in the Ambrosian library, which was executed by Michel Sophianos, and was cited by P. Veltori, more than two centuries ago, as containing a considerable fragment still unknown. This fragment has been found, since, in two other manuscripts in the library of the Vatican.

II. "M. Tullii Ciceronis trium orationum, pro Scauro, pro Tullio, pro Flacco, partes ineditæ, cum antiquo scoliastæ item inedito ad orationem pro Scauro. Invenit recensuit notis illustravit Angelis Maius bibliothecæ Ambrosianæ a linguis orientalibus." Mediolani, typis Jo. Pirotæ. 1814. 8vo. pp. 51.

Excited by this success, the abbe determined to continue his labours, and he soon fell upon a MS. in the convent of Bobbio, containing the productions of Sedulius, a christian poet. But the parchment had previously been used for other writings, of which one part had been nearly effaced and the other scratched. This is often the case with regard to ancient MSS. which are therefore called rescripti, palimsesti, (παλιμψήστοι.) Examining it with attention, he discovered in the previous writing, some of the lost orations of Cicero. "O Deus immortalis," exclaims the abbe, with the enthusiasm which characterises his country, "O Deus immortalis, quid demum video! en Ciceronem, en lumen romanæ facundiæ indignissimis tenebris circumsceptum! Agnosco deperditas Tullii orationes, sentio ejus eloquentiam divina quadam vi fluere, &c."

The MS. actually folded in the octavo size, had been originally a quarto, and the oration of Cicero was written in three columns. The editor concludes from the writing, that the text of Cicero may be referred to the second or third century, and in the eighth he

places that of Sedulius. The Scholia are by him attributed to Asconius Pedianus, of Padua, an excellent commentator who had personally known his countrymen Livy and Virgil.

III. "M. Tullii Ciceronis trium orationum, in Clodium et Curionem, de ære alieno Milonis, de rege Alexandrino, fragmenta inedita; item ad tres prædictas orationes, et ad alias Tullianas quatuor editas, commentarius antiquus ineditus, qui videtur Asconii Pediani, scolia insuper antiqua et inedita, quæ videntur excerpta commentario deperdito ejusdem Asconii Pediani ad alias rursus quatuor Ciceronis editas orationes. Omnia ex antiquissimis MSS. cum criticis notis edebat Angelus Maius," &c. Mediolani, typis Jo. Pirotæ. 1814. 8vo. pp. 179.

The abbe continued his researches with increased ardour; *et votis Fortuna respondit.* A beautiful parchment MS. offered itself at the convent of Bobbio, which contained a Latin translation of the acts of the council of Calcedonia. But this MS. was also a *palimseste*, in which some fragments of Cicero could be discerned. A few months sufficed for decyphering and transcribing all these fragments, but it required much more time to put them in order, for the *absurdissimus codicis corruptor*, perfectly indifferent about Cicero, in sewing together the leaves, in order to record the acts of the council, had entirely confounded them. Notwithstanding this difficulty, Mr. Majo has succeeded in disentangling these fragments.

IV. "M. Cornelii Frontonis opera inedita, cum epistolis item ineditis Antonii Pii, M. Aurelii, L. Veri, et Appiani, necnon aliorum veterum fragmentis. Invenit et commentario prævio, notisque illustravit A. Maius," &c. Mediolani, regiis typis. 1815. 2 vol. 8vo. pp. 678.

With this fourth work, his editions become more beautiful. Every thing that comes from the presses of the royal office, is embellished with engravings, and offers to the eye the most delightful specimens of typographical skill.

In the present instance, he again encountered a palimseste, originally from the Bobbian library. Fronton, the author, was a native of Cirta, in Africa, and preceptor of Marcus Aurelius. The letters which are included in this work are addressed to Antoninus the pious, to Marcus Aurelius the philosopher, to his spouse, the beautiful empress Faustina, to his colleague L. Verus, to Ap-

pian the historian, and to other illustrious personages who were esteemed by the author. The interest which they excite is the more lively, because scarcely any vestiges remain of the history of those times.

V. "Q. Aurelii Summachi V. C. octo orationum ineditarum partes. Invenit notisque declaravit A. Maius, Mediolani, regiis typis," 1815, 8vo. pp. 84.

About the conclusion of the fourth century, Symmachus was the most illustrious pagan senator in ancient Rome, under the christian emperors.* The fathers of the church, Ambrose, Augustine, Jerome, Gregory, Chrysostom, &c. were his cotemporaries. Every thing which follows this era in the Roman history is important to us. The imperial throne was transferred to Constantinople, the majority of the people and the soldiers having abandoned their Penates, and the patricians had began to follow their example. The additions which are announced in this title, consist of variations in the panegyric of Pliny, which are found in the same manuscript.

VI. "M. Accii Plauti Fragmenta inedita, item ad P. Terentium commentationes et picturæ ineditæ Inventore A. Maio, bibliothecæ Ambrosianæ a L. L." Or. Mediolani, regiis, typis. 8vo. pp. 67.

Another palimseste. It contains a part of the Latin translation of the Old Testament, apparently of the seventh century. It is written on a manuscript of sixteen comedies of Plautus already known, and a fragment of two sheets of a lost piece entitled Vidularia. Mr. Majo published this discovery by degrees with some other fragments and variations; but, it is to be hoped that he may be able, with the aid of this MS. to give a complete edition of Plautus.

VII. "Ισαιου λογος περι του Κλεωνυμου κλησου—Isæi oratio de hæreditate Cleonymi, nunc primum dupla auctior, inventore et interprete A. Maio." Mediolani, regiis typis; 1815. 8vo. pp. 67.

Isæus, one of the ten Athenian orators, was the disciple of Isocrates, and the preceptor of Demosthenes. One of his orations *de Menecles hæreditate*, was published about thirty years ago in En-

* This writer, a zealous supporter of Paganism, was banished by Theodosius. Ed. P. F.

gland. Mr. Majo has likewise found it in the Ambrosian library, but he has published only the best variations. The oration *de Cleonymi hæreditate* is half as large again as that which we had before. According to the catalogue of Bandini, M. Majo presumes that the MS. of this oration, which was found at Florence, and the MS. No. 2989, in the library of Paris, should be equally complete. Is it not unpardonable, that in the three centuries and a half which have passed since the invention of printing, the editors of the ancients should not have availed themselves of all the treasures which are contained in these collections, in order to perfect these imperishable models of thought and taste? Mr. Majo in making this observation recommends to his countrymen the study of the Greek authors, and the judicious critic of Vienna, remarks, that, if it be true that the protestant schools in Germany, Holland and England, are superior to those of the Catholics, it is to be attributed to the fact that the latter attach too much importance to philological pursuits.

VIII. "Θεμιστιου φιλοσοφου λογος προς τους αιτιασαμενους επι τω δεξασθαι την αρχην.—Themistii philosophi oratio in eos a quibus ab perfecturam susceptam fuerat viteperatus. Inventore et interprete A. Maio." Mediolani, regiis typis. 1816. 8vo. pp. 75.

Themistius was the cotemporary of Symmachus, whom we have just mentioned, and, like him, he was a pagan. The father of the church, Gregory Nazianzen, was his fellow pupil, correspondent, and admirer. He enjoyed the esteem of the christian emperors, under whom he held places, and who were not offended when a pagan recommended toleration to them.* In the ninth century there were thirty-six of his orations extant, of which only three have been lost. Mr. Majo has found one of them, which is here communicated to the learned world with an unedited preface to the twentieth oration, and some fragments which fill up two chasms in the twenty-ninth and thirty-third.

IX. "Διονυσου Αλικαρνασσεως Ρωμαικης Αρχαιολογιας τα μεχρι του δι ελλειποντα. Dionysii Halicarnassei Romanorum antiquitatum pars hactenus desiderata, nunc denique ope codicum Ambrosianorum ab A. Maio, quantum licuit, restituta. Opus Francisco 1. Augusto sacrum." Mediolani, regiis typis; 1816, pp. 219.

* He was appointed perfect of Constantinople by Theodosius. Ed. P. F.

Dionysius Halicarnassus lived in the time of Augustus. He es tablished himself in the capital, in order that his talents might en joy a more extensive field of action. Like Polybius he endeavoured to persude the Romans that they were indebted to their institutions for their dominion over the world. Under the title of *Roman Antiquities*, he traced their history, from the foundation of the city. Of this work, in twenty books, we have only the first eleven. Some fragments of the others are in the extracts of the emperor Constantine, *de Virtutibus et Vitiis, &c.* But Henry de Byzance, who wrote in the fifteenth century, mentions an abridgment of this work; and in the ninth century, Photius had read five books of it. These indices induced Mr. Majo to search in the Ambrosian library for this abridgment. He found two copies of it, of the 14th and 15th centuries, both written on paper, badly preserved and filled with chasms. In the present publication we have in nine books, the part which commences where the grand work concludes. The extracts of Constantine are interpolated. In this manner we possess all the books of Dionysius, although in a very defective state.

X. "*φίλωνος τοῦ Ἰουδαίου περὶ ἀρετῆς, καὶ τῶν ταύτης μορίων*—— Philonis Judæi de virtute ejusque partibus. Invenit et interpretatus est A. Maius; preponitur dissertatio cum descriptione librorum aliquot incognitorum Philonis, cumque partibus nonnullis chronici mediti Eusebii Pamphili, et aliorum operum notitia e codicibus armeniacis petitis." Mediolani, regiis typis, 1816. 8vo. pp. 108.

It has been found more recently, that in the title of the MS., the work entitled *περὶ ἀρετῆς*, was falsely attributed to Philo, and that the same work had already been published, from another MS. as the production of George Genristus. The Armenian MSS. mentioned in the title, deserve a particular notice.

At Venice, there exists a congregation of Armenian ecclesiastics, who, under the protection of the laws of the country, endeavour to promote the intellectual progress of their nation, by printing useful books, and giving a careful education to those who are designed for the church. Mr. Majo knew that these ecclesiastics were in possession of several of the inedited works of Philo, translated into their tongue; and, not being then undeceived in regard

to the work περὶ ἀρετῆς, he addressed himself to them. One of these learned Armenians, John Zohrab, paid a visit to Milan, carrying with him all his philological treasures. In this manner Mr. Majo discovered several inedited works of Philo, but not that which he sought. He found also a translation of the chronicle of Eusebius, and other Greek works which we know only in the original. The translations are dated, generally, in the 15th century, particularly in the reign of Theodosius, and when Armenia, under the sway of the patriarch Isaac and his worthy supporter, Mesrob, the inventor of the Armenian characters, looked forward to a prospect of gradual civilization. Literary men had been sent to Athens, Alexandria and Constantinople, to extend the bounds of their knowledge and it is from their translations that the present one has been executed. About the same time, the Armenian author, Moses of Chorena, wrote, in his maternal tongue, the works, which were published in England in the year 1736 by the two Whistons. Zohrab is about to print a more complete edition of them, from an Armenian MS. which he discovered in 1791, at Lemberg, where his archbishop resides. He obtained permission to take this MS. to Venice, in order to transcribe it at his leisure. Every hiatus which he found has been supplied from another copy at Constantinople, which bears date in 1258, whereas that of Lemberg is of 1296. The translation itself appears to have been made in the 15th century, and perhaps it may not erroneously be attributed to the celebrated Moses of Chorena. It brings us acquainted with thirteen of the works of Philo. Of eight of these, the Greek originals have been lost. We know that Philo was a Jew, and that he lived in the first century at Alexandria. His works are highly prized by theologians. As to the chronicle of Eusebius, we shall speak of that presently.

XI. "Πορφυρίου φιλοσόφου πρὸς Μαρκελλαν.—Porphyrii philosophi ad Marcellam. Invenit, interpretatione notisque declaravit A. Maius. Accedit ejusdem Porphyrii poeticum fragmentum." Mediolani, regiis typis. 1816. 8vo. pp. 76.

Porphyry, the Platonic philosopher, a native of Syria, was the disciple of Origen, a christian, and of Longinus and Plotinus, pagans. We know that the emperor Constantine caused his book against the scriptures to be publicly burnt The present fragment

of a treatise or discourse which Porphyry addressed to his wife Marcella, was found in one of the MSS., which supplied the editor with the fragments of Dionysius Halicarnassus. The fragment of poetry which is added, is from the tenth book of a poem on the philosophy of oracles by the same author.

XII. "Σιβυλλης λογοι ιδ'—Sybyllæ libri XIV, editore et interprete A. Maio. Additur sextus liber et pars octavi, cum multa vocum et versuum varietate." Mediolani, regiis typis, 1817. 8vo. pp. 54.

In the preface to this work the editor describes in a few words all the researches that have been made on the subject of Sybils. According to Servius the grammarian, the Sybilline oracles, amounting to 2000 were burnt by order of Augustus, when he was grand pontiff. One hundred of these oracles have been preserved, and we have eight of them in print. Mr. Majo has added here to fourteen an elegant Latin translation, in the same measure. The MS. upon which this book was transcribed contained also all the sixth book, and that part of the eighth which contains the acrostics upon our Saviour. And as the text of the MS. differs widely from the printed text, the original is given without any version.

XIII. "Itinerarium Alexandri, ad Constantinum Augustum, Constantini M. Filium, edente nunc primum cum notis A. Maio." Mediolani, regiis typis. 1817. 8vo. pp. 100.

XIV. "Julii Valerii, res gestæ Alexandri Maconis, translatæ ex Æsopo Græco, prodeunt nunc primum edente, notisque illustrante A. Maio." Mediolani, regiis typis, 1817, 8vo. pp. 270.

These two works were found in the same MS. of the 5th century. According to the dedication of the first, the anonymous author had investigated the campaigns of Alexander and of Trajan in the east, upon the occasion of the preparations for war which were made by the emperor Constantine against the Persians. The part which treats of the campaigns of Trajan, is, apparently, lost forever. The present work contains no more than the campaign of Alexander. The pagan author appears to have been cotemporary with Symmachus and Ammianus Marcellinus, and though he often coincides with Arrian, many of his facts have an air of originality.

The other work should be very ancient, since it speaks of the temple of Serapis at Alexandria, and of the tomb of Alexander, as

being in existence. The author and translator, both pagans, were, it seems, originally of Africa, the former probably of Alexandria. This work bears a great resemblance to the work entitled "de præliis magni Alexandri Macedonis;" but the Latin of Julius Valerius is better, and it is on this account that Mr. Majo has deemed it worthy of publication.

XV. "M. Tullii Ciceronis sex orationum partes ante nostram ætatem ineditæ; cum antiquo interprete ante nostram item ætatem inedito, qui videtur Asconius Pedianus, ad Tullianas septem orationes. Accedunt scolia minora vetera. Editio altera, quam ad codices Ambrosianos recensuit, emendavit, et auxit, ac descriptione Codicum CXLIX, vita Ciceronis aliisque additamentis instruxit A. Maius." Mediolani, regiis typis, 1817, pp. 372.

This is the twelfth edition corrected and enlarged of the works already enumerated. (No. 1, and 11.) The editor having again compared the MSS. has restored more than one hundred passages, as well in the text of Cicero as in the notes. He does not believe that the chasms which remain in the text, can ever be filled up, since the examinations which he has made of forty-years MS. in the Ambrosian library have proved fruitless.

XVI. "Philonis Judæi de cophini festo, et de colendis parentibus cum brevi scripto de Jona. Editore ac interprete A. Maio." Mediolani, regiis typis, 1818, 8vo. pp. 56.

While on an excursion to Florence, Mr. Majo compared a MS. of Philo, of the 12th century, which he found in the library of the Medici family, with the edition published in England by Manjey. Although this edition of the works of the Jewish philosopher is more complete, it does not include two works which are found in the MS., the one *de colendis parentibus*, which is part of his great commentary on the Decalogue, the other *de cophino festo*, (an offering of the first fruits of the earth) of which no mention is made in the treatise *de festis Hebræorum*. Mr. Majo has given to the public these two inedited works, according to his custom, in the original Greek, accompanied with a Latin version and critical notes. At the end he adds a fragment of an Armenian MS. of Philo, translated into Latin by Zorab.

XVII. "Virgilii Maronis interpretes veteres: Asper, Cornutus, Haterianus, Longus, Nisus, Probus, Scaurus, Sulpicius et anony-

mus. Edente notisque illustrante A. Maio." Mediolani, regiis typis. 1818. 8vo. pp. 124.

Our indefatigable editor made this discovery at Verona in a *palimseste* of the 9th century, in which had been inscribed the works of Gregory the Great, upon a Virgil with Scholias of the 14th century. He has given us none but the new Scholias, with the addition of literary notices, critical notes, &c.

XVIII. "Eusebii Pamphili chronicorum canonum libri duo. Opus ex Haicano codice a doctore Johanne Zohrabo, collegii armeniaci Venetiarum alumno, diligenter expressum et castigatum Angelus Maius et Joh. Zohrabus nunc primum conjunctis curis Latinitate donatum notisque illustratum, additis græcis reliquiis, ediderant." Mediolani, regiis typis. 1818 (liber prior,) 4to. pp. 218.

XIX. Eusebii chronicorum canonum liber Alter, &c.

In speaking of the work of Philo, (No. x.) we have already given some information respecting the Armenian ecclesiastics at Venice, the valuable MSS. which they possess, and the intimate connection which that public work produced between the learned men, Majo and Zohrab. It is to this happy circumstance that the literary world is indebted for the publication of this chronicle, so important to the public in general, but particularly to the student of ecclesiastical history. Eusebius was the favourite of the first christian emperor, and he was so much attached to science, that he obtained, as the highest favour, a free access to the public archives of the empire. The celebrated chronicle of this learned archbishop, which was the result of immense labour is in two books, of which the first has been lost, and of the second we have but an imperfect knowledge, through the means of an interpolated translation by Saint Jerome and by some fragments of the original Greek, which have been preserved in the chronicle of Syncellus of Byzantium. It was it 1792, that an Armenian named Georgio di Giovanni, discovered this lost treasure, at Constantinople, in a manuscript of the 11th or 12th century, in the Armenian tongue. Zohrab, apprized of his good fortune, immediately applied for a copy. The seal of the MS. bore the name of the patriarch Gregory: Gregorius catholicus Armeniorum. In Armenia we know that there were many patriarchs of that name. The publication of this discovery, had to encounter many difficulties, and perhaps we should long have remained in

ignorance of it, if Zohrab had not determined to apply to Majo, at Milan, with the MS. in his hand. The first volume has been published in Latin, and the second may soon be expected.

The other works which this learned scholar has published, are

XX. "Didymi Alexandrini, marmorum et lingorum quorumvis mensuræ, græce ex Ambrosiano codice cum Latina editoris interpretatione et notis."

XXI. Some fragments of Homer, with 58 cuts after an old MS. of the 5th century.

XXII. And finally the remainder of the Gothic translation of the Bible of Urfilas, of the 4th century, from a *palimseste* in the Ambrosian Library. The Gothic type for this edition were cast for the purpose.

ART. XII.—*Spain and her colonies.* From Robinson's Memoirs of the Mexican Revolution.

THE pretensions of Spain, to the dominion and rule of the vast regions of the new world, are too lofty and extravagant for the jurists of the nineteenth century. The time has gone by, when the decrees of the court of Madrid, and the bulls of a pope are to be obeyed and worshipped as infallible mandates, by sixteen millions of the human race, on the continent of America. Spain has, it is true, by a watchful jealousy; by the discouragement of learning, of commerce, and of improvement; by a persecuting hierarchy; and by the dreadful tribunal of the inquisition; bound the inhabitants of Spanish America in strong fetters. But, the voice of that spirit which echoed along the Allegany in '76, has already been heard on the table land of Mexico, is now rolling among the Andes, and will, ere long, break the chains of servitude for ever.

We are aware, that many circumstances, which gave a peculiar character to the contest of the North American colonies for independence, do not exist with regard to the South Americans. The English and Spanish colonies were planted in a manner as widely different, as the characters of Cortez and Pizarro, were from those of sir Walter Raleigh and William Penn. On the basis of equal laws, trial by jury, liberty of person, conscience, and speech, a beautiful fabric of society had been erected in the British American colonies; and the declaration of independence was the Corin-

thian capital, which decorated and finished the columns of the temple.

The revolutions in Spanish America, on the contrary, are at this moment affording a signal proof of the effect of early dispositions, implanted in nations, and perhaps, (although the opinion may not be in accordance with the sentiments of some modern philosophers) of the punishment which national crime prepares for posterity. The predictions of the benevolent and venerable Las Casas have already been fulfilled. A desolating civil war has acquired, from the oppression of a tyrannic government, and the cruel disposition which has been encouraged in the mass of the people, uncommon features of horror. The frequent refusal of quarter, the sacrifice of persons in cold blood, the proscription and destruction of whole districts, the multilations and butchery of females and children, avenge, terribly avenge the sufferings of the simple and peaceable aborigines, as well as the outrages under which the Creoles have been so long groaning.

It is a political fact, now admitted to be true in its utmost extent, that the government of Spain, over her American colonies, was worse than any other recorded in the page of history. In vain have her apologists referred us to the ponderous volumes of "*Las Leyes de las Indias,*" or to her ecclesiastical regulations, for proofs of her moderation and wisdom. We have an unerring and melancholy proof, in the past and present condition of society in those regions, of the pestilential influence of the Spanish government. It has, in every way, tended to awe, to depress, and to brutalize the people; to cut off all means of improvement; to destroy in its infancy every germe of melioration, and to deprive them of the many physical blessings which their great country afforded them.

In the vast empire of New Spain, containing nearly seven millions of people, there is but one public journal, and that newspaper is printed under the immediate control of a vigilant and jealous government. No foreign or domestic intelligence is ever inserted in this paper, but such as comports with the spirit and policy of the government. In this state of wretchedness and ignorance, has the great mass of society been kept, in Spanish America, for near three hundred years.

A great change, however, has taken place within the last ten years, and every friend of humanity must rejoice, that the emancipation of South America and Mexico, from Spanish thraldrom, is an event now no longer doubtful. It may be retarded to a period more distant, than many sanguine friends of the cause suppose; but every day unfolds new evidences, not only of the impracticability of Spain ever re-subjugating such of the colonies as are already in open revolt, but also of the very precarious tenure, on which she holds her dominion over certain sections that still acknowledge her sovereignty.

This important fact will be more clearly developed in the following narrative of Mina's expedition, and although the gallant youth and his brave companions have been sacrificed, they have perished in a noble cause. We shall demonstrate, by a plain statement of the extraordinary circumstances relating to that expedition, that had Mina landed with fifteen hundred or two thousand soldiers, instead of *two hundred and seventy*, in any part of the Mexican kingdom, he could have marched direct upon the city of Mexico, and overturned the Spanish government almost without a struggle. We are aware, that this assertion will surprise those who are uninformed of the character and feelings of the Mexican people; and we are likewise aware, that the truths we are about to develop, will be a source of mortification to the pride of the Spanish government; but, be that as it may, we pledge ourselves for the fidelity of the narration, and leave the intelligent reader to draw his own conclusions.

ART. XIII.—*Letter from William Shirley to Robert Hunter Morris, Lieutenant Governor of Pennsylvania.*

THE writer of the ensuing letter, was the son of general Shirley of New York, and was, at the time when this letter was written, aid-de-camp and military secretary to general Braddock. He fell, shortly afterwards in the action in which his general was killed.

The original of this letter, by some strange occurrence, which we cannot explain, is deposited among the early records this commonwealth, where it was "entered 3d June."

Fort Cumberland, 23d May, 1755.

DEAR MORRIS,

I wrote to you by Mr. Franklin, but cannot let Mr. Peters go without a line to you. He arrived at the camp yesterday, and I was extremely glad to see him, not only as an intimate friend of yours, but as a man of worth and sense, and one with whom every body else would wish to be upon the same terms. He has made report of his success in laying out the road. I think it myself a very great thing. You will receive proposals for an additional road to be made, of no less consequence at least (if you can prevail upon your people to be of the same opinion) by way of communication with the road now making to Fort Venango or Presqu' Isle upon lake Erie, and to Niagara.

Mr. Peters proposed an escort of soldiers to be sent to protect the people employed in this work, or at least to preserve them from the apprehensions they will naturally be under. I understand it is not to be allowed. I think it might and ought.

I don't know what description Mr. Peters will give you of our camp and the principal persons in it, but as this goes in his pocket, I will give you mine, grounded upon the observation of several months. We have a general most judiciously chosen for being disqualified for the service he is employed in, in almost every respect. He may be brave for ought I know, and he is honest in pecuniary matters. But as the king said of a neighbouring governor of yours, when proposed for the command of the American forces, about a twelvemonth ago, and recommended as a very honest man though not remarkably able—"a little more ability and a little less honesty upon the present occasion might serve our turn better." It is a joke to suppose that secondary officers can make amends for the defects of the first: the mainspring must be the mover; the others in many cases can do no more than follow and correct a little its motions. As to these I don't think we have much to boast. Some are insolent and ignorant; others capable, but rather aiming at showing their own abilities than making a proper use of them. I have a great love for my friend Orme; I think it uncommonly fortunate for our leader, that he is under the influence of so honest and capable a man. But I wish, for the sake of the public, that he had some more ex-

perience in business, particularly in America. As to myself, I came out of England, expecting that I might be taught the business of a military secretary, but I am already convinced of my mistake. I would willingly hope my time may not be quite lost to me. You will think me out of humour. I own I am so. I am greatly disgusted at seeing an expedition (as it is called) so ill concerted originally in England, and so ill appointed; so improperly conducted since in America, and so much fatigue and expense incurred for a purpose, which, if attended with success, might better have been let alone. I speak with regard to our particular share. However, so much experience have I had of the injudiciousness of public opinion, that I have no little expectation when we return to England of being received with great applause. I am likewise further chagrined at seeing the prospect of affairs in America, which, when we were at Alexandria, I looked upon to be very great and promising, through delays and disappointments which might have been prevented, grown cloudy and in danger of ending in little or nothing. I have hopes, however, that the attempt against Niagara, will succeed, which is the principal thing. I don't know whether there is any man but yourself, to whom I would have wrote some parts of this letter, or could at present have justified myself in doing it, but there is a pleasure in unburthening oneself to a friend. I should be glad you would burn it as soon as you have read it. I shall be very happy to have reason to retract hereafter what I have here said, and submit to be censured as moody and apprehensive. I don't comprehend my father's reasons for building the small vessel you mention. I hope, my dear Morris, to spend a tolerable winter with you. Pray take no notice of any part of this letter to me in your answer, for fear of accident. I refer you to Mr. Peters for business.

Yours most sincerely,

W. SHIRLEY.

ART. XIV.—*Letter from Thomas McKean to Richard Henry Lee*

Philadelphia, 25th March, 1785.

DEAR SIR,—

YOUR esteemed favour of the 15th last month, with the extracts from your much injured brother's letter to the president of con-

gress, and the copy of Dr. Berkenhont's letter to yourself, enclosed, came safe to hand. Next to the approbation of my own conscience, it has always been my wish to obtain that of the wise and good, and I confess I am happy in having yours. I flatter myself the time will shortly come, when the honest labourers in the cause of freedom and their country, will at least meet the reward of being known, and when also the double-dealing artful pretenders will be discovered.*

There has been a virtuous band in congress from the beginning of the present contest, but they were never so few, or so much opposed as just after you and your good brother left us. In the winter and spring of 1779, there was a cabal, whose views I could not fathom; there were some possessed of restless spirits, and who endeavoured to set member against member, and the congress against the states, particularly Pennsylvania and those of New England, and the states against congress. Every artifice was used to instil prejudices against all our foreign ministers and commissioners, particularly your brothers; (Dr. Arthur and Mr. William Lee) and I really believe, if I had not in April last gone off the bench into congress, in the face of a vote of the assembly of Pennsylvania, that they would have been recalled without exception. My fears were that at that critical period, when it had been propagated in Europe, and some uneasiness discovered on that score by the court of France, that we were listening to evertures from Great Britain, a change of men might have implied a change of measures, and given some countenance to the report; and for this reason I thought it wrong to recal any gentleman in such a conjuncture.

The vote was taken with regard to Dr. Franklin, and being determined in the negative, it was postponed as to the rest until I was absent on the circuit. Places, I saw were sought after by some, and vacancies were necessary for the purpose of obtaining them, but I could not think this was the only thing in contemplation; though I may have been mistaken, as harmony seemed to be restored in some measure upon the appointments of Messrs. Jay and Carmichael.. The death of Mr. Drayton, and the considera-

* This paragraph relates to the intrigues of Dr. Franklin and Silas Deane against Mr. Arthur Lee. Ed.

ble change about that time of the members, several of them not having been re-elected, left us pretty quiet ever since, though prejudices still too much prevail.

When I reflect on the zeal, the fidelity, the abilities and patriotism of Dr. A. Lee, I cannot help deploring his fate, and reprobating the ingratitude of congress; but, sir, it is with pleasure I can assure you, that he has many unshaken friends in that body, who have never seen him, and who esteem him only for his public virtues. I profess myself one of these, and he has at least my warmest thanks for his substantial services rendered to my country.

I cannot think it any reflection on a gentleman's heart, that he has been mistaken in entertaining too good an opinion of another, nor am I at all surprised that even you should have been led into an error with respect to Dr. Berkenhont after perusing his letter, and knowing his insinuating address: but I shall say no more on this head, as I am really apologizing for myself.

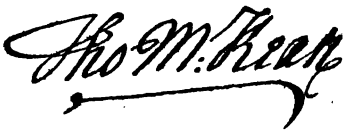
The deranged state of our finances has given us infinite trouble and concern. A new plan has been adopted, which is published in the newspapers, to which I shall refer you; if it can be carried into execution it will be a great relief to us, and I see nothing else left but for every whig to exert himself in its support.

There is no great prospect of peace, though the late intelligence from Europe is otherwise favourable. I suspect that Mr. Temple, (who came over in 1778 with Dr. Berkenhont) will shortly venture here again with propositions (perhaps secret) to acknowledge the Independence of the States, except South Carolina and Georgia, and that part of Massachusetts, formerly called the province of Maine, on condition of our neutrality between Britain and Spain; he is to have power to draw on two merchants in London, of his own nomination ad libitum. This is not mere conjecture or report; but it may not be attempted to be carried into execution, as I think, upon the least reflection he must despair of success. Can they suppose that these states will be so perfidious to one another, or to the auxiliary of their ally—that they are so corrupt, so base? Can they be taught to believe, that a virtuous peo

ple, can grow so extremely wicked by a war of five years continuance? Nemo repente fuit turpissimus.

I am, my dear Sir, with the most perfect esteem,

Your most obedient humble servant,



ART. XV.—*Annuaire Historique Universel, &c. Annual Register for the year* 1819. By C. L. Lesur. Paris, 1820. 8vo. pp. 768.

[From the Revue Encyclopedique.]

WHAT Cato said of Jupiter, may be observed of history. It is all that we behold and all that moves around us. There is no circumstance belonging to legislation, or to the manners of a people, which is not within its dominion; there is no event, however frivolous in appearance which may not produce results worthy of its attention. In absolute monarchies, the intrigues of a minister or the caprice of a mistress, have more than once produced civil commotions or foreign wars. In free countries, where each citizen may have an eye to the interest of all, and where publicity constantly reveals secret intrigues, they are far from possessing the same influence. But the passions are excited here in a more lively manner by every thing which affects the honour or the welfare of the state, and frequently a writing, a discourse, or an oratorical display, has roused or calmed a tempest. Every where, laws and institutions contain the germ of the greatest events; and some articles of a code, which, like that which regulates the uniformity of successions, appear to have no other purpose than that of fixing the relations between citizens, may exercise over the wealth and happiness of nations an influence more powerful than bloody revolutions or a long series of conquests. The labours of the learned have frequently changed the face of kingdoms, and although perhaps there remain no discoveries so important as those of the compass, gunpowder, printing and vaccination, yet one may still be made of sufficient power to transfer from one nation to another, the superiority of arms or the palm of industry.

Among the moderns, history was long deficient in materials.

Insignificant annals, written by the commands of princes, and superstitious legends, collected by the priests, gave us no more than the names of kings, their conquests and reverses, and the churches or convents, which they founded. When the world became more enlightened, and the pen was used by superior men, many of those, who were admitted into the royal presence as members of the administration, compiled memoirs which threw a light upon the manners of the times and the intrigues of courts. It is particularly since the reign of Louis XIV, that these memoirs have been multiplied. Moralists undertook to describe society, while the topics of government were abandoned to the politicians; and thus the elements of history were provided; important lessons might be deduced, which when followed, might convert the evils which had afflicted one generation into advantages for their successors. When revolutions broke the fetters of free minds and gave to a great number of the people the right of managing public affairs, crowds of gazettes and pamphlets appeared, which, blowing from all quarters, the trumpets of renown, became, like her,

Du vrai comme du faux les promptes messageres.*

Every day, at present, there appears, in all countries and in every tongue, two or three millions of printed sheets, in which the writers who describe events, as far as they have been acquainted with them, bequeath to historians their narratives and reflections. The perplexity of abundance succeeds to the difficulties of famine, and such a collection would form an inextricable labyrinth, if the thread of method did not furnish us with the means of disentanglement.

Method has its principles like all the other sciences; if we wish to establish them on a firm basis, and develop all their applications, order would be established throughout, and in no part would the multiplication of facts give birth to confusion. But whether it be that men dislike the trammels of method, or that they have not learned to appreciate its value, facts and proceedings remained scattered in the public administration, in commerce, and in the sciences, without any one dreaming of combining them, for the purpose of forming a theory and diffusing the advantages which might be derived.

* Of falsehood and truth, the swift messengers.

Yet, as principles have their foundation in good sense, they present themselves naturally to those who experience in their labours the absolute necessity of order, and frequently one of them perceived and applied by an author, is sufficient to produce works of usefulness and interest.

Thus the author of the book which we announce has been struck with a thought which also occurred to us; he has perceived that when a great number of events succeed each other, it is necessary at certain periods, to seize and enumerate them; to resume the series, preserving those only which are of real importance, and rejecting those which possess no interest beyond the day of their birth.*

The first chapter contains a view of the debates in our legislative chambers. The author retraces those interesting discussions, in which all the great questions in politics are agitated by turns, and where a struggle establishes itself between that power, which dreads to be swallowed up in liberty, and that liberty which shrinks from too much power in such a manner, that one is arrested, as soon as it touches licentiousness, and the other on the approach of despotism. Such is the beautiful idea of representative government and the balance of power. It must be admitted that we have not attained them. There exists, in one part and another, certain interests which are not within the sphere of national interests, and which produce nothing but a false and irregular opposition. But these interests had little influence on the session of 1819. The duration of the laws of exception had expired; they were not renewed. It was proposed to substitute permanent laws in the place of temporary measures. The laws on the abuse of the press were discussed with a degree of loyalty on the part of ministers, and of confidence by the chambers, which had never been seen before. The government gained the majority, by leaning alternately upon both parties. On the one side, it repulsed the attack which was made on the law of elections; on

* This parade about a discovery which is so new and profound in Paris, is quite laughable to those who know that the English have had Annual Registers, for more than half a century. One was published in this city several years ago. It was conducted with great ability by our lamented friend Charles B. Brown.—Ed. P. F.

the other, it procured the rejection, in the chamber of deputies, of the petitions for the recal of the banished, of whom, at the same time, a great number were permitted, by the king, to return. The labours of this session are faithfully analysed in the *Annuaire Historique*, in which the most prominent passages of the various speeches, are presented to the reader.

The second chapter embraces different events which belong to our history. The year 1819, happily for France, was not stained by dreadful crimes, nor agitated by serious troubles. The declared determination of the government not to pardon the excesses of any party, sufficed to maintain at Nismes a tranquillity which had been menaced. The proceedings which took place at the *Ecole de Droit de Paris*, (Law Academy) were promptly suppressed, and did not import a hostile feature towards the government. Some agitations are inseparable from liberty, and from that state of civilization in which the human mind tends incessantly towards the development of its resources. We must calculate on tempests, but we must not be frightened.

> Du moindre veut qui d'aventre
> Vient rider la face de l'eau.

An absolute repose, would endanger the body politic; and if we give soporific draughts to the people, we end by killing them.

It is especially in the second part of this work, devoted to foreign history, that we discern its great merit. When we read the daily journals, our attention is absorbed by domestic interests, and we content ourselves with a superficial glance at what relates to other countries. In this respect, the reader of the Register, has in some degree, the charm of novelty, because he finds, collected in a continued narrative, those events of which he had only seen a brief notice, without the details, by which they are connected, one with another.

In contemplating the political map of Europe in 1819, we may divide it into three parts. In the first, we shall find absolute power which has not been impaired by the course of civilization. In the second, force established itself, and the people were striving to obtain constitutions which had been promised to them. The third enjoyed, at the same time the benefits of a legitimate monarchy

and a regulated liberty, and aimed at no more than to defend and perfect its institutions.

Under the zone of despotism, may be placed Denmark, where the power is so paternal, that no one dreams of demanding a guarantee; and Russia and Turkey, where the same description of government presents itself with a character entirely different.

At Constantinople, horrible punishments, civil wars, and bloody riots produce no other consequence than the elevation of one vizier or pacha on the ruin of another. A new revolution only serves to plunge the people still deeper into the abyss of ignorance and slavery; it seems, that like the Freron of the Dunciad, the Turks have wings which are reversed. The more they agitate them, the lower they descend. Only one event during this year, appears to bring this country into view as connected with the rest of Europe. We allude to the cession of Parga, which was delivered to the Turks by the English.* Poetry has celebrated the patriotism of the Parganiotes, and their misfortunes have excited the indignation of Europe. The English commissioners have found the means of valuing them in money at the rate of 100 francs per head, which these noble exiles, after numerous delays and deductions, obtained, in return for their property, their homes and their social existence.

In Russia, we are struck with the incessant labours of government to promote the cause of civilization. We behold Ukases which encourage industry, education carried even to Siberia, freedom of religious opinions protected, the gradual emancipation of the peasants, the recruiting system modified, commerce becoming more easy and profitable with China and Persia, and colonial establishments forming in the Pacific ocean. These, more than successful wars, confirm the glory of Alexander.

Poland has resumed its rank among the nations of Europe. It has a constitution. Yet the Polanders seem to find that their freedom still partakes of the aristocracy which gave it to them. Some slight disturbances occurred at Warsaw, but they were soon repressed. On the other hand, the former members of the Polish confederation, at present divided between Prussia, Austria, and

* See an account of this transaction in the Port Folio for November 1819.

Russia, tend to unite themselves with this body which has just been formed. The intimations of this intended re-union which we hear from time to time, prove that it will be realized at some future period; and thus the political organization of the north will be completed. It is particularly in Germany that we behold the existence of a disease which exists wherever the light has penetrated, and where kings and princes have not learned the art of blending authority with freedom, The *Jugends-Bound*, an association which contributed so powerfully to the disenthralment of the Germans, have diffused "a sort of mystical and liberal patriotism, of which numerous professors have been indefatigable apostles." In the midst of this fermentation, fanaticism arose, and the assassination of Kotzebue by Sand, the attempt of Loeming upon the president of the regency of Nassau, spread alarm through all the courts. Hence the measures adopted by the diet of Francfort after the congress of Carlsbad, to diminish the hopes of a constitution on free principles, to restrict the press, to destroy secret associations, to increase the discipline of the universities, and, in short, to put all Germany under a regular police, of which the head should be at Mayence, and the arms should embrace all the states of the confederation. This diet is shown to be ruled completely by Austria and Prussia; it has not ventured to decide upon points the most essential in the organization of the Germanic body, but has been confined to the determination of the quarrels of petty princes. It has abandoned to the decision of the grand duke of Hesse, the purchasers of the national domains, which were considered as having been lawfully acquired.

Of the different parts of Germany, Prussia appears to be most exposed to disturbance. The influence of Austria was here least felt. Mildness in the government, long habits of submission, and in some countries, ancient forms which, by presenting to the people the shadow of liberty, reconcile them to the bonds of absolute power, assure the tranquillity of hereditary states. But this is not the case with Italy, so frequently conquered and always the enemy of its conquerors, to whatsoever nation they might belong. It was secretly agitated by the Carbonari, who pledged themselves, in private associations, "to purge their country from all foreigners." A conspiracy was discovered, or at least suspected, during

the journey of the emperor to Lombardy; and many who were supposed to be chiefs fled or were arrested. At the same time robbers ravaged the Roman states with impunity, while colleges of Jesuits were formed at Rome, and already contended in the court of Piedmont for the inheritance of the king of Sardinia, who died a member of their order. At Naples and in Sicily the volcano appeared to be quiet, but a terrible eruption was about to break forth.

Several provinces of Spain were a prey to the yellow fever, in all its violence, and to incessant conspiracies. In vain did the wisest counsellors recommend moderation and clemency to the government; it was in vain that the arrival of a young queen held out the delusive hope that an amnesty would take place in regard to political delinquents which had not been refused to assassins. Power would yield nothing; it maintains itself in a defensive attitude, in which it must one day be defeated. It sent to the scaffold men, who, in the following year were worshipped as martyrs to liberty.

The Portuguese were in the same condition as the Spaniards; and moreover, separated by the ocean from their king and governed by foreigners.

England so often saluted as the classical land of freedom, saw her venerable institutions menaced by its own subjects and the faults of its government. "It was distracted by intestine disturbances arising out of the excessive inequality in the division of wealth and the weight of the taxes, an overgrown population without employment, an exaggeration in the system of industry, the discouragement of agriculture which could only be relieved by odious laws respecting grain, a burthen of paper money in the richest country on the globe, and the progress of doctrines subversive of society in a kingdom which believes itself to be better constituted than any other of ancient or modern times. The popular assemblages which are authorised by the English constitution, which statesmen formerly regarded as a saturnalia that might be suppressed on the appearance of a constable, became legally organised meetings, where they no longer talked of the redress of some grievances, but the overthrow of social and political order in Great Britain. The reformers assembled in various counties;

50,000 at Birmingham, 80,000 in London, and a much greater number at Manchester. The lawful authority, so much respected in England, and which might in the midst of Smithfield, have arrested one of the leaders, was perfectly still. A military force was employed, and Manchester saw English blood flow at the point of English bayonets. The minister obtained from parliament the means of repressing tumults. They were granted notwithstanding the assurances of the opposition against the massacres "which they regarded as infractions of English liberty and violations of the charter." Some orators prayed that they would take up the subject of a moderate reform, and a motion to this effect by Mr. Tierney was rejected by 381 voices against 150, "a minority sufficiently large in England to be remarked."

Among those who have had the wisdom to preserve and limit all their rights by a regular constitution, we may mention Sweden and Norway, who quietly established a new dynasty by the suffrages of the people: Switzerland, where some cantons seemed to retrograde towards aristocracy and religious intolerance, and where emigration increased as liberty declined; the Lower Netherlands, countries, composed of two people of different manners and interests, and who still preserved the recollection of French institutions; and finally, some of the German states, which taking France as a model, adopted charters where the three powers are more or less happily united. There, also, the government experienced some resistance, but it was not accompanied by any popular commotion. It was all regular and legal.

Such is the brief view of Europe in 1819. The other parts of the world are of less importance to us. But we observe with lively satisfaction that the United States of America, are preparing to rival their ancestors on the ocean, and we wait to see whether the Floridas will be ceded to them by the king of Spain or whether they will take possession of it. In the meanwhile the vast regions of South America have become the theatre of a war for independence, which is sustained by feats and successes almost miraculous.

We have little to add respecting the other parts of this work: the official documents, the chronicle in which we find daily occurrences, theatrical novelties, ceremonies of courts, remarkable

trials, statistical and necrological tables, brief literary and scientific notices, &c. &c.

ART. XVI.—*On the North Western part of the Territory of Michigan.* From the Detroit Gazette.

THE Fond du Lac Indians are divided into bands, and have no fixed places of residence: wandering around on the rivers and lakes, their time is occupied alternately in hunting and fishing; their country being poorer than either of the beforementioned tribes. They hunt west to the Sandy Lake Indians; north to the sources of the Snake River, which empties into the Fond du Lac river, 18 miles above the mouth of the Savannah; north east to Encampment Island in lake Superior, thirty-six miles above Fond du Lac, and on the southern shore of the lake to the river Brule, and south to Pine Lake, the northern boundary of the Fols Avoine Indians, and about one hundred miles from the establishment on Fond du Lac.

Their principal game is moose, bear, marten, mink, muskrat, case-cat, (lynx, of which they have great numbers,) hedgehog, otter, and a few beaver. They have neither the buffalo, deer, wolf, racoon, fox, or wolverine.

The tribe consists of forty-five men, sixty women and two hundred and forty children. There are about thirty half breeds, and three *freemen* who have families. The freemen are Canadians, married to squaws, living entirely with the Indians, and are not engaged to the S. W. Company, by whom, as well as the Indians, they are considered a great nuisance, being forever exciting broils and disturbances. There is an old negro in the employ of the company, who has a squaw for a wife, and a family of four children, residing at Fond du Lac.

These Indians do not appear to have the spirit and genius of those in the upper country, by whom they are considered very stupid and dull, being but little given to war. They consider the Sioux their enemies, but make few war excursions—they sometimes join those of other tribes, but have never taken that deep interest in the struggle that the others have. In their manners and customs they resemble the Indians of Sandy Lake, but are not

their equals, particularly in those things which may be supposed to ameliorate their condition in life.

Having been frequently reprimanded by some of the more vigilant Indians of the north, and charged with cowardice and an utter disregard for the events of the war against the Sioux, thirteen men of the tribe, during the last summer, determined to retrieve the character of the nation by making an excursion against the Sioux. Accordingly, without consulting the other Indians, who were then negociating a peace which was nearly concluded, they secretly departed, and penetrated far into the Sioux country. Unexpectedly, at night, they came upon a large party of the Sioux, amounting to near one hundred, and immediately began to prepare for battle. The Sioux, entertaining sentiments of friendship and a disposition for peace, were much surprised on learning the object of their visit. They remonstrated against renewing the war after the overtures which had been made, advised them to return to their families and friends, and, admiring the spirit of these brave men, strongly urged, that if they should make an attack, their destruction would be inevitable, their numbers being so inferior to their enemy's. The Fond du Lac Indians replied, that they had set out with a determination to fight the first enemy they should meet, however unequal their numbers might be, and would have entered their villages, if none had appeared sooner. They had resolved in this manner to show their brethren that the stigmas they had thrown upon them were unjust, "for no men were braver than their warriors;" and that they were ready, and would sacrifice their lives in defence of the character of their tribe. They encamped a short distance from the Sioux, and during the night dug holes in the ground, to which they might retreat and fight to the last extremity. They appointed one of their number (the youngest) to take a station at a distance, and witness the struggle, and instructed him to make his escape to their own country, when he had witnessed the death of all the rest, and state the circumstances under which they had fallen. Early in the morning they attacked the Sioux in their camp, who, immediately sallying out upon them, forced them back to the last place of retreat they had resolved upon. They fought desperately, and more than twice their own number were killed before they lost their lives. Eight

of them were tomahawked in the holes to which they retreated; the other four fell on the field! The thirteenth returned home, according to the directions he had received, and related the foregoing circumstances to his tribe. They mourned their death; but, delighted with the unexampled bravery of their friends, they were happy in their grief.

There are two grand water communications with this country; one by lake Superior and the Fond du Lac river, and the other by the Mississippi. The first is considered the most eligible route. It is about thirteen hundred miles from St. Louis to Sandy Lake, and ten hundred and fifty from Detroit, by water, to the same place. There are many rapids in the Mississippi, particularly above the Falls of St. Anthony, which it is almost impossible to ascend with boats or canoes. The waters of this river are considered unhealthful. On the other course, the greatest difficulties are found in the rapids of the Fond du Lac river; but as this river is ascended only one hundred and fifty miles, and the rapidity of the Mississippi continues for six hundred, and a strong current the residue, the difference in the fatigue and labour on the two routes is very great. Lake Superior is computed by the *voyageurs* to be four hundred and eighty-four miles long. It is three hundred miles from Detroit to Mackinac, and forty from there to the mouth of the river St. Mary's, which is about forty miles long.

Communication may be had with the Mississippi from lake Superior by the 'Tenaugon, Iron, Carp, Presque Isle, Black, Montreal, Mauvais, Brule, and Fond du Lac rivers.

The 'Tenaugon is ascended thirty-six miles, where a portage commences of 200 *pauses*,* to the Old Plantation, as commonly called, but by the French, "Vieux Desert," which is on a small lake of the same name, about four miles long and three broad. Two rivers rise in this lake, one the Menomine, which empties

* A *Pause* is the resting place of the men, and is computed by the voyageurs to be half a mile from the place of starting But they are scarcely one-third of a mile apart, and differ according to the degrees of exertion and labour required to convey the goods from place to place. It is in this way most of the distances have been established by the voyageurs. A *pause* which is hilly or marshy, is frequently not half the distance of one on level or dry ground.

into Green Bay, the other discharges into Sauteur river. They are both navigable for canoes.

Iron river is so rapid that a portage is commenced at its mouth, and the canoe is but seldom put into its waters in the whole length of its course. It heads near some navigable water of the Ouisconsin.

Three miles above the mouth of Carp river, is a perpendicular fall of about forty-five feet, where it passes the Porcupine Mountains. Above, the stream is small, and with difficulty ascended.

Presque Isle river has many rapids, and is seldom used. Black river is the same.

The Montreal river is *not* navigable, but at its mouth, on the east side, a portage is made of 120 *pauses* to a small lake, in which distance the Montreal river is crossed twice. The lake is three miles long, and is the head of another branch of the Sauteur. This branch runs fifteen miles, and falls into Turtle Lake, which is about two miles wide; thence it runs a few leagues and discharges into a small lake, from which it passes on and joins the branch from Old Plantation Lake, thirty-three miles from Turtle Lake. A lake of considerable size is connected with Turtle Lake on the northeast side, by a river. On lake du Flambeau, the South West Company have an establishment of five traders and twenty hands. It lies near a southeast direction from Turtle Lake. The route is from the mouth of the Montreal to Turtle Lake, from which there is a portage of one-fourth of a mile to a small pond, thence up the outlet of a small lake, one-fourth of a mile, from which a portage of three miles is made to the Old Plantation river—this is descended eighteen miles, to the entrance of the river du Flambeau, which rises in the lake of the same name, and is twenty-four miles long. The company's fort stands on the north side of the lake, which is crooked, and about four miles long and one broad. From this there is a chain of lakes that extends down to the head waters of the Ouisconsin, and portages are made from one to another, so as to connect the communication in that direction. The small river formed by the junction of the Turtle and Old Plantation rivers, is almost entirely a rapid, and, running over a bed of rocks, is very dangerous. It takes seven days to descend it, and is one hundred and seventy-five miles long. The river Sauteur (Chippeway) which

is also rapid, is very wide, about one hundred and eighty miles long, and empties into lake Pepin. It is sixty-three miles from the Tenaugon to the Montreal river.

Mauvais river is ascended about 100 miles. A portage is then made of twenty-two pauses, to a small lake, which is connected with another by a stream one-fourth of a mile long. From this is a portage of one pause to a lake; to another one; which last is connected to a third by a small strait about thirty rods long. A portage of one pause is then made to Clam Lake, in which a branch of the Sauteur river rises. The lake is one mile long and three-fourths of a mile wide, which is the general extent of the numerous lakes on this route. It is from this, six miles to Spear Lake, fifteen miles to Summer Lake, and twelve miles to a lake called by the Indians, Pocquayahwan. The branch continues through this lake, and passes out on the southeast side. On the west, a small river enters, which is ascended fifteen miles, whence a portage is made of ten pauses, into Lake Coutere, on which the South West Company have an establishment. It is nine miles long and three broad, and is connected with the Sauteur by a stream thirty miles long, which issues from it. The Mauvais is twelve miles from the Montreal river.

The river Brule is seventy-eight miles from the Mauvais, and is ascended ninety miles to a bend, from which a portage of two pauses is made to Lake St. Croix, the head-waters of the river St. Croix. It is three miles long and two wide. On the river St. Croix, one hundred miles from the lake, the South West Company have an establishment. It discharges into the Mississippi, three hundred miles from the establishment. Between the Mauvais and the Brule rivers, several small streams empty into Lake Superior; as the Raspberry, Sandy, Sezcawmawbecaw, Cranberry, Bullrush, and Little Iron rivers. Goddard's river is between the Brule and the Fond du Lac.

ART. XVII.—*American Academy of Language and Belles Letters.*

Circular Letter from the Secretary.

New York, 1st October, 1820.

DEAR SIR,

YOUR attention is respectfully requested to an association of Scholars for the purpose of improving American literature. This

association, though yet at its commencement, and unknown to the public, has been the subject of an interesting correspondence for some months past; and it is believed will not be deemed unimportant as connected with the best interests of our country.

To settle at once a point on which some difference might exist, it is not designed, independent of England, to form an American language, farther than as it relates to the numerous and increasing names and terms peculiarly American; but to cultivate a friendly correspondence with any similar association or distinguished individuals in Great Britain, who may be disposed to join us in an exertion to improve our common language.

The objects of such an institution which directly present themselves, are, to collect and interchange literary intelligence; to guard against local or foreign corruptions, or to correct such as already exist; to settle varying orthography; determine the use of doubtful words and phrases; and, generally, to form and maintain, as far as practicable, an English standard of writing and pronunciation, correct, fixed, and uniform, throughout our extensive territory. Connected with this, and according to future ability, may be such rewards for meritorious productions, and such incentives to improvement, in the language and literature of our country, and in the general system of instruction, as from existing circumstances may become proper.

These objects will not be thought trifling, by those who have spent much time in the cultivation of literature, or attended to its influence on society. Such persons need not be told how directly they are connected with our progress in general knowledge, or our public reputation; or that their influence may extend from social to national intercourse, and to our commercial prosperity. Perspicuity in language is the basis of all science. The philosophy that professes to teach the knowledge of *things*, independent of *words*, needs only to be mentioned among enlightened men to be rejected.

Most of the European nations have considered the improvement of language as an important national object, and have established academies, with extensive funds and privileges, for that purpose. An interference of the government has, perhaps, been omitted in England, from a singular and rather accidental reliance on the

acknowledged superiority of a few leading individuals; and so long as all the literature in the English language had its origin and centre in London, there was less danger in thus leaving it to the guidance of chance. Science may be comparatively recluse; but literature is social; and American scholars, spread over 2,000,000 square miles, are not to be drawn to a virtual and national association, without the form.

It is very properly said of France that its literature has frequently saved the country when its arms have failed. The advantages resulting to that nation, from the exertions of a few academicians, have been incalculable, and may serve to show, in some degree, what such a confederacy of scholars is capable of performing. The effect of their influence was not barely to elevate France in the literary world, and to improve its learning within itself, but to extend their language throughout Europe; to introduce, at the expense of other nations, their books, their opinions, and, in aid of other causes, their political preponderance. The Philological Academies of Italy and Spain, though unaided by the same powerful co-operation, have effected very great improvements in the language and literature of their respective countries. The great work now performing by the German scholars, in addition to what they have before done, is a noble example to other nations, and calculated to elevate the condition of our nature. With how much greater force does every consideration connected with this subject, apply, in a free community, where all depends upon the virtue and intelligence of the great body of the people.

Without dwelling a moment on invidious comparisons between England and the United States, the time appears to have arrived, in reference to ourselves, when, having acquired a high standing among nations, having succeeded in a fair trial of the practicability and excellence of our civil institutions, our scholars are invited to call their convention, and to form the constitution of national literature.

We have some peculiar advantages in an attempt to establish national uniformity in language. Happily for us, our forefathers came chiefly from that part of England where their language was most correctly spoken, and were possessed of a good degree of intelligence, according to the learning of that time. Though in a

country as diversified as ours, there are, from various causes, many particular corruptions, we hardly find any thing that can properly be called a provincial dialect. We have at present no very inveterate habits to correct, where gross barbarisms, through large districts, are to be encountered. The attempt, therefore, seasonably and judiciously made, presents a prospect not only of success, but of comparative facility. Our scattered population seem only to want, from a competent tribunal, a declaration of what is proper, to guide them in their practice. The present appearances are more favourable than the most sanguine among the projectors of the plan dared to predict. There is the best reason to expect the general concurrence of our distinguished literary men in favour of a measure which promises so many advantages, so nationally important in its principles and effects, and to which so little can be objected. It is deemed unnecessary, at present, to dwell minutely on the details of the plan, which probably will not be difficult to settle, if the leading principles are generally approved. It is equally useless to enter upon a train of arguments to prove the advantages of such an association under the present circumstances of our country. The commanding influence of literature upon national wealth and power, as well as morals, character, and happiness, especially in free communities, will not be doubted by those whose minds have been most directed to this interesting branch of civil policy. Perhaps there never has been, and never may be, a nation more open to the influence of moral causes, than the American republic at the present time. In every country truly free, public opinion is in effect the governing law; and public opinion, and all the complicated interests of society, greatly depend on the state of national literature. That independence which is our boast must consist in the proper independence of the mind. Without contemning the experience of past ages, we ought not too slavishly to follow the path of others. It is enough to respect the Europeans as honourable competitors, without regarding them as absolute masters. American ambition should aspire to noble objects, if we mean to rise to excellence: for, besides that the imitator is almost necessarily inferior to his model, the old world can furnish no model suited to the circumstances and character of our country. We are a world by ourselves. Our privileges, resources,

and prospects, are of the highest order. Happily exempt from hereditary despotism, or bigoted hierarchies, from jealous and powerful bordering nations; professed advocates of rational freedom, as we are, the world may justly claim from us an example worthy of such a situation and such a cause. Our numbers and wealth are greater than those of England were, when the last of her splendid colleges was erected; we may have the learning of Europeans in common stock, with an exemption from their burdens; and the highest eminence which others have attained, ought to be the American starting point in the career of national greatness.

And is there any thing impossible, or even particularly difficult, in reducing these ideas to practice? Without expecting to render human nature perfect, or to fix an unalterable standard for living language and literature, may there not be some regulation which will place the decisions of the wise in preference to the blunders of the ignorant? When can a more favourable time be expected, to correct the irregularities yearly multiplying upon us, and becoming more and more embodied with the literature of our country? Why should chance be expected to accomplish, what, from its nature, can result only from well-regulated system? It would indeed be imprudent to attempt too much. Sound discretion will point out a middle course between a wild spirit of innovation and a tame acquiescence in obvious error. Language is too important an instrument in human affairs to have its improvement regarded as useless or trifling. Of all the objects of national identity, affection, and pride, national literature is the most laudable, the most operative, and the most enduring. It is to the scholars of antiquity we owe all we know of their statesmen and heroes, and even their distinctive national existence. In the long train of ages their tables of brass have mouldered away, and their high-wrought columns crumbled to dust. Cities have sunk, and their last vestige been lost. The unconscious Turk half-tills the soil manured with decayed sculpture: but the monuments of genius and learning, more durable than marble and brass, remain the subject of undecreasing admiration and delight. The fame to which great minds aspire, is, to soar above the local contentions of the day, and live to after ages in the esteem of their fellow men. The thought of this animates the patriot's hope, and nerves his arm in danger, toil, and

want. Shall it not be the ambition of Americans to proclaim the honour of their benefactors, and transmit the glory of their country to the latest age of the world? We are not here to awe the ignorant by the splendor of royal trappings, but to command the respect of the wise and good by moral greatness. These objects are neither above the capacity, nor beneath the attention of our countrymen. They are interwoven with our individual happiness, our national character, and our highest interests. When we survey this vast assemblage of States, independent, yet united; competitors in useful improvement, yet members of one great body, we behold such a theatre as the world has never before seen for the exhibition of mental and moral excellence: and if the men of all ages, whom we most delight to honour, have made it their chief glory to advance the literature of their respective countries, shall it be degradingly supposed, that, in this favoured land, either talents or zeal will be wanting in such a cause? If it be said, that Americans have not paid that attention to education which the subject demanded, it is true; and neither justice nor sound policy requires us to disguise the fact: but has any fatality ordained, that the people most interested in diffusing the light of instruction, *must* be degraded in the republic of letters? Much irritation has been produced by the observations of foreign writers upon the learning and intellect of our countrymen. We ought not to waste time in idle complaint on this subject. Is there not in America enough of genius, of scholarship, and of patriotic spirit, if properly organized and conducted, to raise our literary character above the influence of any combination abroad? Shall our numberless blessings remain an unprized possession? Will foreign pens maintain and elevate American character? Is it not time to make a *national* stand in the *moral* world, as the expositors of our own principles, the vindicators of our institutions, and, under a beneficent Providence, the arbiters of the destiny of unborn millions? Even if, contrary to all human expectation, such an association should fail in its objects, would it not justly be said, "*magnis tamen excidit ausis*?"

It is not intended to bring the society before the public by a premature and unnecessary parade, but to make it known chiefly by its practical good.

The following is a general outline of the institution alluded to, subject, of course, to such variations as may be thought to increase the prospect of its utility.

To be called "THE AMERICAN ACADEMY OF LANGUAGE AND BELLES LETTRES."

Its prime object is to harmonize and determine the English language; but it will also, according to its discretion and means, embrace every branch of useful and elegant literature, and espepecially whatever relates to our own country.

To be located in the city of New York, where accommodations will be furnished free from expense.

To commence with fifty members; maximum number, one hundred and twenty. More than that would lessen the credit of membership, and diminish rather than increase its authority.

Members to be divided into three classes. Resident, who reside in or near New York; corresponding, those whose distance prevents their regular attendance; and honorary, those at home or abroad, whom the body may think proper expressly to admit as such: but, perhaps, it will be thought best to make very few honorary members in the United States. The only reason for making a difference between resident and corresponding members, is to give to the latter all practicable privileges and facilities in communicating their opinions, propositions, and votes in writing, as a compensation for the difficulties of personal attendance. In questions requiring a ballot, the written opinions and wishes of distant members are taken as votes on all points to which they directly relate. As most of the questions likely to arise will relate to written language, and as few of them will require haste in the decision, there will be a particular fitness in arriving at a general result through the means of the various opinions in writing.

It will be a standing request, though not absolutely required, that each member shall, within one year after his admission, deliver personally, or by writing, a discourse upon some subject relating to language or general literature, or to the situation and interests of the United States.

The society, when organized, will send a respectful communication to such literary gentlemen in the British dominions as may be thought proper, explaining to them the design of the establish-

ment, and inviting their co-operation. Public policy will unite with general convenience in pointing out to them the importance of improving our language, faciliating its acquisition to foreigners as well as native citizens, and preserving its uniformity throughout the extensive regions where it now does, or hereafter may prevail.

The *Modus Operandi* should be the result of the joint wisdom of the body, when formed; but almost every disputed point in language, and in ours they are very numerous, may be made a CASE, subjected to rule as far as possible, and brought to a decision, endeavouring to have this decision concurrent between the British and ourselves.

But besides the acknowledged corruptions which prevail in the language of this country, our peculiar institutions and circumstances; our discoveries and improvements, have given rise to a large class of new words, *Americanisms*, if the critics please; necessary to express new things. To adopt and regulate these is not to alter the English language; but only to supply its deficiencies. This is particularly a work of our own. It is also important that attention should be paid to the numerous names of places, French, Spanish, and Aboriginal, which are daily becoming incorporated with our literature, and concerning which so much diversity at present exists.

The unprofitable disputes among teachers and the authors of elementary books, who are often very unskilful advocates of their opposing systems, and whose arguments tend only to increase a difference which ought not to exist, would be in a great degree obviated. *The professors of* RHETORIC *and* LOGIC, *in our best universities, should at least agree in spelling the names of the important sciences they teach.* Our numerous youth would then be left free to pursue the straight course to the knowledge of a language which might be, not only strong and copious, but, to a far greater extent, regular and fixed. In addition to other advantages, there cannot be a rational doubt that such an institution may have a beneficial influence in exciting emulation and national concert in our literature in general, and that many might be drawn to this interesting subject, who are now less profitably and less honorably employed in other pursuits.

The object here contemplated, is, certainly, of sufficient national importance to merit an adequate fund from the public. Should this fail, it would be improper to lay a burdensome expense on the members. Expenditures to any considerable amount are not considered indispensably necessary; for though individuals may not be able to accomplish all that may be desired, much may be done at a moderate actual expense. Twenty-five dollars at the admission of a member, and two dollars a year afterwards, though trifling to some, is considered enough to impose by any imperative rule.

The only objections which have been made to the proposed plan, are on the ground of its practicability. The difficulties alleged are, the superiority of the British in literature; the contempt with which they will look on our institutions and offers of correspondence; the prejudices of our own people in their favour, and the consequent necessity of waiting for them to lead the way. These difficulties, if correct to the extent that some of our citizens seem inclined to admit, show at least the necessity of TRYING to produce a favourable change. If in literature and science we are greatly inferior to any other people, it is not because we are deficient in natural, political, or moral advantages, or have not as strong reasons as any nation ever had to encourage letters; but because we have hitherto neglected any general or systematic means for their advancement. The arguments are fallacious which attempt to find in the circumstances or dispositions of our people any disqualification for the highest mental attainments. American genius and enterprise, properly directed, may as well be displayed in the highest walks of literature and science as in any thing else. One difficulty is, our scholars, as such, have very little intercourse, and have too long been strangers to each other. *Homo solus imbecilis.* Concert will excite a generous emulation. This, upon the plan proposed, will operate upon a vast and highly reputable field; it will be identified with the national character and the dearest interests of a great and rising people, and cannot fail to produce excellence, and command patronage and respect. The bare circumstance of exciting attention to the subject is an important point to be gained. "*Aude et faciat.*" A colonial servility in literature, is as unworthy of our country as political dependence. The ne-

cessary limits of this letter forbid a course of reasoning upon the subject: it may be thought proper to give a fuller exposition in a pamphlet form. The general principles explained above are deemed sufficient as the basis of preparatory arrangement.

Among the respectable persons consulted respecting the proposed institution, the sentiment, as far as ascertained, is very general and zealous in its favour. It is designed to carry it into effect with as little delay as sound discretion, in reference to character and advantageous arrangements for a favourable commencement, will admit.

The constitution formed for the society is purposely a very short one, intended chiefly as the basis for a commencement. A body of scholars, associated for the laudable object of promoting the literature of their country, many of them very familiar with public proceedings, will need fewer legal rules than a bank or a state. Whatever may be the deficiencies of this constitution, experience will be more competent to supply them than any wisdom of anticipation.

From the peculiar circumstances of our country, the institution will have no guide in any thing which has gone before; but liberal criticism will make some allowance for the difficulties necessarily attendant on first attempts. The same regular progress will not be expected in an untrodden field as on a well travelled road: but in pursuing a noble object with good intention, there is the consolation, that those best qualified to judge are least inclined to condemn. If our beginning is a small one, so was that of the Royal Society of London; and we can have no reason to dread more obloquy from the illiberal, than they received.

Very generous subscriptions, by a number of gentlemen who are not expected to be members, are volunteered, *pro patria*, and there is an encouraging prospect for funds. If among the variety of character in our country, there is a portion too ignorant or too grovelling to depart from their narrow views of immediate gain, it is hoped that, among ten millions of people, there are enough possessed of talent to estimate, and spirit to maintain, an institution whose aim is to promote the best interests and lasting honour of the United States. In such a cause it is deemed unnecessary for the institution to solicit pecuniary aid, farther than by a fair ex-

position of its principles and objects. The subscriptions are to be a free-will offering upon the altar of our country: yet it will be no less creditable to the society, than just in itself, to hold in grateful remembrance, and transmit to future generations, the names of those generous citizens who, by their donations, become at once, the patrons of learning and the vindicators of the American name. It may be one of the good effects of this society to bring patriotic generosity more into fashion, by causing it to be more honoured.

In behalf of the Association,

Sir, I have the honour to be,

Very respectfully and truly, yours,

WILLIAM S. CARDELL.

Constitution of the American Academy of Language and Belles Lettres.

We, the subscribers, impressed with the importance of literature to the moral habits, character, and happiness of individuals and nations; wishing to contribute, collectively, our best exertions for the improvement of ourselves and our country; to give to emulation its exciting impulse, on an extended plan; to control its irregularities, and prevent its divisions; to seek, as a united body, those advantages, of which, as individuals, we feel the want; do hereby agree with each other, to form a society for literary purposes, and adopt the following rules for the government of our association.

Art. 1. The name of this institution shall be "The American Academy of Language and Belles Lettres."

Its objects are, according to its discretion and ability, to collect, interchange, and diffuse literary intelligence; to promote the purity and uniformity of the English language; to invite a correspondence with distinguished scholars in other countries speaking this language in common with ourselves; to cultivate throughout our extensive territory, a friendly intercourse among those who feel an interest in the progress of American literature, and, as far as may depend on well-meant endeavours, to aid the general cause of learning in the United States.

Art. 2. The members of this institution shall be divided into three classes, resident, corresponding, and honorary.

The class of resident members shall include those who reside within twenty-five miles of the city of New York. They shall not exceed one fourth of the limited number of members.

Corresponding and honorary members may be chosen in any part of the world.

Members residing at more than twenty-five miles distance from the city of New York, may send, in writing, their votes or resolutions upon any subject before the society, and votes thus sent to the corresponding secretary, shall be admitted as fully as if such members were personally present.

During six months from the date hereof, each member shall pay, on his admission to this society, ten dollars; and each member admitted after six months, shall pay on his admission, twenty-five dollars. The yearly dues from each member shall be two dollars; provided, that, from honorary members, and from those who are neither residents nor citizens of the United States, no payment shall be required.

A member forfeits his right to vote if his payments are in arrear, and two years' total neglect of the society shall be considered a renunciation of membership.

The whole number of members of this institution, shall not exceed one hundred and twenty at any time within two years from the date hereof, nor two hundred at any time in ten years.

The admission of members shall be as follows: the candidate shall be proposed, in writing, by a member, at a regular meeting: a vote shall then be taken whether the secretary shall enter his name: out of five or more candidates thus entered, the standing committee shall select one to propose for membership at the next quarterly meeting: if seven-eighths of the votes taken shall be in his favour, he becomes a member, and not otherwise.

The votes or opinions of a member, concerning the admission of a candidate, shall on no account be communicated to any person who is not a member.

Art. 3. The officers of this institution shall consist of a president, three vice-presidents, corresponding secretary, recording secretary, and treasurer, together with thirteen counsellors; of whom the president and corresponding secretary shall be two. They shall be chosen by ballot annually, and shall form the standing committee. They may meet from time to time by their own

appointment, to attend to the concerns of the institution; to devise and propose such measures as they may think proper to advance its interests; to settle the accounts, and report the state of the funds at each annual meeting. They may appoint a librarian, and may select from their own number, or other members of the society, a committee to superintend the publications of the Institution, whenever, in their judgment, such measure shall become expedient.

A vacant office may be filled at any quarterly meeting.

ART. 4. The meetings of this institution shall be on the first Monday in each of the four seasons of the year. Meetings may take place by adjournment, as often as may be thought proper. The annual election shall be the first Monday in June.

ART. 5. A member shall be selected to deliver a public address before the society at each annual meeting. The standing committee will make arrangements for this purpose.

ART. 6. Any addition or amendment may be made to this constitution, if a proposition, in writing, for that purpose shall be adopted for consideration, at a regular meeting of the society, and carried by two-thirds of the votes taken upon it at a subsequent quarterly meeting, and in no other manner.

ART. 7. This constitution shall become valid when signed, or, in writing agreed to, by fifty persons, whom the members engaged and the committee appointed for that purpose shall accept.

Done at New York the 15th day of June, 1820.

As the society is not yet incorporated, the following gentlemen have been appointed trustees, to receive donations, and invest the amount in such manner as they shall deem most advantageous, as a permanent fund. The annual income from such fund is to be appropriated for ordinary expenses; for procuring such books as may be found necessary; for premiums and medals or other encouragements to literary excellence, and for any measures which the society may think proper to take for the more general diffusion of knowledge among the poor.

COL. RICHARD VARICK,
HON. BROCKHOLST LIVINGSTON,
HON. C. D. COLDEN,
WILLIAM S. CARDELL, ESQ.
DOCT. JOHN STEARNS,
} *Trustees.*

ART. XVIII.—*The Ayrshire Legatees, or the Correspondence of the Pringle Family.* From Blackwood's Magazine.

MR. M'GRUEL, the surgeon, our correspondent in Kilwinning, has sent us several letters from the different members of Dr. Pringle's family, during their present visit to London. But although our Ayrshire friends are well acquainted with the Rev. doctor, and rejoice in his good fortune, we have a few readers in other parts of the kingdom, to whom it may be necessary to mention something of the objects of his journey.

On last new-year's day the doctor received a letter from India, informing him that his cousin, colonel Armour, had died at Hydrabad, and left him his residuary legatee. The same post brought other letters on the same subject from the agent of the deceased in London, by which it was evident to the whole family that no time should be lost in looking after their interests in the hands of such brief and abrupt correspondents. "To say the least of it," as the doctor himself sedately remarked, "considering the greatness of the forthcoming property, Messieurs Richard Argent and company, of New Broad-street, might have given a notion as to the particulars of the residue." It was therefore determined that, as soon as the requisite arrangements could be made, the doctor and Mrs. Pringle should set out for the metropolis, to obtain a speedy settlement with the agents, and, as Rachel had now, to use an expression of her mother's, "a prospect before her," that she also should accompany them: Andrew, who had just been called to the bar, and who had come to the manse to spend a few days after attaining that distinction, modestly suggested, that considering the various professional points which might be involved in the objects of his father's journey; and considering also the retired life which his father had led in the rural village of Garnock, it might be of importance to have the advantage of legal advice.

Mrs. Pringle interrupted this harangue, by saying, "we see what you would be at, Andrew; ye're just wanting to come with us, and on this occasion I'm no for making step-bairns, so we'll a' gang thegither."

The doctor had been for many years the incumbent of Garnock, which is pleasantly situated between Irvine and Kilwinning, and, on account of the benevolence of his disposition, was much belov-

ed by his parishoners. Some of the sly among them used indeed to say, in answer to the godly of Kilmarnock, and other admirers of the late great John Russel, of that formerly orthodox town, by whom Dr. Pringle's powers as a preacher were held in no particular estimation:—"He kens our pu'pit's frail, and sparst to save outlay to the heirs." As for Mrs. Pringle, there is not such another minister's wife, both for economy and management, within the jurisdiction of the Synod of Glasgow and Ayr, and to this fact, the following letter to Miss Mally Glencairn, a maiden lady residing in the kirkgate of Irvine, a street that has been likened unto the kingdom of heaven, where there is neither marriage nor giving in marriage, will abundantly testify.

Mrs. Pringle to Miss Mally Glencairn.

Garnock Manse, 1st Jan. 1820.

Dear Miss Mally,—The doctor has had extraordinar news from India and London, where we are all going, as soon as me and Rachel can get ourselves in order, so I beg you will go to Bailie Delap's shop, and get patterns of his best black bombaseen, and crape, and muslin, and bring them over to the parsonage, the morn's morning. If you cannot come yourself, and the day should be wat, send Nanny Eydent, the mantua-maker, with them; you'll be sure to send Nanny, ony how; and I requeesht that, on this okasion, ye'll get the very best the Bailie has, and I'll tell you all about it when you come. You will get, likewise, swatches of mourning print, with the lowest prices. I'll no be so particular about them, as they are for the servan lasses, and there's no need, for all the greatness of God's gifts, that we should be wasterful. Let Mrs. Glibbans know, that the doctor's second cousin, the colonel, that was in the East Indies, is no more;—I am sure she will sympatheese with our loss on this melancholy okasion. Tell her, as I'll no be out till our mournings are made, I would take it kind if she would come over and take a bit of dinner on Sunday. The doctor will no preach himself, but there's to be an excellent young man, an acquaintance of Andrew's, that has the repute of being both sound and hellaquaint. But no more at present, and looking for you and Nanny Eydent, with the swatches,—I am, dear Miss Mally, your sinsare friend, Janet Pringle.

The doctor being of opinion that, until they had something in hand from the legacy, they should walk in the paths of moderation, it was resolved to proceed by the coach from Irvine to Greenock, there embark in a steam-boat for Glasgow, and, crossing the country to Edinburgh, take their passage at Leith in one of the smacks for London. But we must let the parties speak for themselves, with only such occasional explanatory notes as our Kilwinning correspondent, Mr. M'Gruel, the surgeon, has taken the trouble to subjoin to some of the letters.

Miss Rachel Pringle to Miss Isabella Todd.

Greenock.

My dear Isabella,—I know not why the dejection with which I parted from you still hangs upon my heart, and grows heavier as I am drawn farther and farther away. The uncertainty of the future—the dangers of the sea—all combine to sadden my too sensitive spirit. Still, however, I will exert myself, and try to give you some account of our momentous journey.

The morning on which we bade farewell for a time—alas!—it was to me as if for ever, to my native shades of Garnock—the weather was cold, bleak, and boisterous, and the waves came rolling in majestic fury towards the shore, when we arrived at the Tontine inn of Ardrossan. What a monument has the late earl of Eglinton left there of his public spirit!—it should embalm his memory in the hearts of future ages, as I doubt not but in time Ardrossan will become a grand emporium; but the people of Saltcoats, a sordid race, complain that it will be their ruin; and the Paisley subscribers to his lordship's canal grow pale when they think of profit.

The road, after leaving Ardrossan, lies along the shore. The blast came dark from the waters, and the clouds lay piled in every form of grandeur on the lofty peaks of Arran. The view on the right hand is limited to the foot of a range of abrupt mean hills, and on the left meets the sea—as we were obliged to keep the glasses up, our drive for several miles was objectless and dreary. When we had ascended a hill, leaving Kilbride on the left, we passed under the walls of an ancient tower. What delightful ideas are associated with the sight of such venerable remains of antiquity!

Leaving that lofty relic of our warlike ancestors, we descended again towards the shore. On the one side lay the Cumbra Islands, and Bute, dear to departed royalty. After beyond them, in the hoary magnificence of nature, rise the mountains of Argyllshire; the cairns, as my brother says, of a former world. On the other side of the road, we saw the cloistered ruins of the religious house of Southenan, a nunnery in these days of romantic adventure, when to live was to enjoy a poetical element. In such a sweet sequestered retreat, how much more pleasing to the soul it would have been, for you and I, like two captive birds in one cage, to have sung away our hours in innocence, than for me to be thus torn from you by fate, and all on account of that mercenary legacy, perchance the spoils of some unfortunate Hindoo Rajah.

At Largs we halted to change horses, and saw the barrows of those who fell in the great battle. We then continued our journey along the foot of stupendous precipices; and high, sublime, and darkened with the shadow of antiquity, we saw, upon its lofty station, the ancient castle of Skelmorlie, where the Montgomeries of other days held their gorgeous banquets, and that brave knight who fell at Chevy-chace came pricking forth on his milk-white steed, as Walter Scott would have described him. But the age of chivalry is past, and the glory of Europe departed for ever.

When we crossed the stream that divides the counties of Ayr and Renfrew, we beheld, in all the apart and consequentiality of pride, the house of Kelly overlooking the social villas of Wemyss bay. My brother compared it to a sugar hogshead, and them to cotton-bags: for the lofty thane of Kelly is but a West India planter, and the inhabitants of the villas on the shore are Glasgow manufacturers.

To this succeeded a dull drive of about two miles, and then at once we entered the pretty village of Inverkip. A slight snow shower had given to the landscape a sort of copperplate effect, but still the forms of things, though but sketched as it were, with China ink, were calculated to produce interesting impressions. After ascending, by a gentle acclivity, into a picturesque and romantic pass, we entered a spacious valley, and, in the course of little more than half an hour, reached this town; the largest, the most populous, and the most superb, that I have yet seen. But what

are all its warehouses, ships, and smell of tar and other odoriferous circumstances of fishery and the sea, compared with the green swelling hills, the fragrant bean-fields, and the peaceful groves of my native Garnock?

The people of this town are a very busy and clever race, but much given to litigation. My brother says, that they are the greatest benefactors to the *Outer House*, and that their lawsuits are the most amusing and profitable before the courts, being less for the purpose of determining what is right than what is lawful. The chambermaid of the inn where we lodge pointed out to me, on the opposite side of the street, a magnificent edifice, erected for balls; but the subscribers have resolved not to allow any dancing till it is determined by the Court of session to whom the seats and chairs belong, as they were brought from another house, where the assemblies were formerly held.* I have heard a lawsuit compared to a contra-dance, in which, after a great bustle and regular confusion, the parties stand still, all tired, just on the spot where they began; but this is the first time that the judges of the land have been called on to decide when a dance may begin.

We arrived too late for the steam-boat, and are obliged to wait till Monday morning; but to-morrow we shall go to church, where I expect to see what sort of creatures these beaux are. The Greenock ladies have a great name for beauty, but those that I have seen are perfect frights. Such of the gentlemen as I have observed passing the windows of the inn, may do, but I declare the ladies have nothing of which any woman ought to be proud. Had we known that we ran a risk of not getting a steam-boat, my mother would have provided an introductory letter or two from some of her Irvine friends; but here we are almost entire strangers: my father, however, is acquainted with one of the magistrates, and has gone to see him. I hope he will be civil enough to ask us to his house, for an inn is a shocking place to live in, and my mother is terrified at the expense. My brother, however, has great confidence in our prospects, and orders and directs with a

* This intelligence was not quite correct. The dispute about the stools and chairs was between the subscribers to the public news-room, and has ended in a complete division of the town into two parties.

high hand. But my paper is full, and I am compelled to conclude with scarcely room to say how affectionately I am yours,

RACHEL PRINGLE.

The Rev. Dr. Pringle to Mr. Micklewham, Schoolmaster and Session Clerk, Garnock.

Edinburgh.

DEAR SIR,—We have got this length through many difficulties, both in the travel by land to, and by sea and land from Greenock, where we were obligated, by reason of no conveyance, to stop the Sabbath, but not without edification; for we went to hear Doctor Drystour in the forenoon, who had a most weighty sermon on the tenth chapter of Nehemiah. He is surely a great orthodox divine, but rather costive in his delivery. In the afternoon we heard a correct moral lecture on good works, in another church, from Dr. Eastlight—a plain man, with a genteel congregation. The same night we took supper with a wealthy family, where we had much pleasant communion together, although the bringing in of the toddy bowl after supper is a fashion that has a tendency to lengthen the sederunt to unseasonable hours.

On the following morning, by the break of day, we took shipping in the steam-boat for Glasgow. I had misgivings about the engine, which is really a thing of great docility; but saving my concern for the boiler, we all found the place surprising comfortable. The day was bleak and cold, but we had a good fire in a carron grate in the middle of the floor, and books to read, so that both body and mind are therein provided for.

Among the books, I fell in with a History of the Rebellion, anent the hand that an English gentleman of the name of Waverley had in it. I was grieved that I had not time to read it through, for it was wonderful interesting, and far more particular, in many points, than any other account of that affair I have yet met with; but its no so friendly to protestant principles as I could have wished. However, if I get my legacy well settled, I will buy the book, and lend it to you on my return, please God, to the manse.

We were put on shore at Glasgow by breakfast time, and there we tarried all day, as I had a power of attorney to get from Miss Jenny Macbride, my cousin, to whom the Colonel left the thousand

pound legacy. Miss Jenny thought the legacy should have been more, and made some obstacle to signing the power, but both her lawyer and Andrew Pringle, my son, convinced her that, as it was specified in the testament, she could not help it by standing out; so at long and last, Miss Jenny was persuaded to put her name to the paper.

Next day we all four got into a fly-coach, and without damage or detriment, reached this city in good time for dinner at Macgregor's hotel, a remarkable decent inn, next door to one Mr. Blackwood, a civil and decent man in the bookselling line.

Really the changes in Edinburgh since I was here, fifty years ago, as the laird of Budlan's tutor, are not to be told. I am confounded, for although I have both heard and read of the New Town in the Edinburgh Advertiser, and the Scots Magazine, I had no notion of what has come to pass. It's surprising to think wherein the decay of the nation is; for at Greenock I saw nothing but shipping and building; at Glasgow, streets spreading as if they were one of the branches of cotton spining; and here, the houses grown up as if they were sown in the seed-time with the corn, by a drill machine, or dibbled in rigs and furfows like beans and potatoes.

To-morrow, God willing, we embark in a smack at Leith, so that you will not hear from me again till it please HIM to take us in the hollow of his hand to London.

I hope Mr. Snodgrass will give as much satisfaction to the parish as can reasonably be expected in my absence, and I remain, dear sir, your friend and pastor,

ZACHARIAH PRINGLE.

M. Mickelwham received the doctor's letter about an hour before the Session met on the case of Tam Glen and Meg Milliken, and took it with him to the Session house to read it to the elders before going into the investigation. Such a long and particular letter from the doctor was, as they all justly remarked, kind and dutiful to his people, and a great pleasure to them.

Mr. Daff observed, "Truly the doctor's a vera funny man, and wonderfu' jocose about the toddy bowl." But Mr. Craig said, that "sick a thing in the Lord's night gies me no pleasure; and I am for setting my face against Waverley's History of the Rebellion,

whilk I hae heard spoken of among the ungodly, both at Kilwinning and Dalry; and if it has no respect to protestant principles, I doubt it's but another doze o' the radical poison in a new guise." Mr. Jeener, however, thought, that "the observe on the great doctor Drystoun was very edifying; and that they should see about getting him to help at the summer occasion."*

Andrew Pringle, Esq. Advocate, to the Rev. Charles Snodgrass.

London.

My dear friend,—We have at last reached London, after a stormy passage of seven days. The accommodation in the smacks looks extremely inviting in port, and in fine weather, I doubt not, is comfortable, even at sea; but in February, and in such visitations of the powers of the air as we have endured, a balloon must be a far better vehicle than all the vessels that have been constructed for passengers since the time of Noah. In the first place, the waves of the atmosphere cannot be so dangerous as those of the ocean; being but "thin air;" and I am sure they are not so disagreeable; then the speed of the balloon is so much greater, and it would puzzle professor Leslie to demonstrate that its motions are more unsteady; besides, who ever heard of sea sickness in a balloon? The consideration of which alone would, to any reasonable person, actually suffering under the pains of that calamity, be deemed more than an equivalent for all the little fractional difference of danger between the two modes of travelling—I shall, henceforth, regard it as a fine characteristic trait of our national prudence, that in their journeys to France and Flanders, the Scottish witches always went by air on broomsticks and bunweeds, instead of venturing by water in sieves, like those of England. But the English are under the influence of a maritime genius.

When we had got as far up the Thames as Gravesend, the wind and tide came against us, so that the vessel was obliged to anchor, and I availed myself of the circumstance to induce the family to disembark and go to London by land; and I esteem it a fortunate circumstance that we did so, the day, for the season, being uncommonly fine. After we had taken some refreshment, I procur-

* The administration of the Sacrament.

ed places in a stage coach for my mother and sister—and, with the doctor, mounted myself on the outside. My father's old fashioned notions bogled a little at first to this arrangement, which he thought somewhat derogatory to his ministerial dignity—but his scruples were in the end overruled.

The country in this season is, of course, seen to disadvantage, but still it exhibits beauty enough to convince us what England must be when in leaf. The old gentleman's admiration of the increasing signs of what he called civilization, as we approached London, became quite eloquent; but the first view of the city from Blackheath (which, by the bye, is a fine common surrounded with villas and handsome houses) overpowered his faculties, and I shall never forget the impression it made on myself. The sun was declined towards the horizon; vast masses of dark low-hung clouds were mingled with the smoky canopy, and the dome of St. Paul's, like the enormous idol of some terrible deity, throned amidst the smoke of sacrifices and magnificence, darkness and mystery, presented altogether an object of vast sublimity. I felt touched with reverence, as if I was indeed approaching the city of the human powers. The distant view of Edinburgh is picturesque and romantic, but it affects a lower class of our associations. It is compared to that of London, what the poem of the Seasons is with respect to Paradise Lost; the castellated descriptions of Walter Scott to the "darkness" of Byron—the Sabbath of Graham to the Robbers of Schiller. In the approach to Edinburgh, leisure and cheerfulness are on the road; large spaces of rural and pastoral nature are spread openly around, and mountains and seas, and head-lands, and vessels passing beyond them, going like those that die, we know not whither, while the sun is bright on their sails, and hope with them. But in coming to this Babylon, there is an eager haste and a hurrying on from all quarters, towards that stupendous pile of gloom, through which no eye can penetrate; an unceasing sound, like the enginery of an earthquake at work, rolls from the heart of that profound and indefinable obscurity—sometimes a faint and yellow beam of the sun strikes here and there on the vast expanse of edifices; and churches, and holy asylums, are dimly seen lifting up their countless steeples and spires like so many lightning rods to avert the wrath of heaven.

The entrance to Edinburgh also awakens feelings of a more pleasing character. The rugged veteran aspect of the old town is agreeably contrasted with the bright smooth forehead of the new, and there is not such an overwhelming torrent of animal life, as to make you pause before venturing to stem it; the noises are not deafening, and the occasional sound of a ballad singer or a highland piper varies and enriches the discords; but here, a multitudinous assemblage of harsh alarms, of selfish contentions, and of furious carriages, driven by a fierce and insolent race, shatter the very hearing, till you partake of the activity with which all seem as much possessed as if a general apprehension prevailed, that the great clock of time would strike the doom-hour before their tasks were done. But I must stop, for the postman with his bell, like the betherel of some ancient "borough's town" summoning to a burial, is in the street, and warns me to conclude. Yours,

ANDREW PRINGLE.

The Rev. Dr. Pringle to Mr. Micklewham, Schoolmaster and Session Clerk, Greenock.

London, 49 Norfolk street, Strand.

DEAR SIR,—On the first Sunday forthcoming after the receiving hereof, you will not fail to recollect in the remembering prayer, that we return thanks for our safe arrival in London, after a dangerous voyage. Well, indeed, is it ordained that we should pray for those who go down to the sea in ships, and do business in the great deep, for what me and mine have come through is unspeakable, and the hand of Providence was visibly manifested.

On the day of our embarkation at Leith, a fair wind took us onward at a blithe rate for some time; but in the course of that night the bridle of the tempest was slackened, and the curb of the billows loosened, and the ship reeled to and fro like a drunkard, and no man could stand therein. My wife and daughter lay at the point of death, Andrew Pringle, my son, also was prostrated with the grievous affliction, and the very soul within me, was, as if it would have been cast out of the body.

On the following day the storm abated, and the wind blew favourably, but towards the heel of the evening it again became ve-

hement, and there was no help unto our distress. About midnight, however, it pleased HIM, whose breath is the tempest, to be more sparing with the whip of his displeasure on our poor bark, as she hobbled on in her toilsome journey through the waters, and I was enabled, through his strength, to lift my head from the pillow of sickness, and ascend the deck, where I thought of Noah looking out of the window in the ark, upon the face of the desolate flood; and of Peter walking on the sea, and I said to myself, it matters not where we are, for we can be in no place where Jehovah is not there likewise, whether it be on the waves of the ocean, or the mountain tops, or in the valley and shadow of death.

The third day the wind came contrary, and in the fourth, and the fifth, and the sixth, we were also sorely buffetted; but on the night of the sixth we entered the mouth of the river Thames, and on the morning of the seventh day of our departure, we cast anchor near a town called Gravesend, where, to our exceeding great joy, it pleased him, in whom alone there is salvation, to allow us once more to put our foot on the dry land.

When we had partaken of a repast, the first blessed with the blessing of an appetite, from the day of our leaving our native land, we got two vacancies in a stage-coach for my wife and daughter, but with Andrew Pringle, my son, I was obliged to mount aloft on the outside. I had some scruple of conscience about this, for I was afraid of my decorum. I met, however, with nothing but the height of discretion from the other outside passengers. Really I had no notion that the English were so civilized; they were so well-bred, and the very ragged of them spoke such a fine style of language, that when I looked around on the country, I thought myself in the land of Canaan. But its extraordinary what a power of drink the coachmen drink, stopping and going into every change-house, and yet behaving themselves with the greatest sobriety. And then they are all so well dressed, which is no doubt owing to the poor rates. I am thinking, however, that for all they cry against them, the poor rates are but a small evil, since they keep the poor folk in such food and raiment, and out of the temptations to thievery; indeed, such a thing as a common beggar is no to be seen in this land, excepting here and there a sorner or a neer-da-weel.

When we had got to the outskirts of London, I began to be ashamed of the sin of high-places, and would have gladly got into the inside of the coach, for fear of any body knowing me, but although the multitude of by-goers was like the kirk breaking up at the sacrament, I saw not a known face, nor one that took the least notice of my situation. At last we got to an inn, called *the White Horse*, Fetter Lane, where we hired a hackney to take us to the lodgings provided for us here in Norfolk-street, by Mr. Pawkie, the Scotch solicitor, a friend of Andrew Pringle, my son. Now it was that we began to experience the sharpers of London; for it seems that there are divers Norfolk-streets, ours was in the Strand, (mind that when you direct) nor very far from Fetter-lane, but the hackney driver took us away to one afar off, and when we knocked at the number we thought was ours, we found ourselves at a house that should not be told. I was so mortified that I did not know what to say; and when Andrew Pringle, my son, rebuked the man for the mistake, he only gave a cunning laugh, and said we should have told him what'na Norfolk-street we wanted. Andrew stormed at this, but I discerned it was all owing to our own inexperience, and put an end to the contention, by telling the man to take us to Norfolk-street in the Strand, which was the direction we had got. But when we got to the door, the coachman was so extortionate, that an other hubbub arose. Mrs. Pringle had been told, that, in such disputes, the best way of getting redress was to take the number of the coach, but in trying to do so, we found it fastened on, and I thought the hackney-man would have gone by himself with laughter. Andrew, who had not observed what we were doing, when he saw us trying to take off the number, went like one dimented, and paid the man, I cannot tell what, to get us out, and into the house, for fear we should have been mobbit. I have not yet seen the colonel's agents, so can say nothing as to the business of our coming; for landing at Gravesend, we did not bring our trunks with us, and Andrew has gone to the wharf this morning to get them, and until we get them, we can go no where;—which is the occasion of my writing so soon, knowing also how you, and the whole parish, would be anxious to hear what had become of us, and I remain dear sir, your friend and pastor.

ZACHARIAH PRINGLE.

By our friend Mr. M'Gruel's note to this letter, it appears that it was received late on Saturday evening; and that Saunders Dickie, the Irvine postman, suspecting it was from the doctor, had himself, on his own feet, taken it to Mr. Micklewham's, although the distance was more than two miles, and that Saunders, in addition to the customary *twal pennies* on the postage, had a dram for his pains. The next morning being wet, Mr. Micklewham had not an opportunity of telling any of the parishoners in the church-yard of the doctor's safe arrival, so that when he read out the request to return thanks, (for he was not only school-master, and session-clerk, but also precenter,) there was a murmur of pleasure diffused throughout the congregation, and the greatest curiosity was excited, to know what the dangers were, from which their worthy pastor, and his whole family, had so thankfully escaped in their voyage to London. Mr. Snodgrass, who officiates in the doctor's absence, and who had not then received his letter from Mr. Andrew Pringle, was no less anxious to learn the particulars, so that when the service was over, he adjourned with the elders to the session-house, to hear the letter read, and many of the heads of families, and other respectable parishioners, were admitted to the honours of the sitting, who all sympathized with the greatest sincerity, in the sufferings which their minister and his family had endured. Even Mr. Snodgrass was seen to smile at the incident of taking the number of the coach, the meaning of which none but himself seemed to understand.

When the epistle had been thus duly read, Mr. Micklewham promised, for the satisfaction of some of the congregation, that he would get two or three copies made by some of the best writers in his school, to be handed about the parish, and Mr. Jeener remarked, that truly it was a thing to be held in remembrance, for he had not heard of greater tribulation by the waters, since the shipwreck of the Apostle Paul.

Mrs. Pringle to Miss Mally Glencairn.

London.

My dear Miss Mally,—You must not expect no particulars from me of our journey, but as Rachel is writing all the calami-

ties that befel us to Bell Todd, you will, no doubt, hear of them. But all is nothing to my losses. I bought from the first hand, Mr. Treddles the manufacturer, two pieces of muslin, at Glasgow, such a thing not being to be had on any reasonable terms here, where they get all their fine muslins from Glasgow and Paisley, and in the same bocks with them I packit a small crock of our ain excellent salted butter, with a delap cheese, for I was told that such commodities are not to be had genuine in London. I likewise had in it a pot of marmlet, which Miss Jenny Macbride gave me at Glasgow, assuring me that it was only dainty, but a curiosity among the English, and my best new bumbaseen goun in peper. Howsomever in the nailing of the bocks, which I did carefully with my oun hands, one of the nails gaed in sideways, and broke the pot of marmlet, which, by the jolting of the ship ruined the muslin, rottened the peper round the goun, which the shivers cut into more than twenty great holes. Over and above all, the crock with the butter was, no one can tell how, crackit, and the pickle lecking out, and mixing with the seerip of the marmlet, spoilt the cheese. In short, at the object I beheld, when the bocks was opened, I could have ta'en to the greeting, but I behaved with more composity on the occasion, than the doctor thought it was in the power of nature to do. Howsomever, till I get a new goun and other things, I am obliged to be a prisoner, and as the doctor does not like to go to the counting-house of the agents without me, I know not what is yet to be the consequence of our journey. But it would need to be something; for we pay four guineas and a half a-week for our dry lodgings, which is at a degree more than the doctor's whole stipend. As yet, for the cause of these misfortunes, I can give you no account of London, but there is, as every body kens, little thrift in their housekeeping, we just buy our tea by the quarter a pound, and our loaf sugar, broken in a peper bag, by the pound, which would be a disgrace to a decent family in Scotland, and when we order dinner, we get no more than just serves, so that we have no cold meat if a stranger were coming by chance, which makes an unco bare house. The servan lasses I cannot abide; they dress better at their wark, than ever I did on an ordinaire week-day at the manse, and this very morning I saw madam,

the kitchen lass, mounted on a pair of pattens, washing the plain stenes before the door, na, for that matter, a bare foot is not be seen within the four walls of London, at the least I have na seen no such thing.

In the way of marketing, things are very good here, and considering, not dear, but all is sold by the licht weight, only the fish are awful; half-a-guinea for a cod's head, and no bigger than the drouds the cadgers bring from Ayr, at a shilling and eighteenpence a-piece.

Tell Miss Nanny Eydent that I have seen none of the fashions as yet, but we are going to the burial of the auld king next week, and I'll write her a particular account how the leddies are dressed; but every body is in deep mourning. Howsomever I have seen but little, and that only in a manner from the window, but I could not miss the opportunity of a frank that Andrew has got for the doctor, and as he's waiting for the pen, you must excuse haste. From your sincere friend.

JANET PRINGLE.

Andrew Pringle Esq. to the Rev. Chas. Snodgrass.

London.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—It will give you pleasure to hear that my father is likely to get his business speedily settled without any equivocation; and that all those prudential considerations which brought us to London, were but the phantasms of our own inexperience. I use the plural, for I really share in the shame of having called in question the high character of the agents: it ought to have been warrantry enough that every thing would be fairly adjusted. But I must give you some account of what has taken place, to illustrate our provincialism, and to give you some idea of the way of doing business in London.

After having recovered from the effects, and repaired some of the accidents of our voyage, we yesterday morning sallied forth, the doctor, my mother, and your humble servant, in a hackney coach to Broad-street, where the agents have their counting-house, and were ushered into a room among other legatees or clients, waiting for an audience of Mr. Argent, the principal of the house.

I know not how it is, that the little personal peculiarities, so amusing to strangers, should be painful when we see them in those whom we love and esteem; but I own to you, that there was a something in the demeanour of the old folks on this occasion, that would have been exceedingly diverting to me, had my filial reverence been less sincere for them.

The establishment of Messrs. Argent and company is of vast extent, and has in it something even of a public magnitude; the number of the clerks; the assiduity of all, and the order that obviously prevails throughout, give, at the first sight, an impression that bespeaks respect for the stability and integrity of the concern. —When we had been seated about ten minutes, and my father's name taken to Mr. Argent, an answer was brought that he would see us as soon as possible; but we were obliged to wait at least half an hour more. Upon our being at last admitted, Mr. Argent received us standing, and in an easy gentlemanly manner said to my father; "You are the residuary legatee of the late colonel Armour;—I am sorry that you did not apprize me of this visit, that I might have been prepared to give the information you naturally desire, but if you will call here to-morrow at 12 o'clock, I shall then be able to satisfy you on the subject. Your lady, I presume," he added, turning to my mother, "Mrs. Argent, will have the honour of waiting on you; may I therefore beg the favour of your address." Fortunately I was provided with cards, and having given him one, we found ourselves constrained, as it were, to take our leave. The whole interview did not last two minutes, and I never was less satisfied with myself. The doctor and my mother were in the greatest anguish; and when we were again seated in the coach, loudly expressed their apprehensions. They were convinced that some stratagem was meditated; they feared that their journey to London would prove as little satisfactory as that of the Wrongheads, and that they had been throwing away good money in building castles in the air.

It had been previously arranged, that we were to return for my sister, and afterwards visit some of the sights; but the clouded visages of her father and mother, darkened her very spirit, and she largely shared in their fears. This, however, was not the gravest part of the business; for, instead of going to St. Paul's and the

Tower, as we had intended, my mother declared, that not one farthing would they spend more till they were satisfied, that the expenses already incurred, were likely to be reimbursed; and a chancery suit, with all the horrors of wig and gown, floated in spectral haziness before their imagination.

We sat down to a frugal meal, and although the remainder of a bottle of wine, saved from the preceding day, hardly afforded a glass a-piece, the doctor absolutely prohibited me from opening another.

This morning, faithful to the hour, we were again in Broad-street, with hearts knit up into the most peremptory courage; and, on being announced, were immediately admitted to Mr. Argent. He received us with the same ease as in the first interview, and, after requesting us to be seated, which, by the way, he did not do yesterday, a circumstance that was ominously remarked, he began to talk on indifferent matters. I could see that a question, big with law and fortune, was gathering in the breasts both of the doctor and my mother, and that they were in a state far from that of the blessed. But one of the clerks, before they had time to express their indignant suspicions, entered with a paper, and Mr. Argent, having glanced it over, said to the doctor—"I congratulate you, sir, on the amount of the colonel's fortune. I was not indeed aware before, that he had died so rich. He has left about £120,000; seventy-five thousand of which is in the five per cents; the remainder in India bonds and other securities. The legacies appear to be inconsiderable, so that the residue to you, after paying them, and the expenses of doctors commons, will exceed a hundred thousand pounds.

My father turned his eyes upwards in thankfulness, "but," continued Mr. Argent, "before the property can be transferred, it will be necessary for you to provide about four thousand pounds to pay the duty and other requisite expenses." This was a thunder-clap. "Where can I get such a sum," exclaimed my father, in a tone of pathetic simplicity—Mr. Argent smiled, and said, "we shall manage that for you," and having in the same moment pulled a bell, a fine young man entered, whom he introduced to us as his son, and desired him to explain what steps it was necessary for the doctor to take—we accordingly followed Mr. Charles Argent to his own room.

Thus, in less time than I have been in writing it, were we put in possession of all the information we required, and found those, whom we feared might be interested to withhold the settlement, alert and prompt to assist us.

Mr. Charles Argent is naturally more familiar than his father; he has a little dash of pleasantry in his manner, with a shrewd, good-humoured, fashionable air, that renders him soon an agreeable acquaintance. He entered with singular felicity at once into the character of the doctor and my mother, and waggishly drolled, as if he did not understand them, in order, I could perceive, to draw out the simplicity of their apprehensions. He quite won the old lady's economical heart, by offering to frank her letters, for he is in parliament. "You have probably," said he, slyly, "friends in the country, to whom you may be desirous of communicating the result of your journey to London; send your letters to me, and I will forward them, and any that you expect may also come under cover to my address, for postage is very expensive."

As we were taking our leave, after being fully instructed in all the preliminary steps to be taken before the transfers of the funded property can be made, he asked me, in a friendly manner, to dine with him this evening, and I never accepted an invitation with more pleasure. I consider his acquaintance a most agreeable acquisition, and not one of the least of those advantages which this new opulence has put it in my power to attain. The incidents, indeed, of this day have been all highly gratifying, and the new and brighter phase in which I have seen the mercantile character, as it is connected with the greatness and glory of my country—is in itself equivalent to an accession of useful knowledge. I can no longer wonder at the vast power which the British government wielded during the late war, when I reflect that the method and promptitude of the house of Messrs. Argent and company is common to all the great commercial concerns from which the statesmen derived, as from so many reservoirs, their immense pecuniary supplies, which enabled them to beggar all the resources of a political despotism, the most unbounded, both in power and principle, of any tyranny that ever existed so long. Yours, &c.

ANDREW PRINGLE.

ART. XIX.—*Madam Jaffrey.* From Beloe's *Sexagenerian.*

SHE was sister of John Wilkes, of famous memory, had a large portion of his intellectual endowments, and was very little his inferior in vivacity, humour and wit. She was married first to an opulent merchant, who was succeeded in his business by his head clerk, Mr. Hayley, whose fortunes were made by his obtaining the hand of the widow. He was afterwards alderman Hayley, and a near relation of Hayley, the poet; he was a plain, sensible, good sort of man, wholly absorbed in commercial pursuits, and soon found it expedient, for the sake of a quiet life, to suffer his *cara sposa* to do as she liked. She was exceedingly well informed, had read a great deal, possessed a fine taste, and, with respect to literary merit, considerable judgment. She accordingly sought with much avidity the society of those who were distinguished in the world by their talents and their writings. When the expression of *those* is used, it must be understood to apply to men only; for on all occasions, she was at no pains to conceal her contemptuous opinion of her own sex, and it was no uncommon thing to see her at table surrounded with ten or twelve eminent men, without a single female. She had great conversational talents; and, unfortunately, like her brother, she never permitted any ideas of religion, or even of delicacy, to impose a restraint upon her observations.

Her disregard of propriety, was also conspicuously manifested on these occasions. She invariably attended the more remarkable trials at *Old Bailey*, where she regularly had a certain place reserved for her. When the discussion on the trial was of such a nature that decorum, and indeed the judges themselves desired women to withdraw, she never stirred from her place, but persisted in remaining to hear the whole, with the most unmoved and unblushing earnestness of attention. She every summer made an excursion to such parts of the kingdom as she had not before visited, and was always accompanied by a single male friend, who for a great number of years was an American gentleman, connected with the house of Hayley, by the ties of mercantile interests. Upon one occasion, she visited the Highlands with this gentleman, and though accustomed to a very luxurious style of living, she submitted to the greatest privation and hardships in the indulgence of her curiosity. This, indeed, was unbounded; it extended to the

manufactories, manners, high and low, and more than low, in whatever place she visited, her professed object was to see every thing and every body which deserved or excited attention. The season in which she visited the Highlands proved moreover, to be very wet and tempestuous, and the character of her mind cannot perhaps be more accurately delineated than by an extract of a letter which she wrote to her brother John Wilkes, from Scotland: it began—

"Dear Brother—The rain has been and still is, so incessant, that I have serious intentions of constructing another ark; into which, however, I shall be exceedingly scrupulous whom I admit. As I know your particular taste I shall have a cabin for your use fitted up, and adorned with scripture and other prints. But I will, on no consideration whatever, suffer any unclean animals to enter; for example, nothing shall prevail upon me to admit either Scotchmen or Scotchwomen," &c. &c.

The whole of the epistle was of the same strain and character, full of wit, humour, and ingenious (however unjustly) raillery.

She had a house after her husband's death, and perhaps before, at Bromley; the measured distance of which, from her town residence in Great Alie-Street, Goodman's Fields, was precisely ten miles. She had four beautiful horses, and on entering her carriage, she never failed to take her watch in her hand, and her coachman was sure to have a sorry bout of it, if he exceeded the space of an hour, either going or coming.

She had also a strong predilection for the drama, had a box at both the theatres, and generally went from one house to another. She was most particularly fond of Shakspeare, and never failed to be present when any of his plays were represented. She allowed her coachman but half an hour to drive from Goodman's Fields to either theatre. Her remarks on the performances and performers were ingenious, lively, pertinent, and just.

She was particularly nice in her carriage, which was always built in the highest and most expensive style of fashion, and kept with particular neatness. She had one day a rich citizen with her, in one of these excursions to or from Bromley, who did not perceive that the glass, near which he sat, was drawn up, and he was so thoughtless as to spit upon it. She indulged in much laughter,

and remarked, that her coachman could not possibly have had a greater compliment paid to his care of the glasses.

She had a daughter, who did not appear to be exempted from the general, indeed universal dislike, or rather contempt, which she avowed for all her sex. They were on the very worst terms possible, and so reluctant was she on her daughter's marriage to perform the stipulations required of old H's. will, that the most harsh and rigorous proceedings were found unavoidably necessary; and she was arrested on Saturday night, on coming from the play, when she had thousands at her command: and detained with her male friend, who always accompanied her, in a spunging-house, till the Monday morning.

In the end she served this same gentleman a most slippery trick. He was a native of Nantucket, and as Mr. H's. commercial connexions were principally in America, he was one of his most intimate and valuable correspondents. On coming to England he took up his residence in H's. house, and on his death undertook the conduct of the great and extensive concern for the widow. He was her most intimate counsellor, confidant and friend, embarked his fortunes with hers, attended her every where, and on every occasion, and was in all respects the master of her house, and the director of her family. At the conclusion of the American war, it was found expedient that some confidential person should go over to America, to see after the property still remaining in that country, and which was not much less than one hundred thousand pounds. Mr. R** offered himself for the purpose. Before they embarked, it was determined, on consultation, that they should be married, and the archbishop's license was accordingly obtained. From some cause or other, the solemnizations was deferred, and they mutually covenanted that it should take place on their arrival in America. They accordingly set sail very lovingly together. When they got to America, they were much noticed and feasted; and were hospitably received, even by general WASHINGTON himself, and the most considerable persons of the country. Still the marriage was not solemnized. Almost the first letters which came out from England, brought the unwelcome information, that the presence of Mrs. H. or her agent and representative, was indispensably necessary, to secure the property which was left behind, no less consi-

derable than that after which they went in search. The gentleman, of whom we are speaking, voluntarily undertook this mission also; and leaving his friend and mistress, with the promise, and indeed the determination, to return immediately and perform his contract, he appointed a young mercantile man to transact his business in his absence, and departed for England.

But mark the waywardness and inconsistency of some females: he had hardly set foot on British ground, when a packet arrived from a correspondent in America, with the information, that the lady had found solitude in that distant part of the world so irksome, and indeed so intolerable, that in one short week after his departure, she had united herself in indissoluble bonds with the young man whom he had left as his mercantile representative. There were no writings, settlements or contracts: but one simple deed, stating that the longest liver should have all the property.

Before the narrative of Mrs. H. is resumed, the sequel of the fortunes of this disappointed gentleman shall be added. His grief was probably neither very acute, nor very permanent; indeed, he was already beginning to feel his situation a sort of unmanly thraldom: and there can be very little doubt, that, had he been either pressing or unfortunate, he might *mutatis mutandis*, have been the happy bridegroom in America, rather than the forsaken lover in England. But he was a man with a great spirit of enterprise, had seen much of the world, and was anxious to see more. He had also some very lofty schemes of mercantile aggrandisement, particularly with respect to the South Sea whale fishery. He was an exceedingly ingenious mechanic, and had invented a machine for the more certain destruction of whales, which had the approbation of some of our most accomplished mechanics. With this view, not meeting in this country, or from our government, the encouragement he wanted, and the assistance he asked, he removed to France. Whether he yet survives, or if he does, in what situation he remains, was unknown, when this was written.

Now to return to Mrs. Hayley. The hours of rapture, even with younger subjects (votaries at the hymeneal shrine) do not always extend beyond the honey-moon. When a female, approaching to seventy, leads to the altar a bridegroom, who has not seen thirty, these hours of Elysium seldom continue quite so long. In a very

short interval, a separation was mutually thought expedient The lady, as before observed, confided every thing to the generosity of her husband, and, with such an allowance as he thought proper to make her, she took a very early opportunity of recrossing the Atlantic; and after a short residence in London, fixed herself at Bath, where she passed—"*An old age of cards.*"

ART. XX.—*On the cutting of a Canal in the province of Costa Rica, to connect the waters of the Atlantic and Pacific oceans.* From Robinson's Memoirs of the Mexican Revolution.

WE now come to treat of a section of the American continent, where the magnificent scheme of cutting a navigable canal, between the two oceans, appears unincumbered with any natural obstacles.

The province of Costa Rica, or, as it is named by some geographers, Nicaragua, has occupied but the very cursory notice of either Spanish or other writers: they have all, however, stated, that a communication could be opened by the lake of Nicaragua, between the two seas, but no accurate description of the country has ever been published, and indeed so completely has the mind of the public been turned towards the Isthmus of Panama, as the favoured spot where the canal should be cut, that Costa Rica has been disregarded.

In looking over the excellent maps of Melish and doctor Robinson, recently published, we perceive that the river called San Juan discharges its waters into the Atlantic ocean, in the province of Costa Rica, about the latitude of 10° 45′ north. This noble river has its source in the lake of Nicaragua. The bar at its mouth has been generally stated as not having more than twelve feet water on it. About sixteen years ago, an enterprising Englishman, who casually visited the river, examined the different passages over the bar, and discovered one, which although narrow, would admit a vessel drawing twenty-five feet. It is said, that some of the traders to that coast from Honduras, are likewise acquainted with the passage just mentioned, but it has never been laid down on any map; and if the Spanish government had been informed of it, they would, conformably to their usual policy, have studiously concealed it. After the bar of the San Juan is crossed, there is ex-

cellent and safe anchorage in four and six fathoms of water. It is stated, that there are no obstructions to the navigation of the river, but what may be easily removed; and at present large brigs and schooners sail up the river into the lake. This important fact has been communicated to us by several traders. The waters of the lake, throughout its whole extent, are from three to eight fathoms in depth.

In the lake are some beautiful islands, which, with the country around its borders, form a romantic and most enchanting scenery. At its western extremity is a small river, which communicates with the lake of Leon, distant about eight leagues. From the latter, as well as from Nicaragua, there are some small rivers which flow into the Pacific ocean,—the distance from the lake of Leon to the ocean, is only about thirteen miles, and from Nicaragua to the gulf of Papagayo, in the Pacific ocean, is onl twenty-one miles. The ground between the two lakes and the sea is a dead level. The only inequalities seen are some isolated conical hills, of a volcanic origin. There are two places where a canal could be cut with the greatest facility: the one, from the coast of Nicoya, (or, as it is called in some of the maps, Caldera,) to the lake of Leon, a distance of thirteen or fifteen miles; the other, from the gulf of Papagayo to the lake of Nicaragua, a distance of about twenty-one or twenty-five miles. The coast of Nicoya and the gulf of Papagayo are free from rocks and shoals, particularly in the gulf, whose shore is so bold that a frigate may anchor within a few yards of the beach. Some navigators have represented the coasts of Costa Rica, as well on the Pacific as on the Atlantic side, as being subject to severe tempests; and hence these storms have been called Papagayos: but we have conversed with several mariners who have experienced them, and have been assured, that they are trifling when compared with the dreadful hurricanes experienced among the Antilles, in the months of August, September, and October. The Papagayos are merely strong north-east gales, which last about the same time, during the winter season, as the northern gales in the gulf of Mexico. More than half the year the seasons are perfectly tranquil, and more especially on the coast of the Pacific ocean. We have conversed with persons, residents of the

city of Leon, who assured us, that for twenty years past they had not experienced any thing deserving the name of a hurricane.

The climate of Costa Rica has none of the deleterious qualities of the province of Choco and the Isthmus of Panama. The sea breezes from the Pacific as well as Atlantic set in steadily every morning, and diffuse over the whole Isthmus of Costa Rica a perpetual freshness. We think it is not hazarding too much to say, that this part of the American continent is the most salubrious of all the tropical regions. The most finely formed and robust race of Indians of any part of the American continent, are here to be seen. The soil is peculiarly fertile, particularly in the vicinity of the river San Juan, and around the borders of the lakes Nicaragua and Leon.

From the preceding outline, it will be perceived, that nature has already provided a water conveyance through this Isthmus, to within a few leagues of the Pacific ocean; but supposing that the route we have mentioned, up the river San Juan and through the lake of Nicaragua, should, when accurately surveyed, discover obstructions (which we do not anticipate) to the navigation of large vessels, where would exist the difficulty, in such case, of cutting a canal through the entire Isthmus? The whole distance is only one hundred and ninety, or at most two hundred miles from the Atlantic ocean to the gulf of Papagayo. There is scarcely ten miles of the distance but what passes over a plain; and by digging the canal near the banks of the river San Juan, and the margin of the lake of Nicaragua, an abundant supply of water could be procured for a canal of any depth or width. Surely the magnitude of such an undertaking would not be a material objection, in the present age of enterprise and improvement, especially when we look at what has been accomplished in Europe, and at the splendid canal now cutting in our own country, in the state of New York. It may be said, that the present poverty of the country, and its spare population, are powerful obstacles to the execution of the project. If Costa Rica were in possession of a liberal government, willing to lend its encouragement to the important object, capital in abundance would speedily be forthcoming, either from Great Britain or from the United States. Enterprising compa-

nies could soon be formed; and we hazard little in predicting, that the canal stock of such an association would yield a profit far greater than that of any other company in the world. With regard to the difficulty of procuring labourers in the present state of the population of the country, it could soon be obviated. The Indians of Guatimala and Yucatan would flock to the Isthmus of Costa Rica in thousands, provided the banners of freedom were hoisted there, under any government capable of affording them protection, and rewarding them for their labour. The present condition of those unfortunate people is wretched beyond conception, particularly of those in the interior of Yucatan. We have seen them attending mass, and accompanying religious processions, in hundreds and thousands, almost in a state of nudity. Adults had a covering over their loins, and sometimes a shirt and a pair of drawers; but children of both sexes, under ten and twelve years of age, were literally naked. The fruits of their labour are absorbed by the exactions of their civil, military, and ecclesiastical despots: they feel no stimulus to industry, when they are debarred from enjoying or inheriting its fruits: they pass a life of ignorance and apathy, and die in misery. Unfold to these unfortunate beings a new and rational mode of existence, offer them moderate wages and comfortable clothing, give them personal protection, and allow them the advantages of a free external and internal commerce, and they would soon display a different character. Offer to the view of the Indians these blessings, and multitudes would repair to the proposed point, from all the adjacent countries. Under such circumstances, we do not entertain any doubt that twenty, thirty, or even fifty thousand Indians could be procured for the work in question, who would give their labour with gratitude for a moderate compensation. Every Indian among the natives of Costa Rica would rejoice at the prospect of being employed and paid for his labour,—and more especially, in the execution of an undertaking that, even to his untutored mind, would present such obvious advantages to his country and to his posterity.

We feel great pleasure in stating, that many of these ideas are derived from an interesting and able memoir, written by the late Bryan Edwards, the celebrated historian of the West Indies. We perused it, several years since, at Jamaica; and, although we have

not seen it among any of the published works of that distinguished writer, we believe the memoir was laid before the British government. Bryan Edwards was perfectly aware of the importance of Costa Rica to the British nation, and of the practicability of forming the communication between the two seas in the manner we have suggested; and he made use of the most cogent and eloquent reasoning, to induce his government to seize the Isthmus of Costa Rica by conquest in war, or to obtain it by negotiation in peace. We presume the British government have not lost sight of those representations, nor of other interesting communications on the same subject, which have been made to them by several intelligent individuals who had resided in the bay of Honduras. The Isthmus of Costa Rica may hereafter become to the New, what the Isthmus of Suez was to the Old world, prior to the discovery of the route to Asia by the Cape of Good Hope.

Should a canal be cut through Costa Rica, of sufficient dimensions to admit the passage of the largest vessels, and ports of free commerce to all nations be established at the mouths of this canal on the Pacific and Atlantic oceans, there cannot be a doubt, that in less than a century, this Isthmus would become the greatest commercial thoroughfare in the world. Let the reader cast his eyes upon the map, and behold its important geographical position. Nearly central as respects the distance between Cape Horn and the north-west coast of America,—in the vicinity of the two great oceans, superseding the necessity of the circuitous and perilous navigation around Cape Horn,—it appears to be the favoured spot destined by nature to be the heart of the commerce of the world.

The most ardent imagination would fail in an attempt to portray all the important and beneficial consequences which would result from the execution of this work, whose magnitude and grandeur are worthy the profound attention of every commercial nation. It is indeed a subject so deeply and generally interesting, that the powerful nations of the Old and those of the New World should discard from its examination all selfish or ambitious considerations. Should the work be undertaken, let it be executed on a magnificent scale; and, when completed, let it become, like the ocean, a highway of nations, the enjoyment of which shall be guaranteed by them all, and which shall be exempt from the caprice or regulations of any one kingdom or state. This idea may, at first

view, appear as extravagant as it is novel; but we cannot perceive any thing in it that is not in unison with the liberal and enterprising spirit of the present age; and we feel perfectly assured, that if it receive the encouragement and support of the nations of the old World, those, who will hereafter govern in the new, will not hesitate in the relinquishment of a few leagues of territory on the American continent, for the general benefit of mankind; and more especially, when America herself must derive permanent and incalculable advantages from being the great channel of communication between the Oriental and Western World.

ART. XXI.—*Mahmut; or, the folly of discontent. An Oriental Tale.*

MAHMUT, the son of Isgar, shaking off the downy fetters of sleep, arose from his homely couch with the first dawning of the morning star. The sable veil of darkness still wrapt in obscurity the face of nature, save that on the shapeless tops of some of the highest mountains, there faintly gleamed approaching day—when loading his beast with the fruits of the earth, the rewards of labour, and prostrating himself before Alla, Mahmut journeyed towards the city, to dispose of his little merchandise.

The glorious parent of light had just awakened the choristers of the groves, and, with his cheering beams, painted the pearly dewdrops that hung glittering on the flowers of the valley with a thousand dyes, when Mahmut arrived before the walls of Schiraz. As the gates of the city were not yet opened, the son of Isgar sat down beneath a towering pine, and taking his humble provision from a wallet that hung on the back of his mule, began a repast, which the sons of luxury might well envy; it was the repast of health excited by labour.

Whilst he was thus employed, a cloud of dust approached him, and Mahmut discovered in the midst of it a vast herd of camels, heavily laden with the riches of the mines of Golconda. A numerous body of slaves and guards attended them, and Mahmut knew they belonged to the merchant Abossan, surnamed the Rich, whose sumptuous palaces, glittering with all the splendor of eastern magnificence, adorned the spacious streets of Schiraz, and declared the immense wealth of the owner. The name of Abossan the Rich,

was spread through the remotest nations of the earth; his vessels traded to the most distant cities, while the innumerable caravans which daily arrived from Egypt, and from India, from Bagdad, Balsora, and Cairo, filled his warehouses with the manufactures, the produce and treasures of every country.

The son of Isgar viewed the procession, which had now rested before the gates, with surprise; his admiration was excited at the multitude of beasts, and the vast riches, beneath the weight of which they groaned; and, as he turned towards his mule, and compared the humble stores with which she was laden, with the valuable merchandise of Abossan, his young breast was first empoisoned by the venomed fangs of envy; he repined at his lot, and exclaimed "O! holy prophet, why hast thou shed all thy blessings on the favoured head of Abossan? what has he done more than the neglected son of Isgar, to deserve thy peculiar protection. Whilst Mahmut is toiling at the plough, or labouring amongst the cedars of the forest, the happy Abossan is revelling in all the luxury of plenty, surrounded with the blooming beauties of Circassia, or reposing himself on the soft bosom of his favourite fair. Happy! Happy! Abossan!"

As he uttered these words the gates of Schiraz were opened, and the retinue of the merchant entered. Mahmut arose from his seat, and, as he was preparing to follow the caravan into the city, was accosted by a man of the most venerable aspect; the marks of time and hoary age were seen on his countenance, which beamed with the mild light of beneficence; his snowy beard descended below his girdle, and gave dignity to his appearance. In one hand he held the Alcoran, the other grasped a staff, on which he seemed to repose his aged limbs. When he spoke, the voice of truth proceeded from his lips, and the son of Isgar was impressed with a reverential awe, when the aged stranger thus addressed him:—

"Ungrateful Mahmut! thou hast dared to arraign the wisdom of the holy prophet, and to call in question the proceedings of the Most High; but does it belong to thee to murmur at the dispensations of Providence? Know, Oh Mahmut! that the words thou hast uttered are heard at the throne of mercy, and in mercy hath the prophet directed me to show thee the folly of thy complaints. Thou thinkest the merchant Abossan is possessed of happiness,

because he possesses riches; such is the judgment of youth; such its error. But age and experience, where reason is coolly suffered to hold her sway, reflect a far different image of happiness, from that produced by the heated ideas of youthful imagination. Youth considers happiness to subsist in the habitations of wealth and pleasure; experience and reason teach us, that she flees from them, to the lonely cottage of content, and is but rarely found within the walls of the palace, and that Abossan, whom thou enviest for his possessions, is far—very far indeed, from being happy. Behold in me, O son of Isgar! the genius of truth. My name is Omrah, and I am permitted by Alla to enlighten thine understanding. Know that by my immortal nature, I have power to penetrate the thoughts of man, though hidden in the deepest recesses of the heart: this gift I am allowed to bestow on thee. Follow me into the city; we will there enter into the house of Abossan, and, as the ring I wear, on which is engraven the great name of Solomon, will render us invisible, we can unobserved, contemplate the envied happiness of Abossan."

The genius ceased, and Mahmut held down his head, abashed, that his exclamation had been heard, and taking his mule by her bridle, silently followed his venerable conductor into Schiraz. The spacious mansions of the merchant soon presented themselves to their view, and Omrah turning to the son of Isgar, cried, "Behold the abode of Abossan; here let your beast rest, whilst we seek the presence of the master of the house." Mahmut accordingly quitted his mule, and passing on with Omrah through a crowd of domestics, to whom the power of the genius rendered them invisible, they entered under a colonnade of pillars of costly marble, from which hung a profusion of silver lamps, suspended by chains of massy gold, into an extensive apartment, the magnificence of which raised the admiration of the peasant Muhmut, who, never before having seen such vast riches, could not forbear expressing his delight, whilst he gazed with wonder on the scene before him. The walls were lined with the most beautiful jasper, and mother of pearl, and the large mirrors, which were placed around the room, reflected the different objects an hundred times. In the middle of the floor, which was richly inlaid, stood a large fountain, the basin of which, constructed of the most costly materials, was supported

by four lions of pure gold; a dragon of gold reared his head in the centre, and spouted forth the clearest water, to a vast height, which fell showering down in innumerable streams, and was again received into the basin below.

Before the windows of the room were pots of silver, placed on feet of the most curious workmanship, in each of which were burning odoriferous herbs, more fragrant than the smell of the new blown rose, that, unveiling her charms to the morning sun, scents the ambient air with her soft perfume.

At the upper end of this apartment, on a throne of polished steel, sat Abossan, who was just arisen. Around him stood a troop of female slaves, more lovely than the Houris which are promised as a reward to the faithful. Yet his brow was apparently clouded with anxiety; the smile of ease was not seen to play upon his countenance, and he was totally inattentive to the efforts his women made to divert him.

"Behold, my son," said the genius to Mahmut, "behold the envied Abossan. Mark the gloom that lowers around him, and say if that indicates happiness? But now partake with me the power of penetrating into his thoughts; view with attention the scenes that are unfolded to thee, and let the lessons of truth thou receivest be indelibly engraven on thy memory." Omrah then muttering some words, the son of Isgar was immediately endued with the faculty of reading the mind of man; and the genius proceeding in his discourse, said: "Observe, my son, the breast of Abossan is filled with care and perplexity. Insatiable avarice has long since driven the social virtues from his bosom; pride and ambition have usurped their place. Possessed of the means of rendering thousands happy, he exists but for himself; though his coffers overflow with riches, he still eagerly grasps at more, and all his desires are concentrated to this one point, to be thought the wealthiest man in Persia. The voice of indigence assails his ears in vain, and poverty is driven from his doors without relief; the ingenious artizan meets with no encouragement from him, except it be to gratify his pride; all his expenses are lavished on his apartments, to which the stranger is denied admittance; on the luxury of his tables, which are never graced with the presence of a guest, and where sensuality and hospitality preside. Such, O peasant, is Abossan! What are the ef-

fects of such a mind? Though his power and his riches cause him to be feared, he is despised and shunned by all;—incapable of feeling the generous glow of friendship, he has no one in whom he can confide the secrets of his bosom—no one to comfort him in the hour of sickness: his days are passed in slothful inactivity, except when he is viewing his warehouses filled with the wealth he has accumulated; his nights in planning new schemes of aggrandizement; distrust is continually filling his mind, and he suspects every slave who enters his apartment of having some design on his property or his life. Say then, O Mahmut, if such happiness is worthy of envy?"

"I see," replied the peasant, "the fallacy of human judgment, and I beseech the holy prophet that he will pardon the crime I have committed against him, by accusing him of injustice."—"Return thanks to Alla," cried the genius, "for having graciously permitted me to reveal to thee these lessons. Learn from them, O son of Isgar! these useful and important truths:—that happiness consists not in abundance of wealth or extensive possessions, unless the mind of the possessor be endued with virtue. When riches are made conducive to the happiness of society—are employed to alleviate the wants of your fellow mortals, or in encouraging the arts and sciences, then they become a blessing in those hands to which Alla has entrusted them; the world at large feel the munificence of the possessor; he is like a cloud which, having gathered up the exhalations of the earth, spreads its bounty around, and, by its refreshing and invigorating showers, ripens the produce of the ground, and causes the flowers of the field to shoot forth their blooming heads. But when riches, which are given for the good of mankind, are applied to the purposes of ambition or avarice, or are joined with a distrustful and discontented mind, they become a curse to human nature. Know also, O Mahmut! and remember this great truth, that to be content with the situations in which Alla has been pleased to place us, is the only means of attaining happiness in this sublunary state: with her, smiling as our companion, we cannot fail of being happy: without her the wealth of Indostan, cannot make us so. Return, therefore, O my son! to the toil and labour of the field, and be assured, that content, and the humble

cottage of thy father Isgar, are far more enviable, than the gilded palaces of Abossan. L. G. Z.

ART. XXII.—*Micro-Cosmography. A Quack Doctor*

Is a person who, knowing himself ignorant of the profession he has embarked in, is willing to make the world believe otherwise; for this purpose he advertises himself, in the public papers, as a person of wonderful skill, and, for the truth of his assertion, appeals to the testimony of suborned patients. As he is aware of his utter ignorance of the nature and properties of medicinals in general, he pretends to have made some nostrum his peculiar study, and, that this may answer all the purposes for which he has occasion, he has not niggardly confined its healing powers to one distemper, but attacks, with equal success, the ague and fever, the stone and the jaundice, and in fact, the whole complication of animal diseases. He finds popularity is not attached to an unknown empiric; he gives an account of his travels in France and Germany, and if he has a diploma, (which is not difficult to be obtained in some of the foreign universities) he never fails to exhibit in his bills a fac simile of the writing of the professor who signed it. He is a man who belies his own character, and rails with all the bitterness of invective, against advertising doctors, and ignorant pretenders to physic.

If he is not so successful as he wishes, his next step is to procure some needy author to write a book in favour of his nostrum, and in praise of his skill: this book is entitled the tenth or twentieth edition, probably before the first has been sold. By these arts he becomes known, which he conceives is sufficient, and it generally proves so.

The best cure he ever performed is his own purse, which from being lean and sickly, is become plump and full. His learning consists much in his knowledge of the Latin and Greek names of diseases and the superscriptions on the gallipots of his shop. If he has been by accident, at some desperate or doubtful recovery, he claims the merit of the cure to himself, and this adds to his reputation and practice, for his skill is merely opinion. He tells you your malady in a number of unintelligible physical phrases, though it be only a cold or a head-ache, from which, by an adherence to his

advice, you will shortly recover. By these means he has risen above the regular practitioner, who has too much honour to sacrifice his conscience to his worldly gain. He styles himself a Galen, or a Paracelsus, although it is well known, that, in the profession of physic, (to use a vulgar application) he is but a *Solomon!*

ART. XXIII.—*An Inquiry concerning the Increase in the Numbers of Mankind; being an Answer to Mr. Malthus's Essay on that subject.* By William Godwin. Longman & Co. 1820.

MR. GODWIN is now clearly in his dotage. At no time had he the talent of forming distinct perceptions of the world as it lay before him, and as it was seen by men of cooler heads; and now the infirmities of advanced years have added greatly to the denseness of that cloud, which, arising from extravagant notions, and, perhaps, from a peculiar temperament, obscured and most grievously distorted every object that attracted his attention. We now allude thus to the decay of nature in the well-known writer now before us, not in order to inflict a wound upon his pride, or to gratify in ourselves, what he would be very ready to call a malignant propensity; but solely with the view of establishing the only ground of excuse, which we can possibly imagine, for the querulous, conceited, vindictive, and uncandid style in which this "Inquiry" is written.

We can find an apology for the feelings of self-gratulation with which he looks back upon his exertions to enlighten mankind in their true interests, and to enable them to shake off the antiquated prejudices under which society had, till his time, been contented to subsist; for, although his writings proved nothing so forcibly as the ignorance and wrong-headedness of their author, he must be allowed the credit of adhering to the opinions on which they are founded, and, of course to be entitled to all that inward complacency which flows from the consciousness of having meant well. But we can find no apology for the rancorous revenge with which he pursues Mr. Malthus, for having, more than twenty years ago, presumed to expose the bad reasoning and the revolutionary tendency of his work on Political Justice: we can find no apology for the contemptible manner in which, throughout the whole of the present publication, he arraigns the motives and vilifies the

on the destruction of all that Solon and Plato, and Montesquieu and Sidney, in ancient times and in a former age, seemed to have effected for the redemption and the elevation of mankind." "The consequence is, that I the first, as far as I know, of any English writer in the present century, shall have really gone into the question of population." I simply undertake to open the door for the gratification of the curious, or, more properly speaking, of those who feel an interest in the honour and happiness of the human species, which hitherto in this respect has been shut. Conscious how little as yet is known on the subject, I attempt no more than to delineate outlines of the doctrine of population!"

We have once more,—for this species of matter is endless,—to beg the attention of the reader to the matchless impudence and presumption of the following remarks. "I might, indeed, have written a treatise in which I should have endeavoured to trace the outlines of the subject of population, without adverting to Mr. Malthus. But, in the first place, it was gratifying to me to name an author, who, however false and groundless his theories appear to be, has had the merit of successfully drawing the attention of the public to the subject. I think it is but fair, so far as depends upon me that his name should be preserved, whatever becomes of the volumes he has written. If any benefit shall arise from the discussion of the doctrine of population, there is a propriety in recollecting the person by whose writings the question has been set afloat, though he has not discussed (it)."

We have no intention, whatever, to re-enter the beaten field of controversy, in which the subject of population has been agitated ever since the commencement of the present century. We regard the main questions connected with it as determined and set at rest forever. Indeed, the principles on which it is founded, and to which we are compelled to make a constant reference in all our reasonings as to its application, were recognized by political writers long before Mr. Malthus was born: and this gentleman, accordingly, with his usual candour, claims no higher merit in his elaborate Essay on Population, than belongs to the industry which enabled him to collect facts, in order to illustrate and confirm more fully than had theretofore been done, the doctrines every where held in relation to that inquiry, and which no one had

thought it necessary to dispute. No reflecting and unprejudiced man could ever allow himself to doubt, that the human being, like all other animals, in favourable circumstances, has the power of increasing his numbers; and consequently that families, tribes, and nations, may be supposed to incur the possible hazard of out-growing the means of a comfortable and independent subsistence. Viewing mankind, for the moment, simply in regard to their animal propensities and capability, it will not be esteemed inconsistent with a due respect for their intellectual nature, to compare them with the lower orders of creation. It is well known, then, that sheep, or other stock on a farm, would in the course of a few years, increase their numbers to such a degree, as to defeat the object of the owner; because, if not greatly overstocked at first, the annual additions would soon render the total amount so far disproportionate to the food, that the strongest would be but half fed, and the weakest would inevitably perish. The same would happen to man were he confined to any given extent of ground, and did not his foresight enable him to prevent the calamity by an increase of industry, or by abstinence from marriage. No person of common observation will controvert the truth of this conclusion; for belief in it is forced upon him by the strongest evidence which experience can supply, and by the history of all nations, whose condition, as to the amount of food and people, has been recorded with the smallest degree of accuracy. In the oldest nations with which we are acquainted, we find that outlets and reliefs were provided to obviate the disadvantages of a redundant population; whilst the annals of the most modern people on the face of the earth, supply the most ample and unimpeachable proof in support of even the highest rate of increase, at which it had been conjectured that mankind could multiply. We allude to the United States, where the population has been found to double every twenty-five years, for many generations past; and this principally, we might even say, *solely*, by means of propagation. It is sufficient, however, for our purpose at present, to remind our readers that Mr. Malthus is only answerable for illustrating by a multitude of well-chosen facts, doctrines which had been explained and enforced by several authors long before his day, and more espe-

cially for pointing out the various checks to population, of which the nature and operation had not been very perfectly understood.

To make good in part what we have just stated, we will give a short quotation from Sir James Stuart, who wrote at large upon this subject about sixty years ago. Such speculations, we may remark, in passing, were at that period rather new in Britain; and that it was during his exile on the Continent, as a sharer of the fortunes of Charles Edward, that he became acquainted with some foreign writers of eminence, whose publications appear to have directed his studies to the principles of economics. "Every individual," says he, "is naturally inspired with a desire to populate. A people can no more remain without populating, than a tree without growing: but no more can live than can be fed; and as all augmentations of food must at last come to a stop, so soon as this happens, a people increase no more; that is to say, the proportion of those who die, annually increases. This insensibly deters from propagation, because we are rational creatures. But still there are some who, though rational, are not provident; these marry and produce. This I call abusive procreation. Hence I distinguish procreation into two branches, to wit, multiplication, which goes on among those who can feed what they breed, and mere procreation, which takes place among those who cannot maintain their offspring."

"This last produces a political disease, which mortality cures at the expense of much misery, as forest trees which are not pruned, dress themselves and become vigorous at the expense of numbers which die all around. How to propose a remedy for this inconvenience, without laying some restraint upon marriage; how to lay a restraint upon marriage, without shocking the spirit of the times, I own I cannot find out; so I leave every one to conjecture."

Here is the sum and substance of every thing that Mr. Malthus has brought forward in his celebrated Essay, if we except his reasoning on the poor laws, as connected with what Sir James Stuart calls abusive procreation. Nay, even as far as the use of figurative language, now become little better than slang, is considered, we find Mr. Malthus has had a sufficient warrant in the writings of his predecessors. "The generative faculty," says Sir James, "resem-

bles a spring, loaded with a weight, which always exerts itself in proportion to the diminution of resistance: when food has remained some time without augmentation or diminution, generation will carry numbers as high as possible; if then food come to be diminished, the spring is overpowered; the force of it becomes less than nothing. Inhabitants will diminish, at least in proportion to the overcharge. If, upon the other hand, food be increased, the spring which stood at 0, will begin to exert itself in proportion as the resistance diminishes, people will begin to be better fed; they will multiply, and in proportion as they increase in numbers the food will become scarce." It is farther observed by the same author, that "when numbers are swept off by any sudden calamity, which does not proportionally diminish subsistence, a new multiplication immediately takes place. Thus we perceive the hurt done by plagues, by war, and by other devastations, either among men or cattle, repaired in a few years, even in those countries where the standard number of both is seldom found to increase." Even the harsh expressions with which Mr. Malthus has been charged, when writing on population, are not without example in the volumes of Stuart. "Nobody," says the latter, "will feed a man more than he will feed the wild birds or beasts of the field, unless he has occasion for the labour of the one and the flesh of the other." It is computed that one half of mankind die before the age of puberty, in countries where numbers do not augment; from this I conclude that too many are born. If methods therefore are fallen upon to render certain diseases less mortal to children, all the good that will be got by it, in general, will be to render old people of the lower classes more wretched: for, if the first are brought to live the last must die." Speaking of charity too, as connected with population, he remarks: "whether, in all cases, this principle of christianity advances the prosperity of a modern society, is a question which lies out of my road to examine. The action, considered in the intention of the agent, must in every case appear highly beautiful; and we plainly see how far it contributes to multiplication, though we do not so plainly perceive how such a kind of multiplication can be advantageous to society." "It may be alleged that were all to marry, the consequence would be a great multiplication, I say not; or if it were, what sort of a multiplication

would it be? A multitude of children who never could come to manhood; or who would starve their parents, and increase misery beyond expression."

Our object in this detail of authorities is two-fold; first to expose the ignorance, and next, the unfairness of Mr. Godwin in his strictures on Malthus. Throughout the whole of his "Inquiry," he represents his antagonist as the original author and supporter of all the views on population which are brought forward in the well-known "Essay;" though every person, in the least conversant with the subject, is perfectly aware that Mr. Malthus has no claim to originality; and even so far from preferring any such claim, he openly names the writers who had gone over the ground before him. The great talents of this distinguished author have, no doubt, placed the argument in somewhat a new, and certainly in a much stronger light; but it is only necessary to revert to the quotations just made from Sir James Stuart, in order to satisfy every candid reader, that the doctrine of population, and also the practical rules derivable from it were clearly stated and expounded more than sixty years ago. And yet Mr. Godwin is pleased to remark, that, "till Mr. Malthus wrote, political writers and sages had courage." "We felt that we belonged to a world worth living in. Mr. Malthus blots out all this with one stroke of his pen. By a statement of six pages, or rather of six lines, he undertakes to show us what a fool the man is who should be idle enough to rejoice in such a world as this. He tells us that our ills are remediless, and that human institutions, and the resources of human ingenuity, are feathers, capable of doing little harm, and no more competent to produce us benefit. We are fallen into the hands of a remorseless stepmother, nature: it is in vain that we struggle against her laws: the murderous principle of multiplication will be forever at work; the viper-brood of passion, (the passion between the sexes) the fruitful source of eternal mischiefs, we may condemn; but must never hope to control."

The main object of Mr. Godwin is to cover the author of the Essay with reproach, as an enemy to human happiness, a flatterer of the rich, and an oppressor of the poor; and, therefore, it would never have answered to trace the doctrines illustrated in that

Essay, a single step further back. Godwin's book is, in fact, an appeal to the ignorance and passions of the multitude against an author whose opinions he has not had the courage openly to combat, and whose conclusions he has never met but with empty declamation.

There is, indeed, an attempt here and there to discuss the question as it respects the prolific powers of the human race; and it is remarkable that so far as it is conducted upon a reference to acknowledged facts, the result is decidedly in support of the very theory to which the author opposes himself. Nay, he even proceeds so far as to admit gratuitously the whole point at issue, by acknowledging that "if there were not a power of increase in the numbers of the human species, sometimes operating, and at other times existing as a power only without present agency, the human species, in all probability, must have been long ago extinct. If, whenever famine, cruel war, or wide wasting pestilence had reduced the inhabitants of a country or a populous city to a mere remnant, as we frequently find to have been the case, of the population it boasted a few years or a few months before, there were no power in the constitution of man of replacing by direct procreation, with swifter or slower steps, the numbers that had been swept away, it would be easy to see that every portion of the globe in its turn would have been changed into a desert." And what is more than even this concession, he finds himself compelled to own, upon a minute review of the Swedish population-tables—the only tables of which the accuracy is admitted—that the increase in that country, under all the disadvantages of soil and climate, incident to a high latitude, is such as would double the number of inhabitants in about a hundred years. Is not the inference equally obvious and undeniable, that if the Swedes are increasing their numbers at the rate of doubling the total amount in the course of a century, a people placed in more auspicious circumstances, with a large unappropriated territory, and a free constitution, will double their numbers in a much shorter period? Godwin, however, so far from yielding to this natural conclusion, seems desirous to conceal the plain facts on which it rests; or rather, we should say, he admits the general truth and denies the particulars of which it consists. He admits that the Swedes have the power of adding to their

population: and yet when he counts their child-bearing women, as he calls them, (for he takes care to inform us that the men and old women do not bring forth children,) and the average births in a family, he appears willing to retract the concession extorted from him by the authority of an actual well-accredited census.

Mr. Godwin, who at one time expected to see ploughs of their own accord turning up the soil, and harrows spontaneously accompanying their brother-machines over the surface of the prolific mould, has now learned to put his faith in crucibles and retorts, "it being no great stretch of the faculty of anticipation, to say, that whatever man can decompose, man will be able to compound." Wherever earth, and water, and the other original chemical substances can be found, there human art may afterwards produce nourishment, and thus are we presented with a real infinite series of increase of the means of subsistence, to match Mr. Malthus's geometrical ratio for the multiplication of mankind." This food, we fear, will only suit those refined and mystical beings who may be content to inhabit the castles which Mr. Godwin builds in the air.

We cannot conclude without mentioning, as rather a singular fact in the history of this controversy, that all who have written against the "Essay on Population," Weyland, Graham, and Godwin, have indirectly admitted the principles on which the argument is founded—proceeded on them to a certain extent—and then condemned the author for holding them. They admit the premises, allow the reasoning, and then quarrel with the conclusion, merely because it does not fall in with their preconceived opinions on public utility, or with the notions they may have been led to form concerning the moral nature and probationary state of man.

Art. XXIV.—*The Diary of an Invalid; being the Journal of a Tour in Pursuit of Health, in Portugal, Italy, Switzerland, and France, in the years* 1817, 1818, *and* 1819. By Henry Matthews, A. M. Fellow of King's College Cambridge. 8vo. pp. 518. 15s.* boards. Murray. 1820.

Fielding and Smollet, in their respective travels to Lisbon and France, left us unanswerable reasons against lending a ready be-

* We cannot refrain from adverting to this extraordinary price for an ordinary octavo volume, without plates.

lief to the morbid impressions of sick men in foreign countries. In general, every thing is tried by the distempered theory of their own sensations, and appears clothed in the livery of their own indisposition; a change in the temperature brings on the accustomed cough; and a certain quantity of prejudice against the natives, or intolerance of their customs, is sure to be expectorated along with it. Mr. Matthews, however, is an invalid who has most pleasingly disappointed us in this respect. With only a little occasional mixture of querulousness, he views the countries which he traverses, and the manners with which he is thrown into contact, through a clear, and for the most part, through a cheerful medium; and he betrays nothing of the langour or infirmity of sickness in his mode of writing,—nothing which, like the Archbishop of Grenada's homilies, reminds us of *l'appoplexie*. On the contrary, he is at once vigorous, compressed, and lively: his remarks amuse us by their quaintness; and their brevity obviates all sense of fatigue as we read them. A species of good sense, which is invaluable among writers of this description, never deserts him; and he has too large a portion of that taste, or *tact*, as it is now called, which is the rarest quality of modern authors, to suffer him to say too much on the various topics of his journey. He is, moreover, scarcely ever dull; and even bad inns, jolting roads, and all the annoyances that beset and way-lay the traveller from England in his vain pursuit of comfort in foreign countries, and sometimes irritate those who carry with them the soundest constitutions, seldom provoke more than a sarcasm, in which see rather pleasantry than anger, from this amusing invalid. We trust that his vows to the coy goddess have not been disregarded; and that, long ere the present time, he has been restored to the full enjoyment of his health, and all the train of blessings which that single word implies.

It will be due to Mr. Matthews, in strict justice, to give our readers as ample specimens of his style of observation as are consistent with our limits; reserving to ourselves the liberty of animadverting on the few passages, in which our taste and judgment are at variance with his own. We have been accustomed to consider diaries as a dull form of recording the events of foreign travel, and this too in spite of the authority of lord Bacon; but Mr.

Matthews has weaned us from the prepossession by that singular felicity and unaffected ease, which would have been ill exchanged for a more regular and finished work. He tells us, indeed, that on his return to England; he was induced to begin an account of his travels in a more serious and sustained style of composition: but that his design was arrested by hearing from those to whose judgment he deferred, that he was labouring to deprive his journal of almost all that made it interesting in its original form. To the opinion of these judicious friends we heartily subscribe. The most careless attitudes of the mind are generally the most graceful; and the earliest impressions of passing scenes, of external nature, and even of the works of art, are usually the most correct, as they are for the greater part faithful to their originals. When, therefore, they have been written down in the first freshness and warmth of the genuine feeling, they are sure to lose by subsequent handling, no small portion of their charm, to be polished into insipidity, and smoothed into flatness. To make a book, and to write one that will be read, are very different processes. We question much whether the light and rapid volume of the present invalid will not be more sought by those who are desirous of this species of information, than many ponderous quartos that have appeared on the subjects of Greece and Italy: for it is impossible to persuade the writers of such works to convey the fruit of their observations in an easy or unclouded style, and still more to confine them within any reasonable limits. This is an evil that we have interestedly denounced:—but

> ——"*laqueo tenet ambitiosi*
> *Consuetudo mali.*"

In the year 1817, Mr. Matthews, being advised by his physician to try the effect of a more genial temperature than that of old England, went on board a packet at Plymouth, which was bound for Lisbon and the Mediterranean; and, having no fixed destination, he agreed with the captain for the option of determining his bargain at the first port at which he might touch. This is a "Shandean" beginning of a journey; and it is not unlike the practice of the good knight of La Mancha, who overcame the difficulty of choosing when he came to two roads by quietly throwing the bridle

over Rozinante's neck. However, after having experienced the sea-sickness, (which, with all its horrors, is somewhat caricatured,) and other incommodities of the ocean, and in good holiday terms expressed his feelings about them, he lands at Lisbon; where, after a broiling walk in search of lodgings, he plants himself comfortably at Reeve's hotel, kept by an Englishman, and full of cleanliness and comfort, which are hardly understood even by name in Portugal.

The filth and "beastliness of Lisbon," to use the Invalid's own word, which assaulted him in their most disgusting and loathsome shapes, are well pictured by his light and picturesque pencil. These and other inconveniences render it impracticable to walk about the streets of the Portuguese metropolis, and necessary to hire a clumsy vehicle on two wheels, with a pair of mules, of which a good idea may be formed from the prints in the old editions of Gil Blas. The climate of Lisbon was not much adapted to the taste of Mr. M.; for under a scorching sun he was constantly exposed to a cold wind. Adverting to the political state of Portugal, he tells us that the Portuguese are full of discontent. "It is no wonder," he says, "that they should be discontented, abandoned as they are by their sovereign, who has converted the mother-country into a province, from which men and money are drawn for the support of his trans-Atlantic dominions, whilst the command of their national army, and the principal situations of power and profit are in the hands of foreigners." While he wrote this in 1817, the author seems to have had no prophetic intimations of the change which has happened there in 1820: but Portugal, in company with several other nations, has now entered on the high road of revolution, and is "travelling with the caravan to Mecca." That she may reach that Mecca in peace and safety, is our ardent wish: for the people were sunken and brutified under the most abject superstition; and the Christianity of the country had long become a system of idolatry more disgusting to the moral taste than the Pagan worship of ancient Rome. They were, moreover, bowed down to the ground by a despotic government, which, aided by that dreadful engine the Inquisition, kept them in a state of the most brutish ignorance. We question, however, whether the present movement augurs any considerable progress in the general intellect or feelings of a

country so long besotted and hood-winked, or whether the power of the Inquisition and priesthood have received a mortal wound; and, if our apprehensions be not unfounded, we must season our auguries of success with that distrust, with which experienced and cautious thinkers will always contemplate the issue of political struggles: remembering that it is only from an improvement in the *universal mind* of a community, that any beneficial or durable alteration can be expected. Military force may be the precursor of a revolution, but it is not the omen which is calculated to inspire us with a genuine hope of its auspicious termination. The only indication which we should hail with delight, whether in Spain, Portugal, Naples, or Sicily, is that best of all omens, conveyed in the noblest verse of antiquity:

Εἷς οἰωνὸς ἄριστος, ἀμύνεσθαι περὶ πάτρης.

Mr. Matthews embarked for Leghorn in the October of the same year: but, passing over his short notices of that place and Pisa, we shall gratify our readers with some of his sketches of Florence. We will not compare him to Forsyth for compendiousness of diction, depth of thought, and elevation of feeling: but Forsyth, we suspect, fired over the heads of his readers. His philosophy, which entered into every subject that he treated, is scarcely within the grasp of ordinary minds, and to ordinary minds a writer of travels should address himself. It is *caviare* to the multitude.

Of Florence, *flos urbium*, Mr. M. thus speaks; and the homage which he pays to this beautiful city is no more than is due to her.

"Travellers generally exaggerate most outrageously;—but they have hardly done justice to Florence. It may well be called Fair Florence.—The Arno runs through it with a turbid, but rapid, and therefore cheerful, stream; forming, as it were, the middle of the principal street. Between the lines of houses and the river, is a broad quay, serving for carriages and foot-passengers. Four bridges at short distances, connect the two sides of the street, and add to its beauty. The absence of smoke, and the clearness of the atmosphere, enable you to see the surrounding country distinctly, from all parts of the town.

"The views up and down the river are beautiful; and the immediate environs are ornamented with undulating shrubberies and villas without number.

"The prospect from these environs is rich beyond description.—Florence is laid out at your feet,—and the Arno winds through a golden and fertile plain, till the scene is closed by the bold and rugged range of the Appennines.—Such is the first view of Florence;—and within its walls is all that can conduce to gratify the senses, or delight the imagination. The wonders of ancient and modern art are all around you, and furnish an inexhaustible field of occupation and amusement."

The author is impatient to penetrate the *sanctum sanctorum* of the Gallery, the Tribune; a small octagon room, the walls of which are decorated with a select few of the best paintings of the best masters, while in the area of the apartment are five of the most admired pieces of ancient sculpture.

"First and foremost amongst these is—'the statue that enchants the world'—the unimitated, inimitable Venus. 'She has now resumed her old station after her *second* visit to Paris;—for I am surprised the French did not argue that her adventure with the shepherd on Mount Ida was clearly typical of her late trip to their metropolis.

"One is generally disappointed after great expectations have been raised, but in this instance I was delighted at first sight, and each succeeding visit has charmed me more. It is, indeed, a wonderful work in conception and execution,—but I doubt whether *Venus* be not a misnomer. Who can recognize in this divine statue any traits of the queen of love and pleasure? It seems rather intended as a personification of all that is elegant, graceful, and beautiful;—not only abstracted from all human infirmities, but elevated above all human feelings and affections;—for, though the form is female, the beauty is like the beauty of angels, who are of no sex. I was at first reminded of Milton's Eve;—but in Eve, even in her days of innocence, before 'she damned us all,' there was some tincture of humanity, of which there is none in the Venus;—in whose eye there is no heaven, and in whose gesture there is no love.—

"One peculiar attribute of her divinity is, not its ubiquity, but its individuality.—It seems impossible to transfer any portion of her 'glorious beauty' to a copy.—None of the casts give any idea

of the nameless grace of the original.—This incommunicable essence is always the criterion of transcendent excellence.

"The arms are modern, and very inferior to the rest of the work. There is something finical and affected in the turn of the fingers, wholly at variance with the exquisite simplicity of the rest of the figure.

"I must record,—though I would willingly forget,—the only traces of humanity in the Venus, which escaped my notice in the first fervour of admiration. Her ears are bored for ear-rings, which probably once hung there, and her arms bear the mark of having been compressed by a bracelet. This last ornament might perhaps be excused, but for the other barbarous trinkets,—what can be said? I would wish to think they were not the work of the original sculptor; but that they might have been added by some later proprietor, in the same taste that the Squire in Smollett bestows full curled periwigs, by the hand of an itinerant limner, at so much per head, on the portraits of his ancestors painted by Vandyke."

We next meet with some remarks on the pictures in the Pitti palace:

"A catalogue of pictures is a sad dull business,—and I must rather endeavour to record my own sentiments and reflections. The cant of criticism, and the dogmatism of knowledge, would confine all right of judgment upon painting and sculpture to those alone who have been duly initiated in the mysteries of virtu; whereas it seems to me, that it is with painting and sculpture, as Johnson has pronounced it to be with poetry;—it is by the *common sense* of mankind, after all, that the claims to excellence must finally be decided.

"Painting, considered as a fine art, is principally valuable as it is historical, or poetical; by which terms I would not be understood to signify the ideas usually attached to them;—but, by an *historical* picture, I mean one which represents the subject as it really was;—by a *poetical*,—one which represents the subject as it existed in the mind of the painter. Mere excellence of execution is, I think, the lowest claim a painter can advance to admiration. As well might a literary production rest its pretensions upon

the mere beauties of the style. If the composition neither please the imagination, nor inform the understanding, to what purpose is its being written in elegant language? In the same manner, drawing and colours—the language of painting, can as little of themselves form a title to praise.

"When I visit collections of paintings, I go to have my understanding instructed, my senses charmed, my feelings roused, my imagination delighted or exalted. If none of these effects be produced, it is in vain to tell me that a picture is painted with the most exact attention to all the rules of art. At such pictures I look without interest, and turn away from them with indifference. If any sensation be excited, it is a feeling of regret that such powers of *style* should have existed, without any sparks of that Promethean heat, which alone confers upon them any real value. If this be wanting, it is in vain that a connoisseur descants upon the merits of the drawing, the correctness of the perspective, and the skill of the arrangement. These are mere technical beauties, and may be interesting to the student in painting; but the liberal lover of the arts looks for those higher excellencies, which have placed painting in the same rank with poetry. For what, in fact, are the works of Michael Angelo, Raphael, Murillo, Salvator Rosa, Claude, Nicholas Poussin, and Sir Joshua Reynolds, but the sublime and enchanting, the terrific and heart-rending conceptions of a Homer, a Virgil, a Shakspeare, a Dante, a Byron, or a Scott, 'turned into shapes!' They are the kindred productions of a congenial inspiration."

Some of these are rather disputable propositions. If by an initiation in the mysteries of *virtu* be meant the learning by rote the cant terms of the arts, the mere babble of the schools, and the empty vocabulary of the painting-room, we should instantly agree with the tourist; and if every eye that looked on nature, and the imitations of her works, was like his own, acute and penetrating, the *elegans formarum spectator*, we might concede to him that the "common sense" of mankind would be the best standard of beauty or deformity in the operations of art. Where, however, is that common sense to be found? In the whole tribe of mere amateurs, male and female, whom fashion, or satiety of home, or any other cause, annually impels to Italy, how few would explore the trea-

sures of the Vatican or the Tribuna with any thing approaching to the infelt enthusiasm of the real artist; of him who has thrown over the varied regions of nature the painter's eye; who can compare and reflect, and slowly ascend through the avenues of patient study and laborious contemplation to the perceptions of real beauty? It would be harsh to say that those who visit these temples of art would be equally gratified by the wax-figures of Westminster-abbey, or the regalia in the Tower: but it would not be extravagant to assert that the greater part (among whom would be found many endued with as much original sensibility as the painter himself) would worship mere mediocrity, and call it perfection. By what instinct can such persons distinguish the copy from the original? They have served (as it were) no apprenticeship to beauty; and let no man "lay the flattering unction to his soul" that beauty can be felt before she is understood. Our knowledge of beauty is improved by exercise, by extending our inquiries, by slow and minute comparisons, and by a steady undeviating attention to our object. It is for this reason that the unlearned spectator, whatever may be the phrase in which he utters his raptures, is unable to feel one half of that which constitutes the beauty of a painting—greatness, refinement, and that undefinable charm which painters call harmony, all these are shut out by every entrance from the soul of the unpractised spectator. There is a world of delight, of observation, of study, of truth and nature, shining intensely in every great picture on the artist's mind, but which to the vulgar looker-on is a shapeless void, a dark and heavy chaos. He may catch, indeed, the prominent characters of the piece, and admire the water, the shadows reflected in it, the distinct irradiations of the setting sun, and all that is usually most striking in a landscape: but, when his fancy has gone her round, and his admiration retires satiated and exhausted, there yet remains for the student of nature, the real painter, an inexhaustible catalogue of graces to be developed, and beauties to be explored. For instance, a common observer will depart from a Claude, gorged as he imagines with his beauties: but will he feel the real refinements of that great artist's style, or have noted the inimitable gradations of his sky, in which the harmony of his manner principally re-

sides? Let this question be fairly answered, and there is an end of the debate.'

'At Rome, whither the cold winds from the Apennines (it was now the 8th of December) had driven our invalid, he found a swarm of English. Lodgings were scarce and dear, and it was with some difficulty that he established himself in the Via dell' Otto Cantoni in the Corso, which was unhappily the worst situation that he could have chosen, for it is the Billingsgate of Rome.—Descriptions of the spectacles of the eternal city are now so worn out, that it would be an unreasonable demand on the patience of our readers to follow Mr. Matthews minutely in this part of his performance. With respect, however, to the most interesting of these spectacles, the remains of the ancient city, our own experience impels us to the melancholy conclusion, that to identify those ruins is a task, the difficulties of which, few who have *not*, and many who *have* visited Rome can scarcely conjecture. It is seldom that the most inquisitive mind can repose in certainty. Of the infant greatness of Rome, scarcely any vestige exists, unless it be the mouth of the *Cloaca Maxima*, part of the Tullian prison,* and the substruction of the Capitol:—nothing of the republic, but the tomb of the Scipios, and those of Cæcilia Metella, Caius Sestius, and Caius Bibulus. There is nothing to transport us back to the times of Brutus and Cicero, or even of Julius Cæsar; and amid the imperial ruins themselves, some sceptical doubt is for ever rising up to destroy 'the fine-spun web' of our most pleasing associations. Yet, with all these drawbacks, the charm is inexpressibly powerful; and our feelings, like those of Ferdinand in the Tempest, are 'bound up as in a spell' during our wanderings over that sacred territory. We cannot omit the following remark of the present traveller:

"The walk from the Capitol to the Coliseum comprises the history of ages. The broken pillars that remain of the temple of Concord,—the temple of Jupiter Tonans,—and the Comitium,—tell the tale of former times, in language at once the most pathetic and intelligible;—it is a mute eloquence, surpassing all the powers

* A cloud of scepticism hangs over the locality of the Tullian prison.—Mr. Hobhouse transfers its site to the Clivus Capitolinus.

of description. It would seem as if the destroying angel had a taste for the picturesque;—for the ruins are left just as the painter would most wish to have them."

St. Peter's has never been better commemorated than in the following just and lively description:

"A long morning at St. Peter's;—of which I have hitherto said nothing; though I have visited it often. All my expectations were answered by the first impression of this sublime temple. It may be true, that on first entering, you are less struck than might be supposed, with the immensity of the building. But this, I believe, is entirely the fault of our eyes;—which are, indeed, the 'fools of the senses;'—and we are only taught to see, by reason and experience. In St. Peter's, so much attention has been paid to preserve the relative proportions of all the parts, that for some time you do not perceive the largeness of the *scale*. For example, the figures of the Evangelists, which decorate the inside of the cupola, do not appear to be larger than life, and yet the pen in St. Mark's hand is six feet long, from which one may calculate their real stature.

"The fact is, that nothing is great or little but by comparison; and where no familiar object exists to assist the judgment, the eye accustoms itself to any scale.

"Does not Gulliver say, that he lived with the Brobdingnagians, without being fully sensible of their stupendous size; but that he was most forcibly impressed with it, on his return to England, by the contrast of his own diminutive countrymen? In the same manner, it is when you enter any other church, that you are most struck with the prodigious superiority of St. Peter's, in magnificence and grandeur.

"There is, indeed, one exception to the harmony of proportion in the inside of St. Peter's. The statue of the Apostle himself,—that famous statue, which was changed from an old Jupiter Capitolinus, by a touch of the Pope's wand;—this famous St. Peter is seated in an arm-chair, on the right hand of the altar, and is scarcely above the size of life.

"It was the contrast afforded by this statue that first made me fully sensible of the magnitude of every thing else.

"It is to be lamented, that Michael Angelo's plan was not adhered to, whose intention was, that the figure of the church should

have been a Greek cross. The advantage of this form is, that it exhibits the whole structure at one *coup d'œil.* In the Latin cross, accompanied with aisles, as is the case in St. Peter's, the effect is frittered away, and instead of one great whole, there are, in fact, four churches under one roof. In spite, however, of all that the last architect has done to spoil it, St. Peter stands, beyond all comparison, the most magnificent temple ever raised by mortal hands to the worship of the Supreme Being. It is a spectacle that never tires;—you may visit it every day, and always find something new to admire. Then,—its temperature is delightful;—after starving in the cold and comfortless galleries of the Vatican, it is a luxury indeed to enjoy the mild and genial air in the interior of St. Peter's; and I am told, the church is as pleasantly cool in summer, as it is comfortably warm in winter. The fact is, the walls are so thick, and it is so wholly free from damp, that the air within is not affected by that without; so that, like a well-built cellar, it enjoys an equability of temperature all the year round."—

"As there is one exception to the otherwise excellently-arranged proportions in the inside of the church, in the statue of St. Peter, which is insignificantly little;—so, there is also one on the outside, in the facade of the front, which is extravagantly too big. Architecture is so much an art of the square and the rule, that mere uninstructed common sense ought perhaps to have no voice on the subject. But all the world, learned and unlearned, unite in condemning this barbarous front. There is a drawing, in the Vatican, of the facade, as Michael Angelo intended it should have been, which resembles closely the portico of the Pantheon. Maderno's frightful attic rises so high, that to a spectator on the ground, placed at the further extremity of the piazza of St. Peter's, the auxiliary cupolas are quite lost, and the great cupola itself is scarcely able to appear above its overgrown proportions. St. Peter's must not be judged of from engravings. The rage for embellishing has possessed more or less all the engravers of Rome. Piranesi, who had more taste, had perhaps less fidelity than any of his brethren. They have all endeavoured to correct the defects of Maderno's front, and have represented it as it never can be seen from the ground. So much for Maderno,—whose performances at

St. Peter's are thus appreciated by Forsyth. 'At last,' says he, 'a wretched plasterer came down from Como, to break the sacred unity of the Master Idea, and him we must execrate for the Latin cross, the aisles, the attic, and the front.'"

The Carnival at Rome is justly represented by Mr. Matthews. It is, in truth, the very consummation of dulness and frivolity. During these scenes of noise without mirth, and bustle without amusement, he stole to see the Coliseum by moonlight; and we refer with pleasure to his account of this noble ruin, which we have not room to quote.

The whole way from Terracina to Naples is described by the author as extremely beautiful.—At Naples, he meets with a curious adventure, strikingly illustrative of the manners and character of our own countrymen in foreign countries. He found himself, he says, among a party of his old school-fellows.

"There was a regular double-wicket cricket match going on;—Eton against the world;—and the world was beaten in one innings! This disposition to carry the amusements of their own country along with them is a striking characteristic of the English. One of them imports a pack of hounds from England to Rome, and hunts regularly during the season, to the great astonishment of the natives.—At Florence they establish races on the Cascine, after the English manner, and ride their own horses, with the caps and jackets of English jockeys;—and, every where, they make themselves independent of the natives, and rather provide entertainment for themselves, than seek it from the same sources with the people amongst whom they may happen to be. What should we say in London, if the Turks, or the Persians, or the Russians, or the French, were to make Hyde Park the scene of their national pastimes? It is this exclusively national spirit, and the undisguised contempt for all other people, that the English are so accustomed to express in their manner and conduct, which have made us so generally unpopular on the Continent. Our hauteur is the subject of universal complaint, and the complaint seems but too well founded."

The conclusion, which this and other anecdotes of the same kind reluctantly force on the mind, is highly unfavourable to the English. It is but too true that they carry with them into every

country a selfish and exclusive spirit, affect no deference for the customs of the nations which they visit, and exhibit no respect for their prejudices or institutions.

Mr. Matthews was lodged in the house of a bishop, and his slight sketch of this ecclesiastical personage is but a miserable sample of the Neapolitan priesthood. One of the propensities of this little dirty-looking chocolate-creature was a passion for the property of others. The predecessor of our invalid in the same house, being confined by illness, sent a bill to his banker to be cashed, and employed on the errand the servant of the bishop; on whose return the Englishman, when he counted the dollars, found a deficiency of twenty. Having interrogated the servant, the man confessed that his master had stopped him, and taken the twenty dollars out of the bag, trusting to the proverbial carelessness of our countrymen. (P. 199.)

Pompeii has been so copiously described, that we forbear to follow our agreeable traveller to that truly interesting place. At the Museo Borbonico, where are deposited the greater part of the curiosities found at Pompeii and Herculaneum, his remarks (part of which we extract) on the furniture, the kitchen utensils, surgical instruments, &c. &c. of the ancient Romans, are just and sensible.

"This collection illustrates Solomon's apophthegm, that there is nothing new under the sun. There is much that, with a little scouring, would scarcely appear old fashioned at the present day. This is not surprising in many of the articles, considering that our makers of pottery, and tea-urns, have been long busied in copying from these ancient models. But it is the same with other things; the bits of the bridles, the steel-yard, and scales for weighing, the lamps, the dice, the surgeon's probe, are all very much like our own. We seem to have improved principally upon the Romans in hardware and cutlery. Their locks and keys, scissors and needles, are very clumsy articles, and their seals, rings, and necklaces, look as if they had been made at the blacksmith's forge. The toilets of the ladies, too, were not so elegantly furnished with nick-nacks in those days;—we have specimens of the whole arrangement of their dressing-tables, even to their little crystal boxes

of essences and cosmetics. Their combs would scarcely compare with those which we use in our stables; and there is nothing that would be fit for a modern lady's dressing-case. We find nothing like knives and forks."

Mr. Matthews has not been unobservant of the childish and absurd spectacles, the ridiculous and contemptible fooleries, which at Naples pass by the name of religious ceremonies. From these sickening memorials of the imbecility and stupidity of our nature,—such as the ministry, passion, crucifixion, and ascension of our Saviour, converted into a pantomime represented by puppets three feet high,—we willingly turn to other topics. Of the old Roman paintings found at Pompeii and preserved at Portici, the author, after a drive to the latter place, judiciously observes:

"These remains are very interesting, as illustrative of the state of the art amongst the Romans; but it would be ridiculous to take the paintings on the walls of the houses of a provincial town as the standard of their skill. It is fair to suppose, that the taste of the ancients was as refined and fastidious in painting, as in the sister art of sculpture; and that the praises which they have lavished upon Zeuxis and Apelles would have been supported by their works, if these works had come down to us. All traces of these great masters are lost; but we know some of the most admired pieces of the latter were brought by Augustus to Rome; and Pliny's descriptions, which do remain, seem to demonstrate, that they must have been executed in a much higher style of finishing, and with a technical knowledge that will in vain be sought in the painted walls of Herculaneum and Pompeii. Many of these, however, are designed with great taste, grace, and feeling; and, if we suppose that the works of Zeuxis and Apelles were as superior to these, as the *Last Judgment* and the *School of Athens* are to the painted walls of a modern Italian room, we shall probably not form too high an estimate of the excellence of the great masters of ancient art. One of the most elegant figures in this museum is the picture of a female, with a pencil and tablets in her hand, which they call Sappho. The story of the picture is often plain, as in that of Orestes, Pylades, and Iphigenia, in the temple of Diana. In another, there is an old woman

selling Cupids to a young female, behind whom stands a sort of duenna, in the attitude of advice and caution. The old retailer of loves holds a fluttering Cupid by the wings, and has another in her cage.

"We have also a specimen of their taste in caricature. A little delicate chariot, that might have been made by the fairies' coach-maker, is drawn by a parrot, and driven by a grasshopper. This is said to be a satirical representation of Nero's absurd pretensions as a singer and a driver; for Suetonius tells us he made his debut on the Neapolitan theatre. "*Et prodiit Neapoli primum: ibidem cæpius et per complures cantavit dies.*"

"Here is a curious picture of a schoolmaster's room, with an unhappy culprit horsed on the back of one of his fellows, precisely as the same discipline is administered in many parts of England at present. Many articles, even of food, are to be seen, preserved in a charcoal state. There is a loaf of bread on which the baker's name is still visible. It is easy to recognise the different fruits and vegetables, corn, rice, figs, almonds, walnuts, beans, lentils, &c. They show you also the remains of a woman, found among the ashes, the skull of which is still perfect; with the necklace and bracelets of gold, which she must have had on. Time has hardened the liquid shower which overwhelmed her, recording that she perished in the prime of youth, by the impression that remains of her beautiful bosom."

Early in the ensuing spring, in a fit of despair and disgust at the continued inclemency of the weather, our invalid left Naples; and, passing a night at Capua, where he found none of the enervating luxuries which seduced the soldiers of Rome, and making a day's journey to Velletri, he arrived the next morning at Rome. After a short delay at that city, he revisited Florence, having shaped his route through the enchanting vale of Terni, where he enjoyed the beauty of Italian scenery in its fullest consummation. The ilex, the cypress, and the fir, mingling with the mountain-ash, acacia, laburnum, and pink-coloured Judas-tree, in their highest pride of blossom, spread around their world of tints over the prospect; while the rays of the setting sun played on the foam of the cascade, and threw out innumerable rainbows. We must not, however, permit him to detain us again at Florence, nor at Venice,

has left this '*royal road*,' by which every puny whipster may do the same, without the precaution even of dragging the wheel of his carriage.

"This great work does, I think, eclipse all the fabled exploits which *Græcia mendax* or *Roma mendacior* have handed down to us. Xerxes's adventure with Mount Athos was nothing to it. Napoleon has burst through solid rocks, that would have defied Hannibal with all his vinegar; he has '*abridged rivers*;'—in a word, he has played the very devil. The rocks frown at you and seem

'To wonder how the devil you got there;'

while they hang over your head, as if preparing every moment to come thundering down with a tremendous '*πιδηνδι κυλινδιο*,' to punish you for daring to invade their secret and solemn solitudes, and make

'At once your murder and your monument.'

"In fact, the foundations have been so *catamarranned*, that more than one *ecroulement* has already taken place.

"It is remarkable that Napoleon never traversed this road himself. It was begun and finished in five years; but it is to be feared from the negligence evinced in repairing it, that the indolence or the policy of the present rulers may suffer it to fall into decay."

We regret that we cannot follow the traveller through Switzerland and France; for his remarks abound with originality on subjects which we might have deemed completely worn out by preceding tourists. He tells, us, indeed, nothing that is very new, but he has the art of enlivening the familiar and embellishing the old. We are sensible that we might have done him more complete justice by more copious extracts: yet we trust that our readers will be enabled to form a fair judgment of the work from the few selections which we have given.

ART. XXV.—*The legend of Christopher Columbus.*

Is there a man, that, from some lofty steep,
Views in his wide survey the boundless deep,

When its vast waters, lined with sun and shade,
Wave beyond wave, in seried distance, fade
To the pale sky;—or views it, dimly seen,
The shifting skreens of drifted mist between,
As the huge cloud dilates its sable form,
When grandly curtain'd by th' approaching storm,—
Who feels not his aw'd soul with wonder rise
To Him whose power created sea and skies,
Mountains and deserts, giving to the sight
The wonders of the day and of the night?

But let some fleet be seen in warlike pride,
Whose stately ships the restless billows ride.
While each, with lofty masts and bright'ning sheen
Of fair spread sails, moves like a vested Queen;—
Or rather, be some distant bark, astray,
Seen like a pilgrim on his lonely way,
Holding its steady course from port and shore,
A form distinct, a speck, and seen no more,—
How doth the pride, the sympathy, the flame,
Of human feeling stir his thrilling frame!
"O Thou! whose mandate dust inert obey'd!
"What is this creature man whom thou hast made!"

I.

On Palos' shore whose crowded strand
Bore priests and nobles of the land,
And rustic hinds and townsmen trim,
And harness'd soldiers stern and grim,
And lowly maids and dames of pride,
And infants by their mothers' side,—
The boldest seaman stood that e'er
Did bark or ship through tempest steer;
And wise as bold, and good as wise;
The magnet of a thousand eyes,*

* Herrera's History of America, translated by Stevens, vol. i. p. 31.—"Columbus was tall of stature, long visaged, of a majestic aspect, his nose

That on his form and features cast,
His noble mien and simple guise,
In wonder seem'd to look their last.
A form which conscious worth is gracing,
A face where hope, the lines effacing
Of thought and care, bestow'd, in truth,
To the quick eyes' imperfect tracing
The look and air of youth.

II.

Who, in his lofty gait, and high
Expression of th' enlighten'd eye,
Had recognis'd in that bright hour*
The disappointed suppliant of dull power,
Who had in vain of states and kings desired
The pittance for his vast emprise required?—
The patient sage, who, by his lamp's faint light,†
O'er chart and map spent the long silent night?—
The man who meekly fortune's buffets bore,
Trusting in One alone, whom heaven and earth adore?

III.

Another world is in his mind,
Peopled with creatures of his kind,

hooked, his eyes gray, a complexion clear, somewhat ruddy; his beard and hair, when young, fair, though through many hardships they soon turned gray. He was witty, and well-spoken, and eloquent, moderately grave, affable to strangers, to his own family mild. His conversation was discreet, which gained him the affection of those he had to deal with; and his presence attracted respect, having an air of authority and grandeur; always temperate in eating and drinking, and modest in his dress."

* It is curious to see the many objections, which were made by prejudice and ignorance, to his proposals; and also the means by which he became at length successful in his suit to the crown of Castile; to perceive what small considerations, and petty applications of individuals, are sometimes concerned in promoting or preventing the greatest events.

† Herrera:—"He was very knowing in astrology, expert in navigation, understood Latin, and made verses."

With hearts to feel, with minds to soar,
Thoughts to consider and explore;
Souls, who might find, from trespass shriven,
Virtue on earth and joy in heaven.
"That Power divine, whom storms obey,"
(Whisper'd his heart,) a leading star,
Will guide him on his blessed way;*
Brothers to join by fate divided far.
Vain thoughts! which heaven doth but ordain
In part to be, the rest, alas! how vain!

IV.

But hath there liv'd of mortal mould,
Whose fortunes with his thoughts could hold
An even race? Earth's greatest son
That e'er earn'd fame, or empire won,
Hath but fulfill'd, within a narrow scope,
A stinted portion of his ample hope.
With heavy sigh and look depress'd,
The greatest men will sometimes hear
The story of their acts address'd
To the young stranger's wond'ring ear,
And check the half-swoln tear.
Is it or modesty or pride
Which may not open praise abide?
No; read his inward thoughts: they tell,
His deeds of fame he prizes well.

* Herrera:—"As to religion, he was very zealous and devout, often saying, 'I will do this in the name of the Trinity;' kept the fasts of the church very strictly; often confessed and communicated; said all the canonical hours; abhorred swearing and blasphemy, had a peculiar devotion to our Lady and St. Francis; was very thankful to Almighty God for the mercies he received, zealous for God's honour, and very desirous of the conversion of the Indians. In other respects, he was a man of undaunted courage and high thought, fond of great enterprizes, patient, ready to forgive wrongs, and only desirous that offenders should be sensible of their faults; unmoved in the many troubles and adversities that attended him; ever relying on Divine Providence."

But ah! they in his fancy stand,
As relics of a blighted hand,
Who, lost to man's approving sight,
Have perish'd in the gloom of night,
Ere yet the glorious light of day
Had glitter'd on their bright array.
His mightiest feat had once another,
Of high Imagination born,—
A loftier and a nobler brother,
From dear existence torn;
And she for those, who are not, steeps
Her soul in wo,—like Rachael, weeps.

V.

The signal given, with hasty strides,
The sailors clim'b their ships' dark sides;
Their anchors weigh'd; and from the shore
Each stately vessel slowly bore.
High o'er the deeply shadow'd flood,
Upon his deck their leader stood,
And turn'd him to the parted land,
And bow'd his head and waved his hand.
And then, along the crowded strand,
A sound of many sounds combin'd,
That wax'd and wan'd upon the wind,
Burst like heaven's thunder, deep and grand;
A lengthen'd peal, which paused, and then
Renew'd, like that which loathly parts,
Oft on the ear return'd again,
The impulse of a thousand hearts.
But as the lengthen'd shouts subside,
Distincter accents strike the ear,
Wafting across the current wide,
Heart-utter'd words of parting cheer:
"O! shall we ever see again
Those gallant souls re-cross the main?
God keep the brave! God be their guide!
God bear them safe thro' storm and tide!

Their sails with fav'ring breezes swell!
O brave Columbus! fare thee well!"

VI.

From shore and strait, and gulf and bay,
The vessels held their daring way,
Left far behind, in distance thrown,
All land to Moor or Christian known,
Left far behind the misty isle,
Whose fitful shroud, withdrawn the while,
Shows wood and hill and headland bright
To later seamen's wond'ring sight,
And tide and sea left far behind
That e'er bore freight of human kind;
Where ship or bark to shifting gales
E'er tack'd their course or spread their sails.
Around them lay a boundless main
In which to hold their silent reign;
But for the passing current's flow,
And cleft waves, brawling round the prow,
They might have thought some magic spell
Had bound them, weary fate! for ever there to dwell.

VII.

What did this trackless waste supply
To sooth the mind or please the eye?
The rising morn thro' dim mist breaking,
The flicker'd east with purple streaking;
The mid-day cloud thro' thin air flying,
With deeper blue the blue sea dying;
Long ridgy waves their white mains rearing,
And in the broad gleam disappearing;
The broaden'd blazing sun declining,
And western waves like fire-flood shining;
The sky's vast dome to darkness given,
And all the glorious host of heaven.

VIII.

Full oft upon the deck, while others slept,
To mark the bearing of each well-known star
That shone aloft, or on th' horizon far,
The anxious chief his lonely vigil kept;
The mournful wind, the hoarse wave breaking near,
The breathing groans of sleep, the plunging lead
The steers man's call, and his own stilly tread,
Are all the sounds of night that reach his ear.
His darker form stalk'd through the sable gloom
With gestures discomposed and features keen,
That might not in the face of day be seen,
Like some unblessed spirit from the tomb.
Night after night, and day succeeding day,
So pass'd their dull, unvaried time away;
Till Hope, the seaman's worship'd queen, had flown
From every valiant heart but his alone;
Where still, by day, enthron'd, she held her state
With sunny look and brow elate.

IX.

But soon his dauntless soul, which nought could bend,
Nor hope delay'd, nor adverse fate subdue,
With more redoubled danger must contend*
Than storm or wave—a fierce and angry crew.

* Herrera, vol. i. p. 37.—"The men being all unacquainted with that voyage, and seeing no hopes of any comfort, nothing appearing but sky and water for so many days, all of them carefully observed every token they saw, being then further from land than any man had ever been. The 19th of September, a sea gull came to the admiral's ship * * * As the aforesaid tokens proved of no effect, the men's fears increased, and they took occasion to mutter, gathering in parcels aboard the ships, saying that the Admiral, in a mad humour, had thought to make himself great at the expense of their lives, and though they had done their duty, and sailed further from land than ever any men had done before, they ought not to contribute to their own destruction, still proceeding without any reason till their provisions failed them, which, though they were ever so sparing, would not suffice to carry them back, no more than the ships, that were

"Dearly," say they, "may we those visions rue
Which lured us from our native land,
A wretched, lost, devoted band,
Led on by hope's delusive gleam,
The victims of a madman's dream!
Nor gold shall e'er be ours, nor fame;
Not ev'n the remnant of a name,
On some rude-letter'd stone to tell
On what strange coast our wreck befell.
For us no requiem shall be sung,
Nor prayer be said, nor passing knell
In holy church be rung."

X.

To thoughts like these, all forms give way
Of duty to a leader's sway;
All habits of respect, that bind
With easy tie the human mind.
Ev'n love and admiration throw
Their nobler bands aside, nor show
A gentler mien; relations, friends,
Glare on him now like angry fiends;

already very crazy, so that nobody would think they had done amiss; and that so many had opposed the Admiral's project, the more credit would be given to them. Nay, there wanted not some who said, that, to put an end to all debates, the best way would be to throw him into the sea, and say he had unfortunately fallen in as he was attentively gazing on the stars; and since nobody would go about to inquire in the truth of it, that was the best means for them to return and save themselves. Thus the mutinous temper went on from day to day, and the evil designs of the men, which very much perplexed Columbus: but sometimes giving good words, and at other times putting them in mind of the punishment they would incur, if they obstructed the voyage, he cured their insolence with fear; and as a confirmation of the hopes he gave them of concluding their voyage successfully, he often put them in mind of the above-mentioned signs and tokens, promising they would soon find a vast rich country, where they would all conclude their labour well bestowed."

And, as he moves, ah, wretched cheer!
Their mutter'd curses reach his ear;
But all undaunted, firm and sage,
He scorns their threats, yet thus he sooths their rage:
"I brought you from your native shore
An unknown ocean to explore.
I brought you, partners, by my side,
Want, toil, and danger, to abide.
Yet weary stillness hath so soon subdued
The buoyant soul, the heart of pride,
Men who in battle's brunt full oft have firmly stood.
That to some nearing coast we bear,
How many cheering signs declare!
Way-faring birds the blue air ranging,
Their shadowy line to blue air changing,
Pass o'er our heads in frequent flocks;
While sea-weed from the parent rocks
With fibry roots, but newly torn,
In tressy lengthen'd wreaths are on the clear wave borne.
Nay, has not ev'n the drifting current brought
Things of rude art,—of human cunning wrought?
Be yet two days your patience tried,
And if no shore is then descried,
Ev'n turn your dastard prows again,
And cast your leader to the main."

XI.

And thus awhile with steady hand
He kept in check a wayward band,
Who but with half-express'd disdain
Their rebel spirit could restrain.
The vet'ran rough as war-worn steel,
Oft spurn'd the deck with grating heel;
The seaman, bending o'er the flood,
With stony gaze all listless stood;
The sturdy bandit, wildly rude,
Sung, as he strode, some garbled strain,

Expressive of each fitful mood,
Timed by his sabre's jangling chain
The proud Castilian, boasted name!
Child of an ancient race
Which proudly priz'd its spotless fame,
And deem'd all fear disgrace,
Felt quench'd within him honour's generous flame,
And in his gather'd mantle wrapp'd his face.

XII.

So pass'd the day, the night, the second day
With its red setting sun's extinguish'd ray.
Dark, solemn midnight coped the ocean wide,
When from his watchful stand Columbus cried,
"A light, a light!"—blest sounds that rung
In every ear.—At once they sprung
With haste aloft, and, peering bright,
Descried afar the blessed sight.*
"It moves, it slowly moves like ray
Of torch that guides some wand'rer's way!
And other lights more distant, seeming
As if from town or hamlet streaming!
'Tis land, 'tis peopled land; man dwelleth there,
And thou, O God of Heaven! hast heard thy servant's prayer!"

XIII.

Returning day gave to their view
The distant shore and headlands blue
Of long-sought land. Then rose on air
Loud shouts of joy, mix'd wildly strange
With voice of weeping and of prayer,
Expressive of their blessed change

* Herrera:—"———But afterwards it was seen twice, and looked like a little candle raised up, and then taken down; and Columbus did not question but it was a true light, and that they were near land, and so it proved, and it was of people passing from one house to another."

From death to life, from fierce to kind,
From all that sinks, to all that elevates the mind.
Those who, by faithless fear ensnared,
Had their brave chief so rudely dared,
Now, with keen self-upbraiding stung,
With every manly feeling wrung,
Repentant tears, looks that entreat,
Are kneeling at his worshipp'd feet.
"O pardon blinded, stubborn guilt!
O henceforth make us what thou wilt!
Our hands, our hearts, our lives, are thine,
Thou wond'rous man! led on by power divine!"

XIV.

Ah! would some magic could arrest
The generous feelings of the breast,
Which thwart the common baser mass
Of sordid thoughts, so fleetly pass,—
A sun glimpse thro' the storm!
The rent cloud closes, tempests swell,
And its late path we cannot tell;
Lost is its trace and form.
No; not on earth such fugitives are bound;
In some veil'd future state will the bless'd charm be found.

XV.

Columbus led them to the shore,*
Which ship had never touch'd before;

* Herrera, vol. i. p. 46.—"When day appeared, they perceived it was an island fifteen leagues in length, plain, much wooded, well watered, having a lake of fresh water in the middle of it, well stored with people, who stood full of admiration on the shore imagining the ships to be some monsters, and with the utmost impatience to know what they were; and the Spaniards were no less eager to be on land. The Admiral went ashore in his boat, armed, and the royal colours flying, as did the captains Martin Monzo Pinzon and Vincent Yanez Pinzon, carrying the colours of their enterprize, being a green cross, with some crowns, and the names of their Catholic Majesties. Having all of them kissed the ground, and on their

And there he knelt upon the strand
To thank the God of sea and land;
And there, with mien and look elate,
Gave welcome to each toil-worn mate.
And lured with courteous signs of cheer,
The dusky natives gath'ring near;
Who on them gazed with wond'ring eyes,
As mission'd spirits from the skies.
And there did he possession claim,
In Isabella's royal name.

XVI.

It was a land, unmarr'd by art,
To please the eye and cheer the heart:
The natives' simple huts were seen
Peeping their palmy groves between,—
Groves, where each dome of sweepy leaves
In air of morning gently heaves,
And, as the deep vans fall and rise,
Changes its richly verdant dies;
A land whose simple sons till now
Had scarcely seen a careful brow;
They spent at will each passing day
In lightsome toil or active play,

knees given thanks to God for the goodness he had shown them, the Admiral stood up, and gave that island the name of St. Salvador, which the natives call Cannaham, being one of those afterwards called the Lucayo Islands, 960 leagues from the Canaries, discovered after they had sailed thirty-three days. Then, with the proper solemnity of expressions, he took possession of it in the name of their Catholic Majesties, for the crowns of Castile and Leon, testified by Roderick Escovedo, notary of the fleet, a great multitude of the natives looking on. The Spaniards immediately owned him for their admiral and viceroy, and swore obedience to him as representing the king's person in that country, with all the joy and satisfaction that so great an event deserved, all of them begging his pardon for the trouble and uneasiness they had given him, by inconstancy and faintheartedness."

Some their light canoes were guiding,
Along the shore's sweet margin gliding.
Some in the sunny sea were swimming,
The bright waves o'er their dark forms gleaming;
Some on the beach for shell-fish stooping,
Or on the smooth sand gayly trooping;
Or in link'd circles featly dancing
With golden braid and bracelet glancing.
By shelter'd door were infants creeping,
Or on the shaded herbage sleeping;
Gay feather'd birds the air were winging,
And parrots on their high perch swinging,
While humming-birds, like sparks of light,
Twinkled and vanish'd from the sight.

XVII.

They eyed the wond'rous strangers o'er and o'er—*
Those beings of the ocean and the air,
With humble, timid rev'rence; all their store
Of gather'd wealth inviting them to share;
To share whate'er their lowly cabins hold;
Their feather'd crowns, their fruits, their arms, their gold.

* It is often mentioned by Herrera, that the Indians considered the Spaniards as beings come from heaven. It is mentioned, page 55, that in an island, where Columbus had sent his men to explore the interior, 'The prime men came out to meet them, led them by the arms, and lodged them in one of those new houses, causing them to sit down on seats made of one solid piece of wood in the shape of a beast with very short legs, the tail turned up, and the head before, with eyes and ears of gold; and all the Indians sat about them on the ground, and one after another went to kiss their feet and hands, believing they came from heaven; and gave them boiled roots to eat, which tasted like chesnuts, (probably potatoes,) and entreated them to stay there, or at least rest themselves for five or six days, because the Indians that went with them said many kind things of them. Abundance of women coming in to see them, all the men went out, and they with the same admiration kissed their feet and hands, touching them as if they had been holy things, offering what they brought," &c. &c.

Their gold, that fatal gift!—O foul disgrace!
Repaid with cruel wreck of all their harmless race.

XVIII.

There some short, pleasing days with them he dwelt,
And all their simple kindness dearly felt.
But they of other countries told,
Not distant, where the sun declines,
Where reign Caziques o'er warriors bold,
Rich with the gold of countless mines.
And he to other islands sail'd,
And was by other natives hail'd.
Then on Hispaniola's shore,
Where bays and harbours to explore
Much time he spent, a simple tower
Of wood he built, the seat to be
And shelter of Spain's infant power;
Hoping the nursling fair to see,
Amidst those harmless people shoot
Its stately stem from slender root.
There nine and thirty chosen men he placed,*
Gave parting words of counsel and of cheer;
One after one his nobler friends embraced,
And to the Indian chieftain, standing near,
"Befriend, my friends, and give them aid,
When I am gone," he kindly said,
Blest them, and left them there his homeward course to steer.

XIX.

His prayer to Heaven for them preferr'd
Was not, alas! with favour heard.

* Herrera, after mentioning the building of the fort or rather tower of wood, says,—"He made choice of thirty-nine men to stay in the fort, such as were most willing, cheerful, and of good disposition: the strongest and best able to endure fatigues of all that he had. * * * Whom he furnished with biscuit and wine, and other provisions, for a year, leaving seeds to sow, and all the things he had brought to barter, being a great quantity, as also the great guns, and other arms, that were in the ship and boat that belonged to it."

Oft, as his ship the land forsook,
He landward turned his farewell look,
And cheer'd his Spaniards cross the wave,
Who distant answer faintly gave;
Distant but cheerful. On the strand
He saw their clothed figures stand
With naked forms link'd hand in hand;—
Saw thus caress'd, assured, and bold,
Those he should never more behold.
Some simple Indians, gently won,
To visit land, where sets the sun
In clouds of amber, and behold,
The wonders oft by Spaniards told;
Stood silent by themselves apart,
With nature's yearnings at their heart,
And saw the coast of fading blue
Wear soft and sadly from their view.
But soon by their new comrades cheer'd,
As o'er the waves the ship career'd,
Their wond'ring eyes aloft were cast
On white swoln sails and stately mast,
And check'ring shrouds, depicted fair,
On azure sea and azure air;
And felt, as feels the truant boy,
Who having climb'd some crumbling moun
Or ruin'd tower, looks wildly round,—
A thrilling fearful joy.

XX

Then with his two small barks again
The dauntless chief travers'd the main;
But not with fair and fav'ring gales
That erst had fill'd his western sails:
Fierce winds with adverse winds contended;
Rose the dark deep,—dark heaven descended;
And threaten'd, in the furious strife,
The ships to sink with all their freight of precious life.

XXI.

In this dread case, well may be guess'd,
What dismal thoughts his soul depress'd:
"And must I in th' o'erwhelming deep,
Our bold achievement all unknown,
With these my brave advent'rers sleep,—
What we have done to dark oblivion thrown?
Sink, body! to thy wat'ry grave,
If so God will; but let me save
This noble fruitage of my mind,
And leave my name and deeds behind!"

XXII.

Upon a scroll with hasty pen,*
His wond'rous tale he traced,
View'd it with tearful eyes, and then
Within a casket placed.
"Perhaps," said he, "by vessel bound
On western cruize, thou wilt be found;
Or make, sped by the current swift,
To Christian shore thy happy drift.
Thy story may by friendly eyes be read;
O'er our untimely fate warm tears be shed;
Our deeds rehears'd by many an eager tongue,
And requiems for our parted soul be sung."

* Herrera, book ii. chap. 2.—"Tuesday, the 12th of February, the sea began to swell with great and dangerous storms, and he drove most of the night without any sail: afterwards he put out a little sail. The waves broke and wrecked the ships. The next morning the wind slackened; but on Wednesday night it rose again with dreadful waves, which hindered the ships' way, so that he could not shift them. The Admiral kept under a main-topsail, reefed only to bear up the ship against the waves; but perceiving how great the danger was, he let it run before the wind, there being no remedy. * * * The Admiral finding himself near death, to the end that some knowledge might come to their Catholic Majesties of what he had done in their service, he writ as much as he could of what he had discovered on a skin of parchment; and having wrapped it in a piece of ceer-cloth, he put it into a wooden cask, and cast it into the sea, all the men imagining it had been some piece of devotion, and presently the wind slackened."

This casket to the sea he gave;
Quick sunk and rose the freightage light,—
Appeared on many a booming wave,
Then floated far away from his still gazing sight.
Yet, after many a peril braved,—
Of many an adverse wind the sport,
He, by his Great Preserver saved,*
Anchor'd again in Palos' port.

XXIII.

O, who can tell the acclamation loud
That, bursting, rose from the assembled crowd,
To hail the Hero and his gallant train,
From such adventure bold return'd again!—
The warm embrace, the oft-repeated cheer,
And many a wistful smile and many a tear!—
How, pressing close, they stood;
Look'd on Columbus with amaze,—
"Is he," so spake their wond'ring gaze,
"A man of flesh and blood?"
While cannon far along the shore
His welcome gave with deaf'ning roar.

XXIV.

And then with measur'd steps, sedate and slow,
They to the Christian's sacred temple go.
Soon as the chief within the house of God
Upon the hallow'd pavement trod,
He bow'd with holy fear:—
"The God of wisdom, mercy might,

* Herrera:—"Wednesday, the 13th of March, he sailed with his caravel for Sevil. Thursday, before sun-rising, he found himself off Cape St. Vincent, and Friday the 15th off Saltes, and at noon he passed over the bar, with the flood, into the port from whence he had first departed, on Friday the 3d of August the year before, so that he spent six months and a half on the voyage. * * * He landed at Palos, was received with a solemn procession and much rejoicing of the whole town, all admiring so great an action," &c.

Creator of the day and night,
This sea-girt globe, and every star of light,
Is worship'd here."
Then on the altar's steps he knelt,
And what his inward spirit felt,
Was said unheard within that cell
Where saintly thoughts and feelings dwell;
But as the choral chaunters raise
Thro' dome and aisle the hymn of praise,
To heaven his glist'ning eyes were turn'd,
With sacred love his bosom burn'd.
On all the motley crowd
The gen'rous impulse seized; high Dons of pride
Wept like the meekest beedsman by their side,
And women sobb'd aloud.

XXV.

Nor statesmen met in high debate,
Deciding on a country's fate,
Nor saintly chiefs with fearless zeal
Contending for their churches' weal,
Nor warriors, midst the battle's roar,
Who fiercely guard their native shore;—
No power by earthly coil possest
To agitate the human breast,
Shows, from its native source diverted,
Man's nature noble, tho' perverted,
So strongly as the transient power
Of link'd devotion's sympathetic hour.
It clothes with soft unwonted grace
The traits of many a rugged face,
As bend the knees unused to kneel,
And glow the hearts unused to feel;
While every soul, with holy passion moved,
Claims one Almighty Sire, fear'd, and ador'd, and loved.

XXVI.

With western treasures, borne in fair display,*
To Barcelona's walls, in grand array,
Columbus slowly held his inland way.
And still where'er he pass'd along,
In eager crowds the people throng.
The wildest way o'er desert drear,
Did like a city's mart appear.
The shepherd swain forsook his sheep;
The goat-herd from his craggy steep
Shot, like an arrow to the plain;
Mechanics, housewives, left amain
Their broken tasks, and press'd beside
The truant youth they meant to chide:
The dull Hidalgo left his tower,
The Donna fair her latticed bower;
Together press'd, fair and uncouth,
All motly forms of age and youth.
And, still along the dark-ranged pile
Of clust'ring life, was heard the while
Mix'd brawling joy, and shouts that rung
From many a loud and deaf'ning tongue.
Ah! little thought the gazing throng,
As pass'd that pageant show along,
How Spain should rue, in future times,
With desert plains and fields untill'd,
And towns with listless loit'rers fill'd.
The with'ring spoil receiv'd from foreign climes!
Columbus gave thee, thankless Spain!
A new-found world o'er which to reign;
But could not with the gift impart
A portion of his liberal heart

* Herrera:—"He carried with him green and red parrots, and other things to be admired, never before seen in Spain. He set out from Sevil, and the fame of this novelty being spread abroad, the people flocked to the road to see the Indians and the Admiral."

And manly mind, to bid thee soar
Above a robber's lust of ore,
Which hath a curse entail'd on all thy countless store.*

XXVII.

To Barcelona come, with honours meet
Such glorious deeds to grace, his sov'reigns greet
Their mariner's return.† Or hall,
Or room of state was deem'd too small

* The effects of the narrow policy of the Spanish government, regarding her dealings with America, and the short-sighted avarice of the many adventurers sent out to her colonies there, are thus mentioned by Robertson.

Robertson, Hist. of America, book 3.—"Under the reigns of Ferdinand and Isabella, and Charles the Fifth, Spain was one of the most flourishing countries of Europe. Her manufactures in wool, and flax, and silk, were so extensive as not only to furnish what was necessary for her own consumption, but to afford a surplus for exportation. When a market for them formerly unknown, and to which she alone had access, was opened in America, she had recourse to her domestic store, and found there an abundant supply. This new employment must naturally have added vivacity to the spirit of industry, nourished and invigorated by it, the manufacturers, the population, the wealth of Spain, might have gone on increasing in the same proportion with the growth of her colonies, &c. † † † But various causes prevented this. The same thing happens to nations as to individuals. The wealth which flows in gradually and with moderate increase, feeds and nourishes that activity which is friendly to commerce, and calls it forth into vigorous and well-conducted exertions; but when opulence pours in suddenly, and with too full a stream, it overturns all sober plans of industry, and brings along with it a taste for what is wild and extravagant, and daring in business or in action. Such was the great and sudden augmentation of power and revenue that the possession of America brought into Spain, and some symptoms of its pernicious influence upon the political operations of that monarchy soon began to appear."

† Herrera, vol. i. page 93.—"The Admiral arrived at Barcelona about the middle of April, where a solemn reception was made him, the whole court flocking out in such numbers, that the streets could not hold them, admiring to see the Admiral, the Indians, and the things he had brought,

For such reception. Pageant rare!
Beneath heaven's dome, in open square,
Their gorgeous thrones were placed;
And near them on a humbler seat,
While on each hand the titled great,
Standing in dizen'd rows, were seen,
Priests, guards, and crowds, a living screen,—
Columbus sat with noble mien,
With princely honours graced.
There to the royal pair his tale he told:
A wond'rous tale, that did not want
Or studied words or braggart's vaunt;
When at their royal feet were laid
Gems, pearls, and plumes of many a shade,
And stores of virgin gold,
Whilst, in their feathered guise arrayed,
The Indians low obeisance paid.
And at that wond'rous story's close
The royal pair with rev'rence rose,
And kneeling on the ground, aloud
Gave thanks to Heaven. Then all the crowd,
Joining, from impulse of the heart,
The banded priest's ecstatic art,
With mingled voice Te Deum sang;
With the grand choral bursts, walls, towers, and welkin rang.

which were carried uncovered; and the more to honour the Admiral, their Majesties ordered their royal throne to be placed in public, where they sat, with prince John. The Admiral came in attended by a multitude of gentlemen: when he came near, the king stood up and gave him his hand to kiss, bid him rise, ordered a chair to be brought, and him to sit down in the royal presence, where he gave an account, in a very sedate and discreet manner, of the mercy God had shown him in favour of their Highnesses, of his voyage and discoveries, and the hopes he had conceived of discovering greater countries, and showed him the Indians as they went in their own native places, and the other things he had brought. Their Majesties arose, and kneeling down with their hands lifted up and tears in their eyes, returned thanks to God, and then the singers of the chapel began the Te Deum."

XXVIII.

This was his brightest hour, too bright
For human weal;—a glaring light,
Like sunbeams thro' the rent cloud pouring
On the broad lake, when storms are roaring;
Bright centre of a wild and sombre scene;
More keenly bright than Summer's settled sheen.

XXIX.

With kingly favour brighten'd, all
His favour court, obey his call.
At princely boards, above the rest,
He took his place, admired, caress'd:*
Proud was the Don of high degree,
Whose honour'd guest he deign'd to be.
Whate'er his purpos'd service wanted,
With ready courtesy was granted:
No envious foe durst cross his will,
While eager ship-wrights ply their skill,
To busy dock-yard, quay, or port,
Priests, lords, and citizens resort:
Their wains the heavy planks are bringing,
And hammers on the anvil ringing;
The far-toss'd boards on boards are falling,
And brawny mate to work-mate calling:
The cable strong on windlass winding;
On wheel of stone the edge-tool grinding;

* Herrera:—"The king took the Admiral by his side when he went along the city of Barcelona, and did him much honour other ways; and therefore, all the grandees and other nobleman honoured and invited him to dinner; and the cardinal of Spain, Don Pedro Gonzeles de Mendoza, a prince of much virtue and a noble spirit, was the first grandee, that, as they were going one day from the palace, carried the Admiral to dine with him, and seated him at the head of the table, and caused his meat to be served up covered and the essay to be taken, and from that time forward he was served in that manner."

Red fire beneath the caldron gleaming,
And pitchy fumes from caldron steaming.
To sea and land's men too, I ween,
It was a gay, attractive scene;
Beheld, enjoyed, day after day,
Till all his ships, in fair array,
Were bounden for their course at last,
And amply stored and bravely mann'd,
Bore far from blue, receding land.
Thus soon again, th' Atlantic vast
With gallant fleet he past.

XXX.

By peaceful natives hail'd with kindly smiles,
He shortly touch'd at various pleasant isles;
And when at length her well-known shore appear'd,
And he to fair Hispaniola near'd,
Upon the deck, with eager eye,
Some friendly signal to descry,
He stood; then fir'd his signal shot,
But answ'ring fire received not.*
"What may this dismal silence mean?
No floating flag in air is seen,
Nor ev'n the Tower itself, tho' well
Its lofty scite those landmarks tell.
Ha! have they so regardless proved
Of my command?—their station moved!"
As closer to the shore they drew,
To hail them came no light canoe;
The beach was silent and forsaken:
Nor cloth'd nor naked forms appear'd,
Nor sound of human voice was heard;

* Herrera, vol. i. page 112.—"The next day, Monday, all the fleet entered the port: the Admiral saw the port burnt down, whence he concluded that all the Christians were dead, which troubled him very much, and the more because no Indians appeared. The next day he went ashore very melancholy, finding nobody to inquire of. Some things belonging to the Spaniards were found, the sight whereof was grievous."

Naught but the sea-birds from the rock,
With busy stir that flutt'ring broke;
Sad signs, which in his mind portentous fears awaken.

XXXI.

Then eagerly on shore he went,
His scouts abroad for tidings sent;
But to his own loud echo'd cry
An Indian came with fearful eye,
Who guess'd his questions' hurried sound,
And pointed to a little mound,
Not distant far. With eager haste
The loosen'd mould aside was cast.
Bodies, alas! within that grave were found,
Which had not long been laid to rest,*
Tho' so by changeful death defaced,

* Herrera:—"Wednesday the 27th of November, he came to anchor with his fleet at the mouth of the river Navedad. About midnight a canoe came aboard to the Admiral; the Indians cried, "*Amirante*," that is, Admiral. † † † He inquiring of them after the Spaniards, they said some had died, and that others were gone up the country with their wives. The Admiral guessed that they were all dead, but was obliged not to take notice of it. † † † Near the fort they discovered seven or eight men buried and others not far off, whom they knew to be Christians by their being clad; and it appeared that they had not been buried above a month. Whilst they were searching about, one of Gascannagarie's (the Cazique's) brothers come with some Indians who had learnt a little Spanish. † † † They said, that as soon as the Admiral was gone, they began to fall out among themselves and to disobey their commander, going about in an insolent manner to take what women and gold they pleased; and that Peter Gutierrez and Escovedo (Spaniards) killed one Taconn; and that they two with nine others, went away with the women they had taken, and the baggage, to the country of a lord whose name was Caunabo and was lord of the mines, who killed them all."

Further on it is said, that when Columbus went to visit the Cazique, he told him the same story, and showed his wounds from Indian weapons, which he had received in defending the Spaniards.

So many disasters, partly from misconduct, and partly from the difficulties they had to encounter from the climate, and depending on the old

Nor form, nor visage could be traced,—
In Spanish garments dress'd.
Back from each living Spaniard's cheek the blood
Ran chill, as round their noble chief they stood,
Who sternly spoke to check the rising tear.
"Eight of my valiant men are buried here;
Where are the rest?" the timid Indian shook
In every limb, and slow and faintly spoke.
"Some are dead, some sick, some flown;
The rest are up the country gone,
Far, far away." A heavy groan
Utters the Chief; his blanch'd lips quiver;
He knows that they are gone for ever.

XXXII.

But here 'twere tedious and unmeet
A dismal story to repeat,
Which was from mild Cazique received,
Their former friend, and half believed.
Him, in his cabin far apart,
Wounded they found, by Carib dart;
Receiv'd, said he, from savage foe
Spaniards defending. Then with accents low
He spoke, and ruefully began to tell,
What to those hapless mariners befell.
How that from lust of pleasure and of gold,
And mutual strife and war on Caribs made,
Their strength divided was, and burnt their hold,
And their unhappy heads beneath the still earth laid.

XXXIII.

Yet spite of adverse fate, he in those climes
Spain's infant power establish'd; after-times

world for provisions, befell the first colonists which were settled in the West Indies, that the places where they had once been were afterwards looked upon by the Spaniards with a superstitious dread, as haunted by spectres and demons.

Have seen it flourish, and her sway maintain
In either world, o'er many a fair domain.
But wayward was his irksome lot the while,
Striving with malice, mutiny, and guile;
Yet vainly striving: that which most
His generous bosom sought to shun,
Each wise and lib'ral purpose crost,
Must now at Mammon's ruthless call be done.*
Upon their native soil,
They who were wont in harmless play
To frolic out the passing day,
Must pine with hateful toil.

XXXIV.

Yea; this he did against his better will;
For who may stern ambition serve, and still
His nobler nature trust?
May on unshaken strength rely,
Cast fortune as she will her dye,
And say "I will be just?"

XXXV.

Envy mean, that in the dark
Strikes surely at its noble mark,
Against him rose with hatred fell,
Which he could brave, but could not quell.*

* It is sad to reflect that Columbus, always friendly and gentle to the natives, and most anxious to have them converted to the christian religion, was yet compelled, in order to satisfy the impatient cupidity of their Catholic Majesties, to make them work in the mines, which very soon caused great mortality amongst them. Gold must be sent to Spain; otherwise the government of those countries would have been transferred from him to a set of rapacious and profligate adventurers.

† From evil reports sent against the admiral to Spain, one John Aguado was sent to the new world with credentials to this effect: "Gentlemen, Esquires, and others, who by our command are in the Indies, we send to you John Aguado, our groom, who will discourse you in our name. We desire you to give entire credit to him. Madrid, April 9th, 1495." This same groom, as might be expected, did not fail to thwart Columbus in

Then he to Spain indignant went,
And to his sov'reigns made complaint,
With manly freedom, of their trust,
Put, to his cost, in men unjust,
And turbulent. They graciously
His plaint and plea receiv'd; and hoisting high
His famed and gallant flag upon the main,
He to his western world return'd again.
Where he, the sea's unwearied, dauntless rover,
Thro' many a gulf and straight, did first discover
That continent, whose mighty reach
From the utmost frozen north doth stretch
Ev'n to the frozen south; a land
Of surface fair and structure grand.

XXXVI.

There, thro' vast regions rivers pour,
Whose mid-way skiff scarce sees the shore,
Which, rolling on in lordly pride;
Give to the main their ample tide;
And dauntless then with current strong,
Impetuous, roaring, bear along,
And still their sep'rate honours keep,
In bold contention with the mighty deep.*

many affairs, and set a bad example to others: he resolved therefore to return to Spain and clear himself of those slanders to their Majesties.

* It is scarcely necessary to give any authority for the immense width and power of those rivers; but as this fact is implied in a sublime and descriptive simile in the writings of a modern poet, whose rich imagination is perhaps never betrayed into inaccuracy, I am tempted to insert it.

——"The battle's rage
Was like the strife which currents wage,
When Orinoco in his pride
Rolls to the main no tribute tide,
But 'gainst broad ocean urges far
A rival sea of roaring war;
While in ten thousand eddies driven,
The billows fling their foam to Heaven;

XXXVII.

There broad-based mountains from the sight
Conceal in clouds their vasty height,
Whose frozen peaks, a vision rare,
Above the girdling clouds rear'd far in upper air,
At times appear, and soothly seem
To the far distant, up-cast eye,
Like snowy watch-towers of the sky,—
Like passing visions of a dream.

XXXVIII.

There forests grand of olden birth,
O'er-canopy the darken'd earth,
Whose trees, growth of unreckon'd time,
Rear o'er whole regions far and wide
A checker'd dome of lofty pride
Silent, solemn, and sublime.—
A pillar'd lab'rinth, in whose trackless gloom,
Unguided feet might stray till close of mortal doom.

XXXIX.

There grassy plains of verdant green
Spread far beyond man's ken are seen,
Whose darker bushy spots that lye
Strew'd o'er the level vast, descry
Admiring strangers, from the brow
Of hill or upland steep, and show,
Like a calm ocean's peaceful isles,
When morning light thro' rising vapours smiles.

XL.

O'er this, his last—his proudest fame,
He did assert his mission'd claim.
Yet dark ambitious envy, more
Incens'd and violent than before,

And the pale pilot seek in vain
Where rolls the river, where the main."—*Rokeby.*

With crafty machinations gain'd
His royal master's ear, who stain'd
His princely faith, and gave it power
To triumph, in a shameful hour.
A missioni'd gownsman o'er the sea
Was sent his rights to supersede
And all his noble schemes impede,—*
His tyrant, spy, and judge to be.
With parchment scrolls and deeds he came
To kindle fierce and wasteful flame.
Columbus' firm and dauntless soul
Submitted not to base control.
For who that hath high deeds achieved,
Whose mind hath mighty plans conceived,
Can of learn'd ignorance and pride
The petty vexing rule abide?
The lion trampled by an ass!—
No; this all-school'd forbearance would surpass.
Insulted with a felon's chain,
This noble man must cross the main,
And answer his foul charge to cold, ungrateful Spain.

* Herrera, vol. i. page 237.—"Mention has been made of the discoveries made by the Spaniards in the years 1499 and 1500, and of what the Portuguese found by chance, as also that the admiral's messengers arrived at the court with an account of the insurrection of Francis Roldan, and the persons sent by him, who gave their complaints against the admiral. Having heard both parties, their Majesties resolved to remove the admiral from the government, under colour that he himself desired a judge should be sent over to inquire into the insolencies committed by Roldan and his followers, and a lawyer that should take upon him self the administration of justice. † † † † Their Majesties made choice of Francis Bovadilla, commendary of the order of Calatrava, a native of Medina del Campo, and gave him the title and commission of Examiner, under which he was to enter the island; as also governor, to make use of and publish these in due time." (He was at first to conceal the extent of his commission.)

XLI.

By India's gentle race alone
Was pity to his suff'rings shown.
They on his parting wait,
And looks of kindness on him cast,
Or touch'd his mantle as he past,
And mourn'd his alter'd state.
"May the Great Spirit smooth the tide
With gentle gales and be thy guide!"
And when his vessel wore from land,
With meaning nods and gestures kind,
He saw them still upon the strand
Tossing their dark arms on the wind.
He saw them like a helpless flock
Who soon must bear the cruel shock
Of savage wolves, yet reckless still,
Feel but the pain of present ill.
He saw the fate he could not now control,
And groan'd in bitter agony of soul.

XLII.

He trode the narrow deck with pain,
And oft survey'd his rankling chain.*

Herrera:—"In short, Bovadilla seized the admiral and both his brothers, Don Bartholomew and Don James, without even so much as seeing or speaking to them. They were all put into irons, and no person permitted to converse with them; a most inhuman action, considering the dignity of the person, and the inestimable service he had done the crown of Spain. The admiral afterwards kept his fetters, and ordered they should be buried with him, in testimony of the ingratitude of this world. Bovadilla resolved to send the admiral into Spain, aboard the two ships that had brought him over. Alonzo de Vallejo was appointed to command the two caravels, and ordered, as soon as he arrived at Cadiz, to deliver the prisoners to the bishop, John Rodrigues de Fousico; and it was reported that Bovadilla had put this affront upon the admiral to please the bishop. It was never heard that Francis Rolden, or Don Fernando de Guevera, or any other of the mutineers who had committed so many outrages in that island, were punished, or any proceedings made against them."

The ship's brave captain grieved to see
Base irons his noble pris'ner gall,
And kindly sued to set him free;
But proudly spoke the lofty thrall,
"Until the king whom I have served,
Who thinks this recompense deserved,
Himself command th' unclasping stroke,
These gyved limbs will wear their yoke.*
Yea, when my head lies in the dust,
These chains shall in my coffin rust.
Better than lesson'd saw, tho' rude,
As token, long preserved, of black ingratitude!"

XLIII.

Thus pent, his manly fortitude gave way
To brooding passion's dark tumultuous sway.
Dark was the gloom within, and darker grew
Th' impending gloom without, as onward drew
The embattled storm that, deep'ning on its way,
With all its marshall'd host obscured the day.
Volume o'er volume, roll'd the heavy clouds,
And oft in dark dim masses, sinking slow,
Hung in the nether air, like misty shrouds,
Veiling the sombre, silent deep below.
Like eddying snow-flakes from a lowering sky,
Athwart the dismal gloom the frighten'd sea-fowl fly.
Then from the solemn stillness round,
Utters the storm its awful sound
It groans upon the distant waves;
O'er the mid-ocean wildly raves;
Recedes afar with dying strain,
That sadly thro' the troubled air
Comes like the wailings of despair,
And with redoubled strength returns again:

* Herrera:—"Alonzo de Vallejo and the master of the caravel, Gordo, aboard which the admiral was brought over, treated him and his brothers very well, and would have knocked off their fetters; but he would not consent to it himself, till it was done by order of their Majesties."

Through shrouds and rigging, boards and mast,
Whistles, and howls, and roars th' outrageous blast.

XLIV.

From its vast bed profound with heaving throes
The mighty waste of welt'ring waters rose.
O'er countless waves, now mounting, now deprest,
The ridgy surges swell with foaming crest,
Like Alpine barriers of some distant shore,
Now seen, now lost amidst the deaf'ning roar;
While, higher still, on broad and sweepy base,
Their growing bulk the mountain billows raise,
Each far aloft in lordly grandeur rides,
With many a vassal wave rough'ning his furrow'd sides.
Heav'd to its height, the dizzy skiff
Shoots like an eagle from his cliff
Down to the fearful gulf, and then
On the swoln waters mounts again,—
A fearful way! a fearful state
For vessel charged with living freight!

XLV.

Within, without the tossing tempests rage:
This was, of all his earthly pilgrimage,
The injur'd Hero's fellest, darkest hour.
Yet swiftly pass'd its gloomy power;
For as the wild winds louder blew,
His troubled breast the calmer grew;
And, long before the mighty hand,
That rules the ocean and the land,
Had calm'd the sea, with pious rev'rence fill'd,
The warring passions of his soul were still'd.
Through softly parting clouds the blue sky peer'd,
And heaven-ward turn'd his eye with better feelings cheer'd.
Meek are the wise, the great, the good;—
He sighed, and thought of Him, who died on holy rood.

XLVI.

No more the angry tempest's sport,
The vessel reach'd its destined port.

A town of Christendom he greets,
And treads again its well-known streets;
A sight of wonder, grief, and shame
To those who on his landing came,
And on his state in silence gaz'd.
"This is the man whose dauntless soul"—
So spoke their looks—"Spain's power hath rais'd
To hold o'er worlds her proud control!
His honour'd brows with laurel crown'd,
His hands with felon fetters bound!"

XLVII.

And he before his Sov'reign Dame
And her stern Lord, indignant came;
And bold in conscious honour, broke
The silence of his smother'd flame,
In words that all his inward anguish spoke.
The gentle Queen's more noble breast
Its generous sympathy exprest;
And as his varied story show'd
What wrongs from guileful malice flow'd,
Th' indignant eye and flushing cheek
Did oft her mind's emotion speak.
The sordid King, with brow severe,
Could, all unmov'd, his pleadings hear;
Save, that, in spite of royal pride,
Which self-reproach can ill abide,
His crimson'd face did meanly show
Of conscious shame th' unworthy glow.
Baffled, disgraced, his enemies remain'd,
And base ambition for a time restrain'd.

XLVIII.

With four small vessels, small supply
I trow! yet granted tardily,
For such high service, he once more
The western ocean to explore

Directs his course.* On many an isle
He touch'd, where cheerly, for a while
His mariners their cares beguile
Upon the busy shore.
And there what wiles of barter keen
Spaniard and native pass between;†
As feather'd crowns, whose colours change
To every hue, with vizards strange,
And gold and pearls are giv'n away,
For beed or bell, or bauble gay!
Full oft the mutt'ring Indian eyes
With conscious smile his wond'rous prize,
Beneath the shady plantain seated,
And thinks he hath the stranger cheated,
Or foots the ground like vaunting child,
Snapping his thumbs with antics wild.

XLIX.

But if at length, tired of their guests,
Consuming like those hateful pests,

* Herrera, vol. i. page 251.—"Admiral Columbus being come to court, after having made his complaints against Francis de Bovadillo, and what had been said as before ordered, never ceased soliciting to be restored to his full rights and prerogatives, since he had performed all he had promised, and had been so great a sufferer in the service of the crown, offering, though he was old and much broken, to make considerable discoveries, believing that he might find a streight or passage about that part where Nombre de Dios now stands. Their Majesties fed him with fair words and promises, till they could hear what account Nicholas de Obando would send them about affairs of the island. Columbus demanded four ships and provisions for two years, which they granted him, with a promise that, if he died by the way, his son Don James should succeed him in all his rights and prerogatives. The Admiral set out from Granada to forward this business at Sevil and Cadiz, where he brought four vessels, the biggest not above seventy tons, and the least not under fifty; with one hundred and fifty men, and all necessaries."

† Many accounts given by Herrera of the barter carried on between the Spaniards and Indians, are not unlike that which I have given in this passage of the legend.

Locusts, or ants, provisions stored
For many days, they will afford
No more, withholding fresh supplies,
And strife and threat'ning clamours rise,—
Columbus gentle craft pursues,
And soon their noisy wrath subdues.
Thus Speaks the chief,—"Refuse us aid
From stores which Heaven for all hath made!
The moon, your mistress, will this night
From you withhold her blessed light,*
Her ire to show; take ye the risk."
Then, as half-frighten'd, half in jest,
They turn'd their faces to the east,
From ocean rose her broaden'd disk;
But when the deep eclipse came on,
By science sure to him foreknown,

* This circumstance is so well known that it were needless to mention it here, only as the account given of it by Herrera is rather curious, the reader may, perhaps, be amused by it. After telling how greatly the Spaniards were distressed for provisions, and how the Indians refused to supply them, he says,—"The admiral knew there would be an eclipse of the moon within three days, whereupon he sent an Indian that spoke Spanish to call the Caziques and prime men of those parts to him. They being come a day before the eclipse, he told them, that the Spaniards were Christians, servants of the Great God that dwells in heaven, Lord and Maker of all things, and rewards the good and punishes the wicked," &c. * * * Wherefore they might that night observe, at the rising of the moon, that she would appear of a bloody hue, to denote the punishment God would inflict on them. When he had made his speech, some of them went away in a fright, and others scoffed at it; but the eclipse beginning as soon as the moon was up, and increasing, the higher she was, it put them into such a consternation, that they hastened to the ships, grievously lamenting, and loaded with provisions; entreating the admiral to pray God that he would not be angry with them, and they would for the future bring all the provisions he should have occasion for. The Admiral answered, he would offer up his prayers to God, and then shutting himself up, waited till the eclipse was at its height and ready to decrease, telling them he had prayed for them," &c. * * * "The Indians perceiving the eclipse to go off, and entirely to cease, returned the Admiral many thanks," &c.

How cower'd each savage at his feet,
Like spaniel crouching to his lord,
Awed by the whip or angry word!
His pardon to entreat!
"Take all we have, thou heavenly man!
And let our mistress smile again!"

L.

Or, should the ship, above, below,
Be fill'd with crowds, who will not go;
Again, to spare more hurtful force,
To harmless guile he has recourse.*
"Ho! Gunner! let these scramblers know
The power we do not use;" when, lo!
From cannon's mouth the silv'ry cloud
Breaks forth, soft curling on the air,
Thro' which appears the light'ning's glare,
And bellowing roars the thunder loud.
Quickly from bowsprit, shroud, or mast,
Or vessel's side the Indians cast
Their naked forms, the water dashing
O'er their dark heads, as stoutly lashing
The briny waves with arms out-spread,
They gain the shore with terror's speed.

LI.

Thus checker'd still with shade and sheen
Pass'd in the west his latter scene,
As thro' the oak's toss'd branches pass
Soft moon-beams, flickering on the grass;
As on the lake's dark surface pour
Broad flashing drops of summer shower:
As the rude cavern's sparry sides
When past the miner's taper glides.
So roam'd the chief, and many a sea
Fathom'd and search'd unweariedly,

* This expedient of Columbus for clearing his ship, when the Indians had become too fond of being aboard, is told in an amusing manner by Herrera; but I cannot at present discover the passage.

Hoping a western way to gain
To eastern climes,—an effort vain;*
For mighty thoughts, with error uncombin'd,
Were never yet the meed of mortal mind.

LII.

At length, by wayward fortune crost,
And oft-renew'd and irksome strife
Of sordid men,—by tempests tost
And tir'd with turmoil of a wand'rer's life,
He sail'd again for Europe's ancient shore,
So will'd High Heav'n! to cross the seas no more.
His anchor fix'd, his sails for ever furl'd.—
A toil-worn pilgrim in a weary world.

LIII.

And thus the Hero's sun went down,
Closing his day of bright renown.
Eight times thro' breeze and storm he past
O'er surge and wave th' Atlantic vast;
And left on many an island fair
Foundations which the after-care
Of meaner chieftains shortly rear'd
To seats of power, serv'd, envy'd, fear'd,
No kingly conqueror, since time began
The long career of ages, hath to man

* This was one great object with Columbus, when he first projected his great discoveries, and it made him so unwilling when he came to the mouth of one of the large rivers of the continent, to believe it was a river, as a great continent there made against the probability of his discovering what he desired. Another notion of his, more fanciful, is mentioned by Herrera.

"The Admiral was surprised at the immense quantity of fresh water before spoken of, and no less at the extraordinary coolness of the air so near the equinoctial; and he particularly observed that the people thereabouts were whites, their hair long and smooth, more subtle and ingenious than those he had seen before. These things made him conceit that the terrestrial Paradise might be in those parts, with other notions which make not to our purpose."

A scope so ample given for trade's bold range,
Or caus'd on earth's wide stage such rapid mighty change.*

* Those mighty conquerors who have over-run the greatest extent of country, have, generally speaking, produced only temporary change; the kingdoms subdued by them falling back again to their old masters, or becoming, under the successors of the conqueror, nearly the same in government and manners which they would have been, had he never existed. The discoveries of Columbus opened a boundless and lasting field for human exertion, which gave a new impulse to every maritime country in Europe. There is one conqueror indeed, Mahomet, the exertions of whose extraordinary life produced, unhappily, wide and lasting effects, but of a character so different from those produced by Columbus, that they can scarcely be considered as at variance with what is here asserted of the great navigator. The change which his discoveries occasioned in the new world must also be taken into the account; and though this is a very melancholy consideration, as far as the West Indies are concerned, yet that which took place on the continent of America, though for a time at great expense of life, was good, and most thankfully to be acknowledged by every friend to humanity. It put an end to the most dismal and bloody superstition under the tyrannical government of Mexico: and we can scarcely regret the overthrow of the milder religion and government of Peru, though we may lament the manner of it, and detest the cruelty and injustice of the conquerors; for human flesh was not an unheard-of banquet in that country; and, at the funerals of great people, many servants and dependents were killed or buried alive to become their servants still in another state of being.

Robertson says, in speaking of the Mexicans,—"The aspect of superstition in Mexico was gloomy and atrocious; its divinities were clothed with terror, and delighted in vengeance; they were exhibited to the people under detestable forms which created horror; the figures of serpents, tygers, and of other destructive animals, decorated their temples. Fear was the only principle that inspired their votaries. Fasts, mortifications, and penances, all rigid and many of them excruciating to an extreme degree, were the means employed to appease the wrath of their gods, and the Mexicans never approached their altars, without sprinkling them with blood drawn from their own bodies. But of all offerings, human sacrifices were the most acceptable. This religious belief, mingling with the implacable spirit of vengeance, and adding new force to it, every captive taken in war was brought to the temple, was devoted as a victim to the deity, and sacrificed with rites no less solemn than cruel. The heart and the head were the portion consecrated to the gods; the warrior, by whose prowess,

LIV.

He, on the bed of sickness laid,
Saw, unappall'd death's closing shade;
And there, in charity and love
To man on earth and God above,
Meekly to heaven his soul resign'd,
His body to the earth consign'd.
'Twas in Valladolid he breathed his last,*
And to a better, heavenly city past;
But St. Domingo, in her sacred fane
Doth his blest spot of rest and sculptur'd tomb contain.

LV.

There burghers, knights, advent'rers brave
Stood round in fun'ral weeds bedight;
And bow'd them to the closing grave,
And wish'd his soul good night.

the prisoner had been seized, carried off the body to feast upon it with his friends. Under the impression of ideas so dreary and terrible, and accustomed daily to scenes of bloodshed, rendered awful by religion, the heart of man must harden, and be steeled to every sentiment of humanity. The spirit of the Mexicans was accordingly unfeeling, and the genius of their religion so far counter-balanced the influence of policy and arts, that notwithstanding their progress in both, their manners, instead of softening, became more fierce. To what circumstances it was owing that superstition assumed such a dreadful form among the Mexicans, we have not sufficient knowledge of their history to determine. But its influence is visible, and produced an effect that is singular in the history of the human species. The manners of the people of the new world, who had made the greatest progress in the arts of policy, were in several respects the most ferocious, and the barbarity of some of their customs exceeds even those of the savage state."

* Herrera, vol. i. page 311.—"When the Adelantado Don Bartholomew Columbus was soliciting, as has been above said, the Admiral's distemper grew upon him, till having made the necessary dispositions, he departed this life with much piety at Valladolid on Ascension-day, being the 20th of May, 1506. His body was conveyed to the monastery of Carthusians at Sevil, and from thence to the city of Santo Domingo, in Hispaniola, where it lies in the chancel of the cathedral."

LVI.

Now all the bold companions of his toil
Tenants of many a clime, who wont to come,
(So fancy trows) when vex'd with worldly coil
And linger sadly by his narrow home;—
Repentant enemies, and friends that grieve
In self-upbraiding tenderness and say,
"Cold was the love he did from us receive,"—
The fleeting restless spirits of a day,
All to their dread account are pass'd awa.

LVII.

Silence, solemn, awful, deep,
Doth in that hall of death her empire keep;
Save when at times the hollow pavement, smote
By solitary wand'rer's foot, amain
From lofty dome and arch and aisle remote
A circling loud response receives again.
The stranger starts to hear the growing sound,
And sees the blazon'd trophies waving near;—
"Ha! tread my feet so near that sacred ground!"
He stops and bows his head:—"Columbus resteth here!"

LVIII.

Some ardent youth, perhaps, ere from his home
He launch his vent'rous bark, will hither come,
Read fondly o'er and o'er his graven name
With feelings keenly touch'd,—with heart of flame;
Till wrapp'd in fancy's wild delusive dream,
Times past and long forgotten, present seem.
To his charm'd ear, the east wind rising shrill,
Seems thro' the Hero's shroud to whistle still.
The clock's deep pendulum swinging, thro' the blast
Sounds like the rocking of his lofty mast;
While fitful gusts rave like his clam'rous band,
Mix'd with the accents of his high command.
Slowly the stripling quits the pensive scene,
And burns, and sighs, and weeps to be what he has been.

LIX.

O! who shall lightly say that fame
Is nothing but an empty name!
Whilst in that sound there is a charm
The nerves to brace, the heart to warm
As, thinking of the mighty dead,
The young, from slothful couch will start,
And vow, with lifted hands outspread,
Like them to act a noble part?

LX.

O! who shall lightly say that fame
Is nothing but an empty name!
When but for those, our mighty dead,
All ages past, a blank would be,
Sunk in oblivion's murky bed,—
A desert bare, a shipless sea?
They are the distant objects seen,—
The lofty marks of what hath been.

LXI.

O! who shall lightly say that fame
Is nothing but an empty name!
When mem'ry of the mighty dead
To earth-worn pilgrim's wistful eye
The brightest rays of cheering shed,
That point to immortality?

LXII.

A twinkling speck, but fix'd and bright,
To guide us thro' the dreary night,
Each hero shines, and lures the soul
To gain the distant happy goal.
For is there one who, musing o'er the grave
Where lies interr'd the good, the wise, the brave,
Can poorly think, beneath the mould'ring heap,
That noble being shall for ever sleep?
No; saith the gen'rous, heart, and proudly swells,—
"Tho' his cered corse lies here, with God his spirit dwells."

CONTENTS OF NO. 234.

EMBELLISHMENTS.

Portrait of Charles Phillips.
Reubens,
Collections of Dogs.
Fac-simile of Gov. M'Kean's signature.

ART. I. Memoirs of Anacreon, ... 249
II. Melmoth, the Wanderer, ... 277
III. The Earthquake, ... 278
IV. *Voltaire* the Advocate of the Deity, ... 279
V. The Quail or Partridge, ... 284
VI. Modern Greece, a poem, by Mrs. Hemans, . . . 288
VII. On the style of Dr. Johnson, ... 300
VIII. *Puighblanch's* History of the Inquisition, . . 310
IX. *Miss Baillie's* Plays, ... 339
X. Calthorpe; or, Fallen Fortunes, ... 360
XI. Philological Discoveries of the Abbe Majo, . . 368
XII. Spain and her Colonies, ... 378
XIII. Letter from Mr. Shirley to Governor Morris, . 380
XIV. Letter from Gov. M'Kean to Richard Henry Lee, 382
XV. French Annual Register, ... 385
XVI. On the Michigan Territory, ... 393
XVII. American Academy of Belles Lettres, . . . 397
XVIII. The Aryshire Legatees, ... 410
XIX. Madam Jaffrey, ... 429
XX. Junction of the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans, . . 432
XXI. Mahmut; or, the folly of Discontent, ... 437
XXII. Character of a Quack Doctor, ... 442

XXIII. *Godwin's* Answer to Malthus on Population, . 443
XXIV. *Matthews's* Diary of an Invalid, ... 452
XXV. The Legend of Columbus, by Miss Baillie, . . 470

☞ The Index for this volume shall accompany the ensuing Number.